

# How Sweet and Aweful is the Place

tune based on Irish folk melody, text by Isaac Watts

music by Joel Richard Jude Jicha

♩ = 110-120 *fervently*

7

14

21

*f*

"Why was I made to hear Thy voice, and  
Twas the same love that spread the feast that

en - ter while there's room, \_\_\_\_\_ when thou - sands make a wretch - ed  
sweet - ly drew us in; \_\_\_\_\_ else we had still re - fused to

*f*

choice — and rath - er starve than come?"  
taste, — and per - ish in our sin.

*mf*

Pi - ty the na - tions, O our God, con - strain the  
We long to see Thy peo - ples whole, that all the

*mf*

earth to come; send Thy vic - tor - ious Word a -  
hu - man race may, with one voice and heart and

-broad, and bring the stran - gers home. Sing  
soul, sing Thy re - deem - ing grace.

*f* *mf* *f*

*rit. al fine*

Thy re - deem - ing grace.

*rit. al fine* *p*