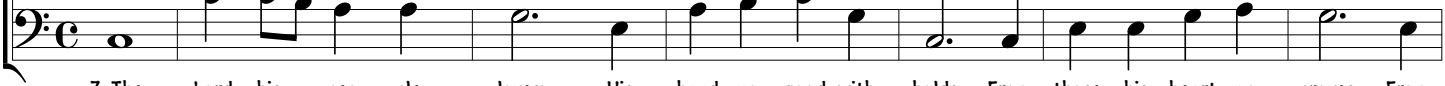



Pleasant Valley

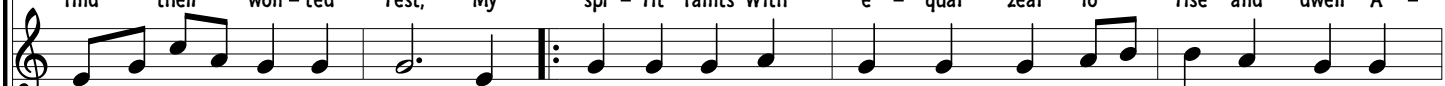
Tr.  5
 1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How plea-sant and how fair The dwel-ings of thy love, Thy
 2. The spra-row for her young With plea-sure seeks a nest, And wan-dering swal-lows long To


C. 
 3. O hap-py souls that pray Where God ap-oints to hear! O hap-py men that pay Their
 4. They go from strength to strength Through this dark vale of tears, Till each ar-rives at length, Till

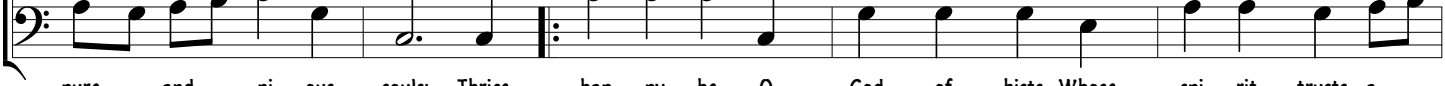
T.  8
 5. To spend one sa-cred and day Where God and saints a-bide, Af-fords di-vi-ner joy Than
 6. God is our sun and shield, Our light and our de-fense; With gifts his hands are filled, We


B. 
 7. The Lord his peo-ple loves; His hand no good with-holds From those his heart ap-proves, From

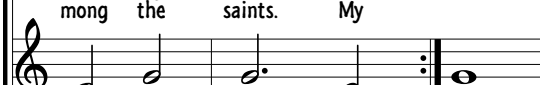
Tr.  10
 earth-ly tem-ples are! To thine a-bode My heart a-spires, With warm de-sires To
 find their won-ted rest; My spi-rit faints With e-qual zeal To rise and dwell A-

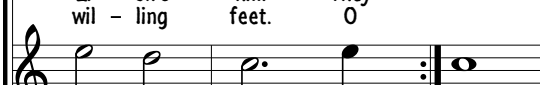
C. 
 con-stant ser-vice there! They praise thee still And hap-py they That love the way To
 each in heav'n ap-pears: O glo-rious seat When God, our King, Shall thi-ther bring our

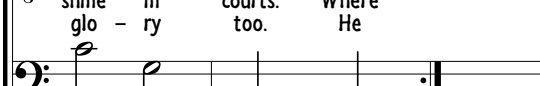
T.  8
 thou-sand days be-side: Where God re-sorts, I love it more To keep the door than
 draw our bles-sings thence: He shall be-stow On Ja-cob's race Pe-cu-liar grace And

B. 
 pure and pi-ous souls: Thrice hap-py he, O God of his, Whose spi-rit trusts a-

Tr.  1. 15 | 2.
 see my God. To
 mong the saints. My

C. 
 Zi-on's hill. They
 wil-ling feet. O

T.  8
 shine in courts. Where
 glo-ry too. He

B. 
 lone in thee. Thrice