

# How Sweet and Awful Is the Place

ST. COLUMBA

1. How sweet and awful 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  
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 -  
join to ad - mire the feast, each of us  
and en - ter while there's room, when thou - sands  
that sweet - ly drew us in; else we had  
con - strain the earth to come; send Thy vic -  
that all the chos - en race may, with one

last - ing love dis - plays the choic - est of her stores.  
cries, with thank - ful tongue, "Lord, why was I a guest?  
make a wretch - ed choice, and ra - ther starve than  
still re - fused to taste, and per - ished in our sin.  
to - rious Word a - broad, and bring the stran - gers home.  
voice and heart and soul, sing Thy re - deem - ing grace.

WORDS: Isaac Watts, 1707, alt.

8.7.8.7

MUSIC: Irish melody; harm. *The English Hymnal*, 1906