

# Lord of the Worlds Above

Words: Isaac Watts. 1674-1748  
 Music: John Darwell. 1731-1789

1= D  $\frac{4}{4}$



1 | 3 1 5 3 |  $\dot{1}$  -- 7 | 6 5 4 3 | 2 --

7 - 6 - | 5 -- 5 | 6 - 7 - |  $\dot{1}$  -- 1 | 2 3 4

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, how plea - sant and how fair  
 2. The spa - rrow for her young with plea - sure seeks a nest,  
 3. O ha - ppy souls that pray where God a - ppoints to hear!  
 4. They go from strength to strength, through this dark vale of tears,  
 5. To spend one sacr - ed day where God and saints a - bide,  
 6. God is our Sun and Shield, our Light and our De - fense;  
 7. The Lord his peo - ple loves; His hand no good with - holds

tem - ples are! To Thine a - bode, my heart as - pires  
 wont - ed rest: My spi - rit faints With e - qual zeal  
 ser - vice there! They praise Thee still; and ha - ppy they  
 hea - ven appears; O glo - rious seat, when God, our King,  
 days be - side: Where God re - sorts, I love it more  
 bless - ings thence. He shall be - stow on Ja - cob's race  
 pi - ous souls: Thrice ha - ppy he, O God of hosts,



2 | 3 1 6 5 |  $\sharp 4$  2  $\dot{2}$   $\dot{1}$  |

5 | 6 7  $\dot{1}$   $\dot{2}$  |  $\dot{1}$  - 7 - |  $\dot{1}$  - ||

The dwell - ings of Thy love, Thine earth - ly  
 And wan - d'ring swa - llows long to find their  
 O ha - ppy men that pay their con - stant  
 Till each a - rrives at length, till each in  
 A - fford's di - vin - er joy than thou - sand  
 With gifts His hands are filled; we draw our  
 From those his heart a - pproves, From pure and

with warm de - sires To see my God.  
 to rise and dwell A - mong thy saints.  
 that love the way To Zi - on's hill.  
 shall thi - ther bring Our will - ing feet!  
 to keep the door Than shine in courts.  
 pe - cu - liar grace And glo - ry too.  
 whose spi - rit trusts A - lone in Thee.

