

Lord of the Worlds Above  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Music: John Darwall, 1770.

Lord of the worlds above, how pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of Thy love, Thine earthly temples are!  
To Thine abode, my heart aspires with warm desires  
To see my God.

The sparrow for her young with pleasure seeks a nest,  
And wandering swallows long to find their wonted rest:  
My spirit faints with equal zeal to rise and dwell  
Among thy saints.

O happy souls that pray where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men that pay their constant service there!  
They praise Thee still; and happy they that love the way  
To Zions hill.

They go from strength to strength, through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length, till each in Heaven appears;  
O glorious seat, when God, our King, shall thither bring  
Our willing feet!

To spend one sacred day where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy than thousand days beside:  
Where God resorts, I love it more to keep the door  
Than shine in courts.

God is our sun and shield, our light and our defense;  
With gifts His hands are filled; we draw our blessings thence.  
He shall bestow on Jacobs race peculiar grace  
And glory too.

The Lord His people loves; His hand no good withholds  
From those His heart approves, from pure and pious souls:  
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts, whose spirit trusts  
Alone in Thee.