

How Honorable Is the Place
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.
Music: Dublin Hymnal, 1749.

How honorable is the place
Where we adoring stand!
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy the assaults of hell.

Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our king.

Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovahs name.
And ventured on His grace.

Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as His years.

What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.

On Babylon our feet shall tread
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.