

London Gallery Quire 177

Paraphrased by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

How pleased and blest was I Psalm 122

Ascalon, Silesian Melody
from The Congregational Psalmist (1858)
Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=112]

Soprano [Air]

1. How pleased and blest was I To hear the peo - ple cry,
 2. Zi - on, thrice hap - py place, A - dorned with won - drous grace,
 3. There Da - vid's grea - ter Son Has fixed his roy - al throne,
 4. May peace at - tend thy gate, And joy with - in thee wait
 5. My tongue re - peats her vows, Peace to his sa - cred house!

Alto

Tenor

Bass

5

S

Come, let us seek our God to - day! Yes, with a cheer - ful zeal
 And walls of strength em - brace thee round; In thee our tribes ap - pear,
 He sits for grace and judge - ment there; He bids the saint be glad,
 To bless the soul of ev' - ry guest; The man that seeks thy peace
 For there my friends and kin - dred dwell; And since my glo - rious God

A

T

cry, Come, let us seek our God to - day! Yes, with a cheer - ful
 And walls of strength em - brace thee round; In thee our tribes ap - pear,
 He sits for grace and judge - ment there; He bids the saint be glad,
 To bless the soul of ev' - ry guest; The man that seeks thy peace
 For there my friends and kin - dred dwell; And since my glo - rious God

B

11

S

We haste to Zi - on's hill, And there our vows and ho - nours pay.
 To pray, and praise, and hear The sa - cred gos - pel's joy - ful sound.
 He makes the sin - ner sad, And hum - ble souls re - jice with fear.
 And wish - es thine in - crease, A thou - sand bles - sings on him rest.
 Makes thee his blest a - bode, My soul shall e - ver love thee well.

A

T

zeal We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and ho - nours pay.
 To pray, and praise, and hear The sa - cred gos - pel's joy - ful sound.
 He makes the sin - ner sad, And hum - ble souls re - jice with fear.
 And wish - es thine in - crease, A thou - sand bles - sings on him rest.

B

Symphony