

Vergennes

Treble

Tenor

Bass

1. My heart and soul cry out for Thee, When far from Thine a-bode; When shall I

Tr.

T.

B.

The spar-row builds her-tread Thy courts, and see My Sav-ior and my God!

Tr.

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B.

The spar-row builds her-self a nest, and suffers no re-move, O make me like the spar-row blest, To dwell but where I

Tr.

T.

B.

love; O make me like the spar-row blest, To dwell but where I love.

2. My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

3. With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4. Lord, at thy threshold I would wait
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.