Lord Of The Worlds Above
ST. GODRIC H. M.

1. Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair
2. O happy souls, that pray Where God appoints to soar!
3. They go from strength to strength Thru this dark vale of tears,
4. God is our Sun and Shield, Our Light and our Defense;

The dwellings of Thy love, Thine earthly temples are!
O happy men, that pay Their constant service there!
Till each arrives at length, Till each in heav’n appears:
With gifts His hands are filled, We draw our blessings thence;

To Thine abide My heart aspires With warm desires To see my God.
They praise Thee still: And happy they That love the way To Zion’s hill.
O glorious seat; When God our King Shall thither bring Our willing feet.
Thrice happy he, O God of Hosts, Whose spirit trusts A lone in Thee.

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: J. B. Dykes