

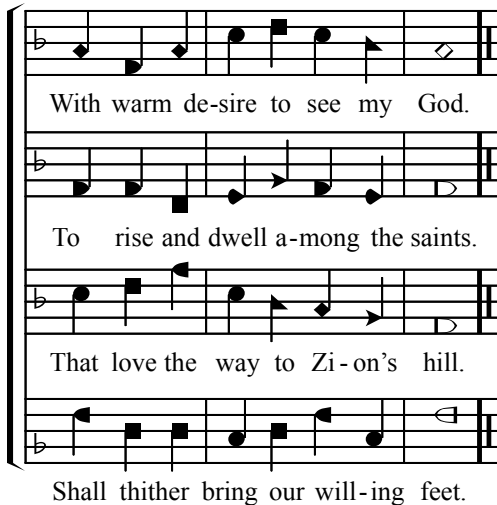


1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair, The dwell-ings of thy love, Thy earth-ly tem-ples are; To thine a - bode my heart as-pires,

2. The sparrow for her young, With pleasure seeks her nest, And wand'ring swal-lows long to find their won-ted rest; My spir-it faints with e-qual zeal,

3. O hap-py souls that pray Where God ap-oints to hear! O hap-py men that pay Their con-stant ser-vice there! They praise thee still, and hap-py they

4. They go from strength to strength, Thro' this dark vale of tears, Till each ar-rives at length, Till each in heav'n ap - pears; O glorious seat, when God our King



With warm de-sire to see my God.

To rise and dwell a-mong the saints.

That love the way to Zi-on's hill.

Shall thither bring our will-ing feet.