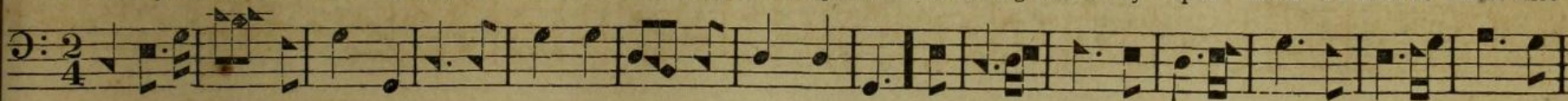
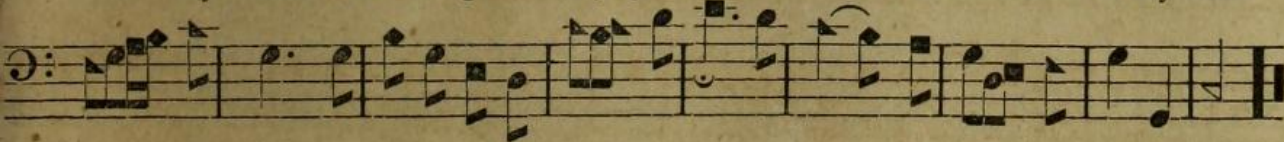




1. How pleasant, how divine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwell-ings are ! With strong desire my spirit faints To meet th' assem-blies



of thy saints, With strong desire my spirit faints To meet th' as-sem-blies of thy saints.



2. Blest are the saints that sit on high,  
Around thy throne of majesty ;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.

3. Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace ;  
Here they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4. Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Sion's gate ;  
God is their strength, and through the road  
They lean upon their helper God.

5. Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length ;  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.