

My God, what endless pleasures dwell

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
paraphrase of Ps. 84.

"MILWARD," C.M.
Joseph Key (d. 1784)

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1. My God, what end - less pleas - ures dwell A -
2. The swal - low near thy tem - ple lies, And
3. And we, when in thy pres - ence, Lord, We
4. While Je - sus shines with quicken - ing grace, We
5. Just as we see the lone - some dove Be -

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1. bove at thy right hand -- Thy courts be - low, how
2. chirps a cheer - ful note; The lark mounts up - ward
3. shout with joy - ful tongues; Or sit - ting round our
4. sing, and mount on high; But if a frown be -
5. moan her wid - owed state, Wander - ing she flies through

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1. a - mia - ble! Where all thy gra - ces stand.
2. to the skies, And tunes her warb - ling throat:
3. Fa - ther's board, We crown the feast with songs.
4. cloud his face, We faint, and tire, and die.
5. all the grove, And mourn's her lov - ing mate.

6. Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove;
Just so we droop and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides his love.