

WORSHIP.

- 3 Blest are the saints, who dwell on high,
Around Thy throne, above the sky ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace ;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
- 5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

I. WATTS.

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C. M.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
" In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day ! "
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face.
- 3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest ;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.
- 4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell ;
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

I. WATTS.

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8.7.4.

- 1 In Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near ;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
Speak, and let Thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear Thy word with godly fear.