

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 84) 66. 66. 44. 44.

Armenia

Transcribed from Jenks and Griswold, *The American Compiler*, 1803.

F Major
Stephen Jenks, 1803

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thy earth - ly temples are! To
2. The spar-row for her young With pleasure seeks a nest, And wandering swallows long To find their wonted rest: My
3. O hap - py souls that pray Where God ap - points to hear! O hap - py men that pay Their constant service there! They
4. They go from strength to strength, Through this dark vale of tears, Till each ar - rives at length, Till each in heav'n appears: O
5. To spend one sa - cred day Where God and saints a - bide, Af - fords di - vi - ner joy Than thou - sand days beside: Where
6. God is our sun and shield, Our light and our de - fense; With gifts his hands are filled, We draw our blessings thence: He
7. The Lord his peo - ple loves; His hand no good with - holds From those his heart ap - proves, From pure and pious souls: Thrice

1. thine a - bode My heart as - pires, With warm de - sires To see my God. To
2. spi - rit faints With e - qual zeal To rise and dwell A - mong thy saints. My
3. praise thee still And hap - py they That love the way To Zi - on's hill. They
4. glorious seat, When God our King Shall thi - ther bring Our wil - ling feet! O
5. God re - sorts, I love it more To keep the door Than shine in courts. Where
6. shall bestow On Jacob's race Pe - cu - liar grace And glo - ry too. He
7. hap - py he, O God of hosts, Whose spi - rit trusts A - lone in thee. Thrice