

Verona

Tr. 5

C.

T. 8

B.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How plea-sant and how fair The dwell-ings of Thy love, Thine earth-ly tem-ples are!

To

Tr. 15 1. 2.

C.

T. 8

B.

To Thine a-bode, To Thine a-bode my heart aspires,
To Thine a-bode my heart aspires, With warm de-sires to see my God.
To Thine a-bode my heart a-spires, To Thine a-bode my heart aspires,
Thine a-bode my heart a-spires, To Thine a-bode my heart as - pires, To

2. The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints
With equal zeal
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3. O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

4. They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

5. To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

6. God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.