

How Sweet and Awful Is the Place

ST. COLUMBA

Isaac Watts, 1707

Traditional Irish melody



1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place
2. While all our hearts and all our songs
3. "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
4. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast



with Christ with - in the doors, while ev - er - last - ing
join to ad - mire the feast, each of us cries, with
and en - ter while there's room when thou - sands make a
that sweet - ly drew us in; else we had still re -



love dis - plays the choic - est of her stores.
thank - ful tongue, "Lord, why was I a guest?"
wretch - ed choice and ra - ther starve than come?"
fused to taste, and per - ished in our sin.

5. Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious Word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6. We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.