

My Soul, How Lovely Is the Place

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Samuel R. Brown.

My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see His smiling face,
Though in His earthly courts.

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

With His rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals His wondrous love,
And sheds abroad His grace.

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

My heart and flesh cry out for Thee,
While far from Thine abode;
When shall I tread Thy courts, and see
My Savior and my God?

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

To sit one day beneath Thine eye,
And hear Thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employed in carnal joys.

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

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.