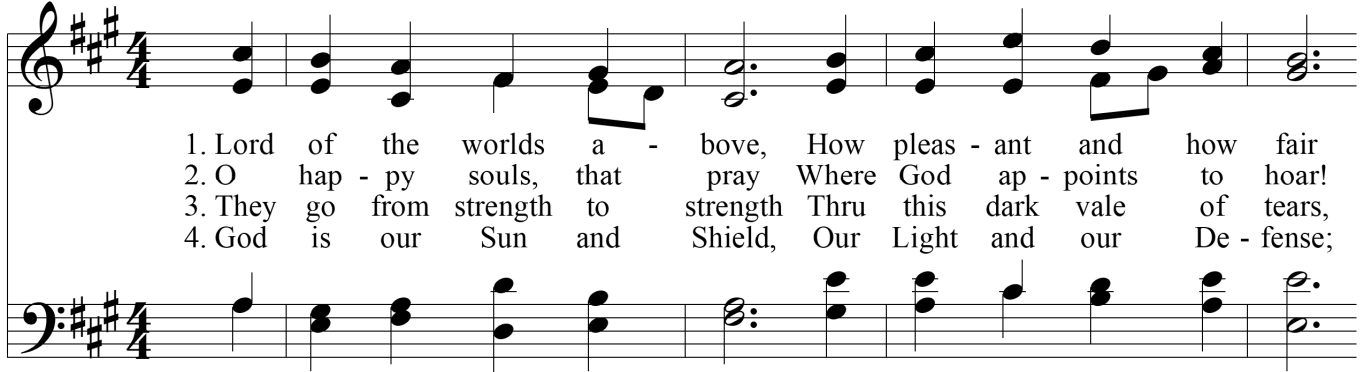
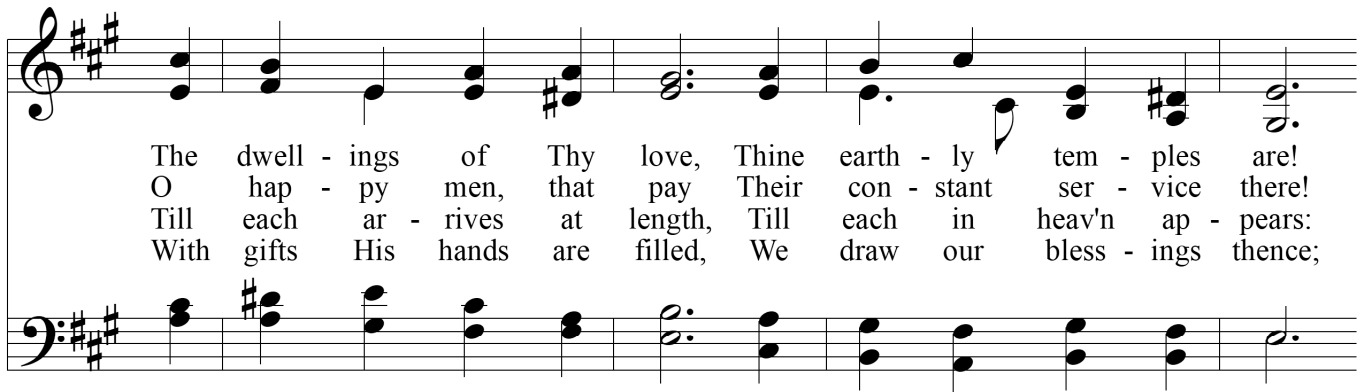


# Lord Of The Worlds Above

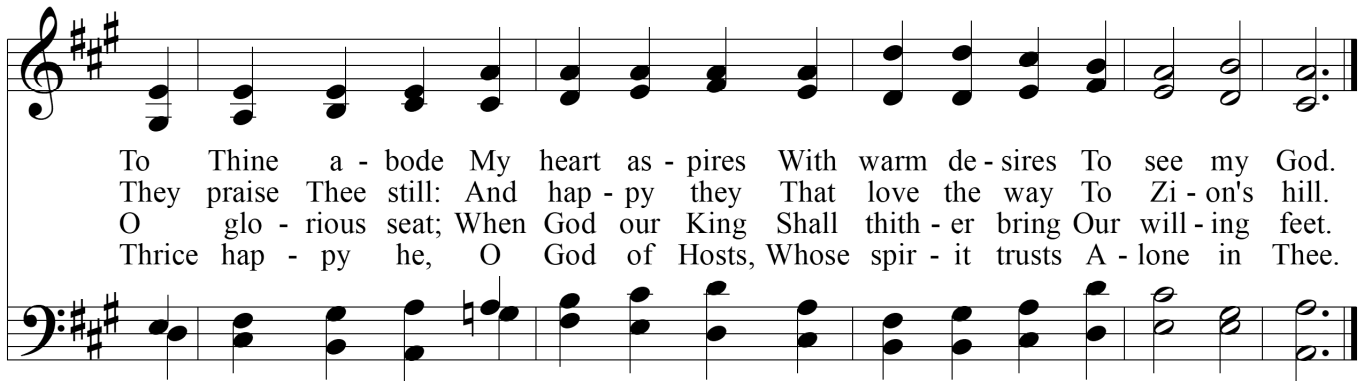
ST. GODRIC H. M.



1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair  
2. O hap - py souls, that pray Where God ap - points to hoar!  
3. They go from strength to strength Thru this dark vale of tears,  
4. God is our Sun and Shield, Our Light and our De - fense;



The dwell - ings of Thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples are!  
O hap - py men, that pay Their con - stant ser - vice there!  
Till each ar - rives at length, Till each in heav'n ap - pears:  
With gifts His hands are filled, We draw our bless - ings thence;



To Thine a - bode My heart as - pires With warm de - sires To see my God.  
They praise Thee still: And hap - py they That love the way To Zi - on's hill.  
O glo - rious seat; When God our King Shall thith - er bring Our will - ing feet.  
Thrice hap - py he, O God of Hosts, Whose spir - it trusts A - lone in Thee.