

Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above  
by Charles Wesley

1 PLEASANT are thy courts above,  
In the land of light and love;  
Pleasant are thy courts below,  
In this land of sin and woe.  
O! my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of thy saints,  
For the brightness of thy face,  
For thy fulness, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round thy altars, O most High!  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast!  
Happy souls! their praises flow  
Even in this vale of woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies.

3 On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach thy throne at length;  
At thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.  
Sun and shield alike thou art,  
Guide and guard my erring heart;  
Grace and glory flow from thee:  
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!