

METRE 1 Anne Steele

PORTUGAL L.M.

Thorley



1. How lovely, how di - vine-ly sweet, Oh Lord! thy sa - cred courts appear; Fain would my long-ing pas-sions meet The glo-ries of thy presence there.



2. O bless'd the men, bless'd their employ, Whom thy in - dul - gent fa-vors raise To dwell in those a - bodes of joy, And sing thy nev - er - ceas-ing praise.



3. Hap - py the men whom strength di-vine, With ardent love and zeal inspires; Whose steps to thy blest way in-cline With will-ing hearts and warm de - sires.



4. One day with-in thy sa - cred gate, Affords more re - al joy to me Than thousands in the tents of state; The mean-est place is bliss with thee.