

How Sweet and Awful Is the Place

Isaac Watts, 1707

ST. COLUMBA
Old Irish hymn melody

D G/B A G/B D A Bmin G

How sweet and awe - some is the place with
While all our hearts and all our songs join
"Why was I made to hear thy voice, And
'Twas the same love that spread the feast that
Pit - y the na - tions, O our God, con -
We long to see thy church - es full, that

D G/B D/F# G³ D A Bmin G D/F# Emin

Christ with the doors, while ev - er - last - ing
to ad - the feast, each of us cry, with
en - ter there's room, when thou - sands make a
sweet - ly us in; else we had still re -
strain the to come; send thy vic - to - rious
all the cho - sen race may with one voice and

D/F# A Bmin D/F# G D/A A D

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 strang - ers home.
heart and soul, sing thy re - deem - ing grace.