



1 Forth from Thy courts, Thy sa - cred dwell - ing, In ju - bi - lant ac - cord,  
2 A might - y stream of foul trans - gres - sion Pre - vails from day to day;



We hear sweet strains of prais - es swell - ing, O Is - rael's might - y Lord!  
But Thou, O God, in great com - pas - sion, Wilt purge my guilt a - way.



To God, who hears our im - plor - a - tion, We come to pay our vow,  
Blest is the man whom Thou hast cho - sen, And bring - est nigh to Thee,



Soon men from ev - ery tribe and na - tion Be - fore our God shall bow.  
That in Thy courts, in Thee re - pos - ing, His dwell - ing - place may be.

