

METRE 1 Anne Steele

# PORTUGAL L.M.

Thorley

1. How lovely, how di - vine-ly sweet, Oh Lord! thy sa - cred courts appear; Fain would my long - ing pas - sions meet The glo - ries of thy presence there.

2. O bless'd the men, bless'd their employ, Whom thy in - dul - gent fa - vors raise To dwell in those a - bodes of joy, And sing thy nev - er - ceas - ing praise.

3. Hap - py the men whom strength di - vine, With ardent love and zeal inspires; Whose steps to thy blest way in - cline With will - ing hearts and warm de - sires.

4. One day with - in thy sa - cred gate, Affords more re - al joy to me Than thousands in the tents of state; The mean - est place is bliss with thee.