

# London Gallery Quire 486

Paraphrased by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

My soul, how lovely is the place  
Psalm 84 verses 1-4, 10

Ps 84, by Thomas Clark (1775-1859)  
Edited by Tim Henderson and Francis Roads

[♩=116] Symphony

Soprano

Tenor

Instrumental Bass

14

S

A

T

B

IB

1. My soul, how love - ly is the place To which thy God re - sorts!  
 2. *There the great mo - narch of the skies His sa - ving pow'r dis - plays,*  
 3. With his rich gifts the heav'n - ly Dove Des - cends and fills the place,  
 4. *There, migh - ty God, thy words de - clare The se - crets of thy will;*

21 Symphony

S

A

T

B

IB

'Tis heav'n to see his smil - ing face,  
*And light breaks in up - on our eyes.*  
 While Christ re - veals his won - drous love,  
*And still we seek thy mer - cy there,*

## My soul, how lovely is the place 486

28

S  
 Though in his earth - ly courts, Though in his earth - ly courts.  
*With kind and quick - 'ning rays, With kind and quick - 'ning rays.*  
 And sheds a - broad his grace, And sheds a - broad his grace.  
 And sing thy prai - ses still, And sing thy prai - ses still.

A  
 Though in his earth - ly courts, Though in his earth - ly courts.  
*With kind and quick - 'ning rays, With kind and quick - 'ning rays.*  
 And sheds a - broad his grace, And sheds a - broad his grace.  
 And sing thy prai - ses still, And sing thy prai - ses still.

T  
 8  
 Though in his earth - ly courts, Though in his earth - ly courts.  
*With kind and quick - 'ning rays, With kind and quick - 'ning rays.*  
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B  
 Though in his earth - ly courts, Though in his earth - ly courts.  
*With kind and quick - 'ning rays, With kind and quick - 'ning rays.*  
 And sheds a - broad his grace, And sheds a - broad his grace.  
 And sing thy prai - ses still, And sing thy prai - ses still.

IB

35 | Symphony

S

T

IB

5. My heart and flesh cry out for thee,  
 While far from thine abode;  
 When shall I tread thy courts, and see  
 My Saviour and my God?

6. The sparrow builds herself a nest,  
 And suffers no remove;  
 O make me, like the sparrows, blest,  
 To dwell but where I love.

7. To sit one day beneath thine eye,  
 And hear thy gracious voice,  
 Exceeds a whole eternity  
 Employed in carnal joys.

8. Lord, at thy threshold I would wait  
 While Jesus is within,  
 Rather than fill a throne of state,  
 Or live in tents of sin.

9. Could I command the spacious land,  
 And the more boundless sea,  
 For one blest hour at thy right hand  
 I'd give them both away.

10. Let God the Father, and the Son,  
 And Spirit be adored,  
 Where there are works to make him known,  
 Or saints to love the Lord.