

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

Verona

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B^b Major
Oliver Holden, 1796

5 10 15 1. 2.

To Thine abode, To Thine abode my heart aspires,
To Thine abode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God.
To Thine abode my heart aspires, To Thine abode my heart aspires,
To Thine abode my heart aspires, To Thine abode my heart aspires, To

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| 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. | 7. The Lord his people loves; His hand no good withholds From those his heart approves, From pure and pious souls: Thrice happy he, O God of hosts, Whose spirit trusts Alone in thee. |
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