My Soul, How Lovely Is the Place

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
My soul, how lovely is the place To

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
which thy God re- sorts! 'Tis

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
heaven to see his smiling face, Tho'

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
in his earthly courts.

The other verses

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode:
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me like the sparrows, blest,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); 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.