

Lord, 'Tis a Pleasant Thing to Stand  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Music: Lowell Mason, 1830.

Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
In gardens planted by Thine hand;  
Let me within Thy courts be seen,  
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

There grow Thy saints in faith and love,  
Blessed with Thine influence from above;  
Not Lebanon with all its trees  
Yields such a comely sight as these.

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.

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