Lord, 'Tis a Pleasant Thing to Stand

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
stand In gardens planted

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
by thine hand; Let me with-

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
in thy courts be seen Like

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
a young cedar fresh and green.

The other verses

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays but grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

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.