

Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above

HIGBEE

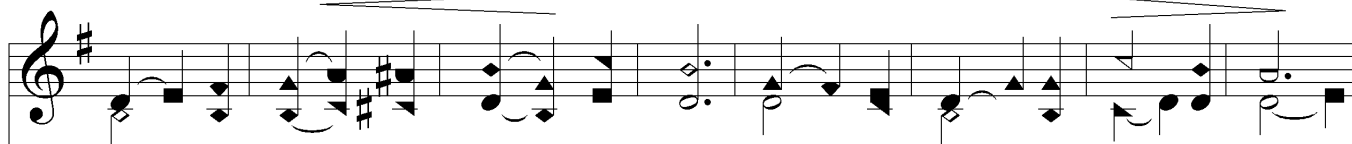
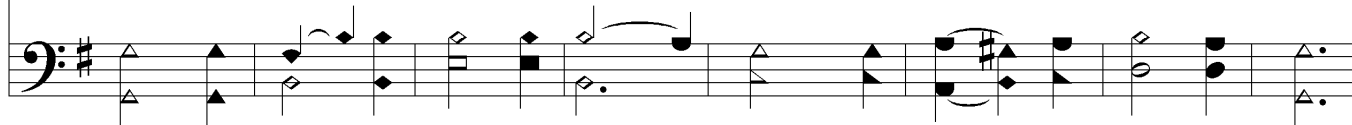
mf With moderate motion



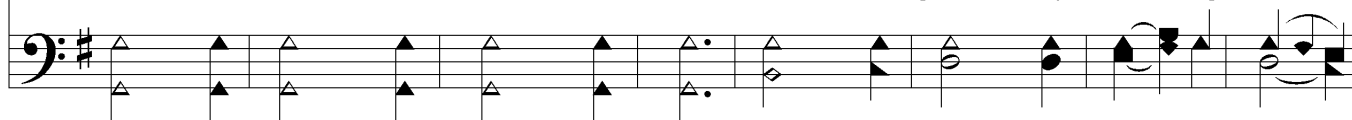
1. Pleas - ant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;
2. Hap - py birds that sing and fly Round Thy Al - tars, O Most High;
3. Hap - py souls! their prais - es flow E - ven in this vale of woe;
4. Lord, be mine this prize to win! Guide me thru a world of sin:



Pleas - ant are Thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe,
Hap - pier souls that find a rest In our Heav - 'nly Fa - ther's breast!
Wa - ters 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;



Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,
Like the wan - d'ring dove, that found No re - pose on earth a - round,
On they go from strength to strength, Till they reach Thy throne at length,
Sun and shield a - like Thou art; Guide and guard my err - ing heart!



slightly slower



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.
At Thy feet a - dor - ing fall, Who hast led them safe thru all.
Grace and glo - ry flow from Thee; Show - er, oh, show - er them, Lord,

