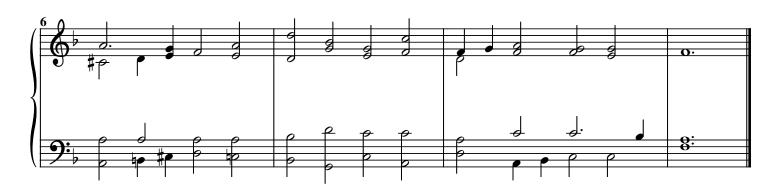
## How beauteous are their feet





How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal!

How cheering is their voice! How sweet the tidings are! "Zion, behold thy Savior King; He reigns and triumphs here."

How blessèd are our eyes That see this heav'nly light Prophets and kings desired it long, But died without the sight. The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ; Jerusalem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare His arm Through all the earth abroad; Let every nation now behold Their Savior and their God!

Isaac Watts

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