

MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis Heaven to know His smiling face
Here in His earthly courts.

- 2 For here the God of earth and skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in on mortal eyes
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 And here the quickening, heavenly Dove,
Descends to fill the place,
While Christ makes known His mighty love
And sheds abroad His grace.
- 4 Here, Lord, to me Thy Word declare,
The secrets of Thy will;
And help me seek all fulness here,
And sing Thy praises still.
- 5 To spend one day within the place
Where my dear Lord has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of earth's most vaunted sin.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†