

THE SANCTUARY.

HYMN 22.

FROM PSALM LXXXIV.

6s. 4s.

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

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
Who love the way
To Zion's 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 !