

How pleasant, how divinely fair

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Thomas Thorley, Jr., (fl. 1780)

1

1. How plea - sant, how di - vine - ly fair, O
2. My flesh would rest in thine a - bode, My
3. The spar - row choo - ses where to rest, And
4. Blest are the saints who sit on high, A -
5.. Blest are the souls that find a place With -

5

1. Lord of hosts, thy dwell - ings are; With
2. pan - ting heart cries out for God; My
3. for her young pro - vides a nest; But
4. round thy throne of ma - jes - ty: Thy
5 in the tem - ple of thy grace; There

10

1. long de - sire my spi - rit faints, To
2. God, my King, why should I be So
3. will my God to spar - ows grant That
4. brigh - test glo - ries shine a - bove, And
5. they be - hold thy gen - tler rays, And

1. meet th' as - sem - blies of thy saints.
 2. far from all my joys and me?
 3. plea - sure which his chil - ren want?
 4. all their work is praise and love.
 5. seek thy face and learn thy praise.

6. Blest 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 Heaven at length,
 Till all before Thy face appear,
 And join in a nobler worship there.