PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS ABOVE

1. Pleasant are Thy courts above, In the land of light and love;
   Hap - py birds that sing and fly Round Thy al - ters, O Most High!
   Pleas - ant are Thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe.
   O my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,
   For the bright - ness of Thy face, For Thy full - ness, God of grace.

2. Happy souls! their praises flow Even in this vale of woe;
   Keep me by Thy sav - ing grace; Give me at Thy side a place.
   Happier souls that find a rest In a heav'n - ly Fa - ther's breast!
   Like the wan - d'ring dove, that found No re - pose on earth a - round,
   They can to their ark re - pair And en - joy it ev - er there.

3. Lord, be mine this prize to win; Guide me through a world of sin;
   Waters in the de - sert rise, Man - na feeds them from the skies:
   Keep me by Thy sav - ing grace; Give me at Thy side a place.
   On they go from strength to strength Till they reach Thy throne at length,
   At Thy feet a - dor - ing fall, Who hast led them safe thru all.

4. Lord, be mine this prize to win; Guide me through a world of sin;
   Waters in the de - sert rise, Man - na feeds them from the skies:
   Keep me by Thy sav - ing grace; Give me at Thy side a place.
   Sun and shield a - like Thou art; Guide and guard my err - ing heart.
   For the bright - ness of Thy face, For Thy full - ness, God of grace.
   They can to their ark re - pair And en - joy it ev - er there.
   A - men.

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