

PENFIELD L. M.

Isaac Watts Key of E Major

J. Osgood

1. How pleas - ant— how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, Thy dwell - ings are:
2. Blest are the saints, who sit on high, A - round Thy throne a - bove the sky;
3. Blest are the men, whose hearts are set To find the way to Zi - on's gate:

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With long de - sire my spir - it faints, To meet th'as - sem - blies of thy saints.
Thy bright - est glo - ries shine a - bove, And all their work is praise and love.
God is their strength, and thru the road They lean up - on their help - er, God.

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My flesh would rest in Thine a - bode: My pant - ing heart cries out for God:
Blest are the souls, who find a place With - in the tem - ple of Thy grace;
Cheer - ful they walk with grow - ing strength, Till all shall meet in heav'n at length:

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My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and Thee!
There they be - hold Thy gent - ler rays, And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
Till all be fore Thy face ap - pear, And join in nobl - er wor - ship there.

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