

AWFUL MAJESTY C.M.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye heav'n-ly hosts, And thou, O earth, a - dore; Let death and hell through-out their coasts, Stand trem-bling at his power.

2. His sound-ing cha-riot shakes the sky, He makes the clouds his throne; There all his stores of light-ning lie, Till ven-geance darts them down.

3. His nos-trils breathe out fie-ry streams, And from his aw-ful tongue, A sov'reign voice di - vides the flames, And thun-ders roar a - long.

4. Think, O my soul, that dread-ful day, When this in - cen-sed God, Shall rend the skies and burn the seas, And fling his wrath a - broad!