

Isaac Watts, 1717
(Psalm 122, Part 2) 668. 668.

Windsor New

Transcribed from *The American Compiler*, 1803.

D Major
Stephen Jenks, 1803



Tr. 1. How pleased and blest was I To hear the people cry, Come, let us seek our God today! Yes, with a cheerful zeal We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

C. 2. Zion, thrice happy place, And walls of strength embrace thee round; To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joy - ful sound.
Adorned with wondrous grace, In thee our tribes appear

T. 3. There David's greater Son Has fixed his royal throne, He sits for grace and judgment there: He bids the saint be glad, He makes the sinner sad, And humble souls rejoice with fear.
4. May peace attend thy gate, And joy within thee wait To bless the soul of every guest! The man that seeks thy peace, And wishes thine increase, A thousand blessings on him rest!

B. 5. My tongue repeats her vows, Peace to this sacred house! And since my glorious God My soul shall ever love thee well.
For there my friends and kindred dwell; Makes thee his blest abode,