

Isaac Watts, 1719

(Hymn 64, Book 2) 88. 88. (L. M.)

# Lodi

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G Major

Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

1. Hap - py the church, thou sac - red place, Thine

Tenor

8 The seat of Thy Cre - a - tor's grace;

Bass

1. Hap - py the church, thou sac - red place, Thine

Tr.

10 ho - ly courts are His a - bode,

T.

8 Thou earth - ly pal - ace of our God. Thy walls are

B.

ho - ly courts are His a - bode,

Tr.

15 strength, and at thy gates A guard of heav'n - ly war - riors waits; Nor shall thy deep foun -

T.

8

B.

Tr.

20

T.

8 da - tions move, Built on thy jus - tice, and thy love, Built on thy jus - tice, and thy love.

B.

25

2. Thy foes in vain designs engage,  
Against his throne in vain they rage;  
Like rising waves, with angry roar,  
That dash and die upon the shore.

God is our shield, and God our sun;  
Swift as the fleeting moments run,  
On us he sheds new beams of grace,  
And we reflect his brightest praise.