

# Adams

Treble

1. To spend one sa-cred day Where God and saints abide, Af - fords di - vi - ner joy Than  
2. Lord of the worlds a-bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwel-ings of thy love, Thy

Counter

3. The spar - row for her young With pleasure seeks a nest, And wandering swallows long To  
4. O hap - py souls that pray Where God appoints to hear! O hap - py men that pay Their

Tenor

8 5. They go from strength to strength, Through this dark vale of tears, Till each ar - rives at length, Till  
6. God is our sun and shield, Our light and our de - fense; With gifts his hands are filled, We

Bass

7. The Lord his peo - ple loves; His hand no good withholds From those his heart ap - proves, From

Tr.

1. thousand days beside: Where God re-sorts, I love it more To keep the door Than shine in courts.  
2. earth-ly tem-ples are! To thine a-bode My heart as - pires, With warm de-sires To see my God.

C.

3. find their wonted rest: My spi - rit faints With e - qual zeal To rise and dwell A - mong thy saints.  
4. constant service there! They praise thee still And hap-py they That love the way To Zi - on's hill.

T.

8 5. each in heav'n appears: O glorious seat, When God our King Shall thither bring Our willing feet!  
6. draw our blessings thence: He shall be-stow On Ja - cob's race Pe - cu - liar grace And glo - ry too.

B.

7. pure and pious souls: Thrice happy he, O God of hosts, Whose spirit trusts A-lone in thee.