

Tr. 1. Thou sacred one, al-migh-ty three, Great ev-er-las-ting my - ste - ry, What lofty numbers shall we frame

C. 2. You, whose capacious powers survey Largely beyond our eyes of clay: Yet what a narrow portion too

T. 3. Stand and a - dore! how glorious he That dwells in bright e - ter - ni - ty! We gaze, and we confound our sight,

B. 8

Tr. 1. Equal to thy tremendous name? Seraphs, the nearest to the throne, Begin and speak the great unknown: At -

C. 2. Is seen or known or thought, by you? How flat your highest praises fall Be-low th'im-mense o-ri-gi-nal! Weak

T. 3. Plunged in th'a-byss of dazzling light! Great God, forgive our feeble lays, Sound out thine own eternal praise: A

B. 8

Tr. 1. -tempt the song, wind up your strings To notes untried, and boundless things.

C. 2. creatures we, that strive in vain To reach an un - cre - a - ted strain!

T. 3. song so vast, a theme so high, Calls for the voice that tuned the sky.

B. 8

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2016

1. Parts rearranged, 1-2-3-4 changed to 2-3-1-4.
2. Measure 7, *Counter*: B-A changed to B-B-A.
3. Measure 12, *Counter* written (missing in original).