

How Pleased and Blest Was I

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Aaron Williams, 1760.

How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God today!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest!
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.