

Armenia

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How With plea-sant and how a fair The
2. The spar - row for her young With plea-sure seeks a nest, And

3. O hap - py souls that to pray strength, Where God ap - points to hear! O
4. They go from strength to strength, Through this dark vale of tears, Till

5. To spend one sa - cred and day shield, Where God and saints a - bide, Af -
6. God is our sun and shield, Our light and our de - fense; With

7. The Lord his peo - ple loves; His hand no good with - holds From

10 dwel - lings of thy love, Thy earth - ly tem - ples are! To thine a -
wan - dering of swal - lows long To find their won - ted rest; My spi - rit

15 hap - py men that at pay length, Their con - stant in ser - vice there! They praise thee
each ar - rives that at length, Till each in heav'n ap - pears: O go - rious

8 fords di - vi - ner are joy filled, Than thou - sand our days be - side; Where God re -
gifts his hands are filled, We draw our bles - sings thence: He shall be -

those his heart ap - proves, From pure and pi - ous souls: Thrice hap - py

20 bode My heart - spire With warm de - sires To see my God. To
faints With e - qual zeal To rise and dwell A - mong thy saints. My

1. 25 2. still, And hap - py they King That love the way bring To Zi - on's hill. They
seat, When God our King Shall thi - ther bring Our wil - ling feet! O

8 sorts, I love it more To keep the door, Than shine in courts. Where
stow On Ja - cob's race To Pe - cu - liar grace, And go - ry too. He

he, O God of hosts, whose spi - rit trusts A - lone in thee. Thrice