

PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS ABOVE

Soprano Descant

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. Ah. Ah.

pleas - ant are thy courts be - low in this land of sin and woe:
hap - pier souls that find a rest in a heaven - ly Fa - ther's breast:
wa - ters in the de - sert rise, man - na feeds them from the skies;

Ah. Ah.

O my spir - it longs and faints for the con - verse of thy saints,
like the wan - dering dove, that found no re - pose on earth a - round,
on they go from strength to strength, till they reach thy throne at length,

Ah. Ah.

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 through all.

Ah. Ah.