

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Hymn 64, Book 2) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Lodi

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G Major
Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

1. Happy the church, thou sacred place, Thine holy courts are His abode, Thou earthly palace of our God. Thy walls are

Tenor

1. The seat of thy Creator's grace; Thou earthly palace of our God. Thy walls are

Bass

1. Happy the church, thou sacred place, Thine holy courts are His abode, Thou earthly palace of our God. Thy walls are

Tr.

15 20 25

T.

strength, and at Thy gates A guard of heavenly warriors waits; Nor shall thy deep foundations move, Built on thy justice and thy love, Built on thy justice and thy love.

B.

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.