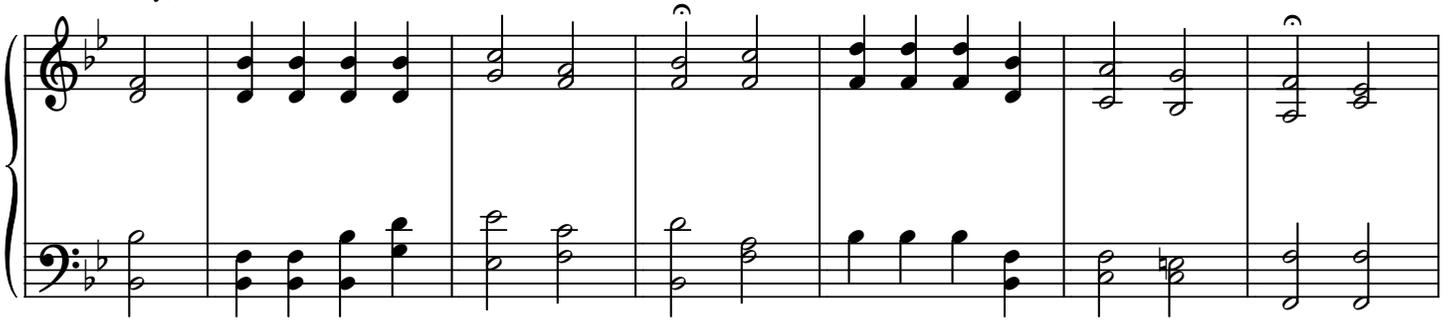


How pleasant, how divinely fair

I.B. Woodbury, 1819-1858



**How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, your dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
to meet th' assemblies of your saints.**

**The sparrow chooses where to rest,
and for her young provides a nest;
God, even sparrows will obtain
the pleasure which your children gain.**

**Blest are the ones whose hearts are set
to find the pathway to your gate;
you are their strength; and through the road
they lean upon your help, O God.**

Isaac Watts