

The choir stands in awe of God,  
As the hymns are sung in majesty and rise to His throne.  
With a chorus of angels, the music hits the roof,  
Where heaven is a painted ceiling in colours living proof.

The tenors and sopranos rise to hit the notes,  
While the base and contraltos with baritones go deep;  
With harmonies blending to form the glorious choir,  
Singers are singing like angels in all heavens glory.

Then we have the hymns to give the glory to God,  
Where the heavens sing in unison of all the earth's desires;  
And the choir worships at the footstool of God,  
Descending and ascending in prayers crescendo.

Now as Amazing Grace or How Great Thou Art,  
Are offered up to the congregation to hear;  
God sits there on His throne In Heaven,  
Glorying in the worship of His majesty.

The cathedral and the orchestra or organ and the church,  
Sing praises and glory to magnify the Lord;  
Giving all the kings privileges to heaven on high,  
As he reigns in perfect solitude of mercy and grace.

Now the choirs sing the chords of the glory of the heavens,  
The audience in awe at the presence of Gods glory;  
We praise and magnify the Lord in continual adoration,  
As we accept the invitation to stand at the end of the choirs magnification.

Signed,

A host of heavenly angels.