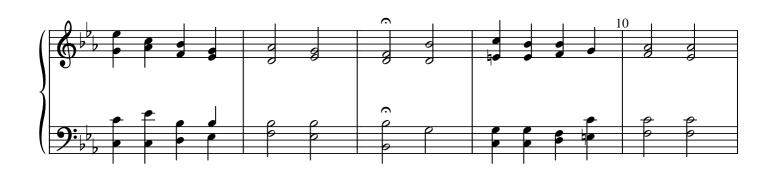
How Pleased and Blest was I







How pleased and blest was I To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God today!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

Zion, thrice happy place, Adorned with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round; In thee our tribes appear To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

There David's greater Son Has fixed His royal throne, He sits for grace and judgment there: He bids the saint be glad, He makes the sinner sad, And humble souls rejoice with fear. May peace attend thy gate, And joy within thee wait To bless the soul of every guest! The man that seeks thy peace, And wishes thine increase, A thousand blessings on him rest!

My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Isaac Watts