Happy the Church, Thou Sacred Place

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
Hap- py the church, thou sacred place, The

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
seat of thy Cre- ator's grace; Thine

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
holy courts are his abode, Thou

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
earthly palace of our God.

The other verses

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

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