How honoured how dear That sacred abode

**How honoured, how dear,
That sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God!
'Mid worldly commotion,
My wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,
The home of Thy saints.**

**The birds have their home,
They fix on their nest;
Wherever thy roam,
They turn to their rest:
Form them fondly learning,
My soul would take wing;
To Thee so returning
My God and my King.**

**Oh, happy the choirs
Who praise Thee above!
What joy tunes their lyres!
Their worship is love.
Yet safe in Thy keeping
And happy they be
In this world of weeping,
Whose strength is in Thee.**

**Though rugged their way,
They drink as they go,
Of springs that convey
New life as they flow:
The God they rely on
Their strength shall renew,
Till each, brought to Zion,
His glory shall view.**

**Thou Hearer of prayer,
Still grant me a place
Where Christians repair
To the courts of Thy grace:
More blest, beyond measure,
One day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure
By worldlings enjoyed.**

**The Lord is a Sun,
The Lord is a Shield;
What grace has begun,
With glory is sealed.
He hears the distressed,
He succours the just:
And they shall be blessed
Who make Him their trust.**

**Meter:5 5 5 5 6 5 6 5
Author:Josiah Conder
1789 - 1855
Bible Refs:Ps 84:2
SSS number: 213
Music:HANOVER
Meter:10 10 11 11
Author:William Croft (Crofts)
1678 - 1727**