

LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of Thy love,  
Thine earthly temples, are!  
To Thine abode  
My heart aspires  
With warm desires  
To see my God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy those who pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise Thee still;  
And happy they  
That love the way  
To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in Heaven appears;  
O glorious seat,  
When God our King  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing feet!
- 4 To spend one sacred day  
Where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy  
Than thousand days beside:  
Where God resorts,  
I love it more  
To keep the door  
Than shine in courts.

5 God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defence;  
With gifts His hands are filled,  
We draw our blessings thence:  
He shall bestow  
On Jesus' race  
Distinctive grace  
And glory too.

6 The Lord His people loves:  
His hand no good withholds  
From those His heart approves,  
Renewed and ransomed souls:  
Thrice happy he,  
O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts  
Alone in Thee.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*