

G Major. Isaac Watts, 1719.

Thorley.

1. How plea - sant, How di - vine - ly fair O Lord of host, thy dwell - ings are!
 2. My flesh would rest in thine a - bode, My pant - ing heart cries out for God;
 3. The spar - row choos - es where to rest And for her young pro - vides her nest;

4. Bless'd are the saints who sit on high A - round Thy throne of ma - jes - ty;
 5. Bless'd are the souls who find a place With - in the tem - ple of Thy grace;

With long de - sire my spi - rit faints, to meet th'as - sem - blies of the saints.
 My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and Thee?
 But will my God to spar - rows grant That plea - sure which His chil - dren want?

Thy bright - est glo - ries shine a - bove, And all their work is praise and love.
 There they be - hold Thy gent - ler rays, And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

6. Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Sion's gate;
 God is their strength, and through the road
 They lean upon their helper God.

7. Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in Heav'n at length,
 Till all before Thy face appear,
 And join in a nobler worship there.