How Pleasant, How Divinely Fair

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
How pleasant, how divinely

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
fair, O Lord of hosts, thy

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
dwellings are! With long de-

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
sire my spirit faints To

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
meet th'assemblies of thy saints.

The other verses

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 The sparrow chuses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest:
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

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

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

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

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.