

HOW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
'Come, let us seek our God today!'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and homage pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgement there:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
'Peace to this sacred house!'
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.