

How Sweet and Awful Is the Place

ST. COLUMBA (C.M.)
Old Irish hymn melody

Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Sacred Songs*, 1707

1. How sweet and awful is the place
 2. While all our hearts and all our songs
 3. "Why *was I made to bear Thy voice,*
 4. 'Twas *the same love that spread the feast*
 5. Pit - y the na - tions, O our God!
 6. We long to see Thy church - es full,

With Christ with - in the doors, While ev - er - last - ing
 Join to ad - mire the feast, Each of us cry, with
 And *en - ter while there's room,* When thou - sands make a
 That sweet - ly drew us in; Else we had still re -
 Con - strain the earth to come; Send Thy vic - to - rious
 That all the cho - sen race May with one voice and

love dis - plays The choic - est of her stores!
 thank - ful tongues, "Lord, why was I a guest?
wretch - ed choice, And rath - er starve than come?"
fused to taste, And per - ished in our sin.
 Word a - broad, And bring the stran - gers home.
 heart and soul, Sing Thy re - deem - ing grace.