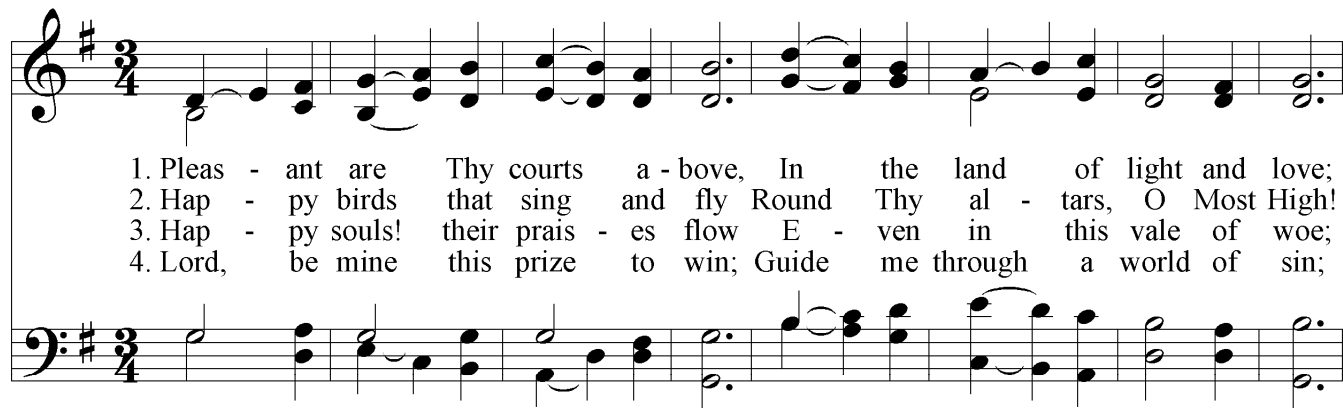
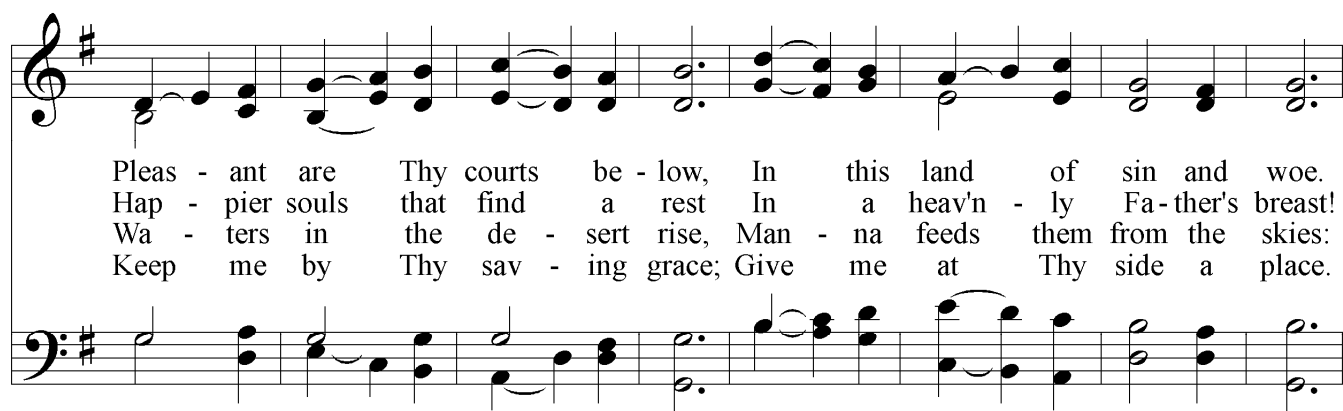


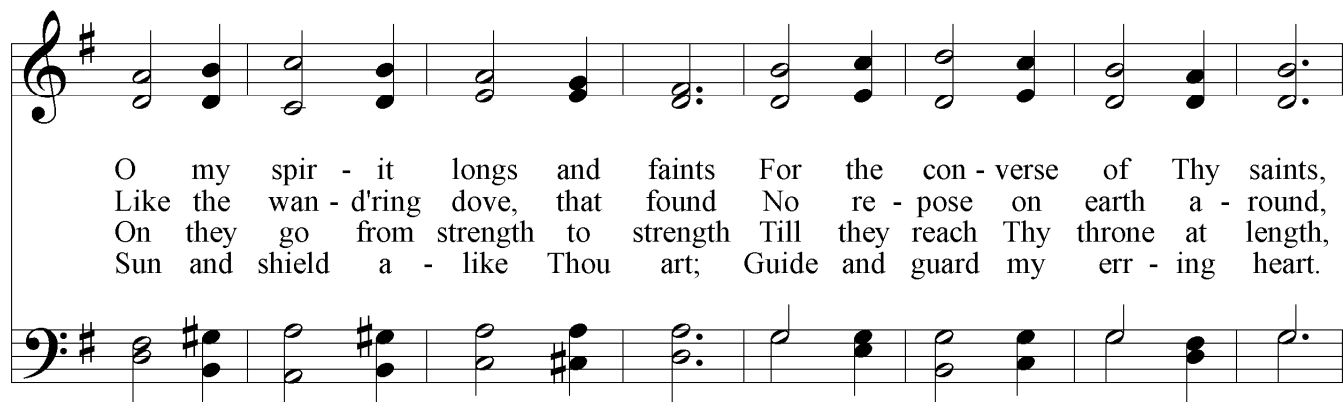
Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above



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 through 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 a heav'n - ly 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.



O 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.



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'r, O show'r them, Lord, on me! A - men.