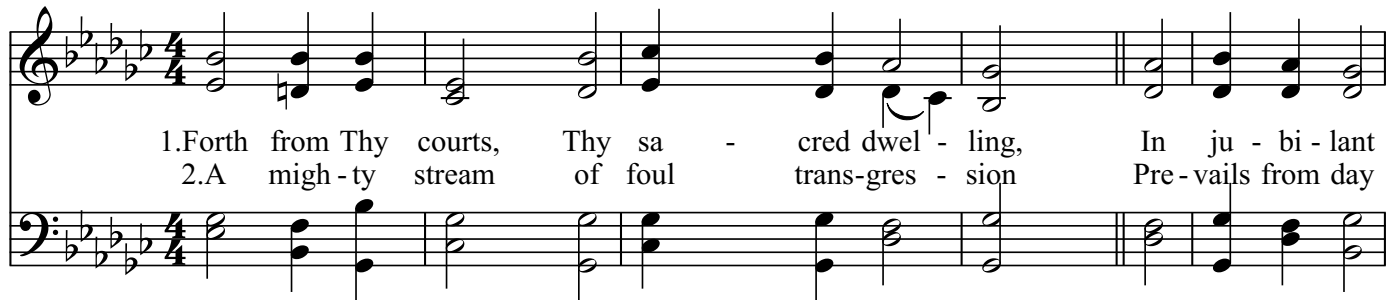
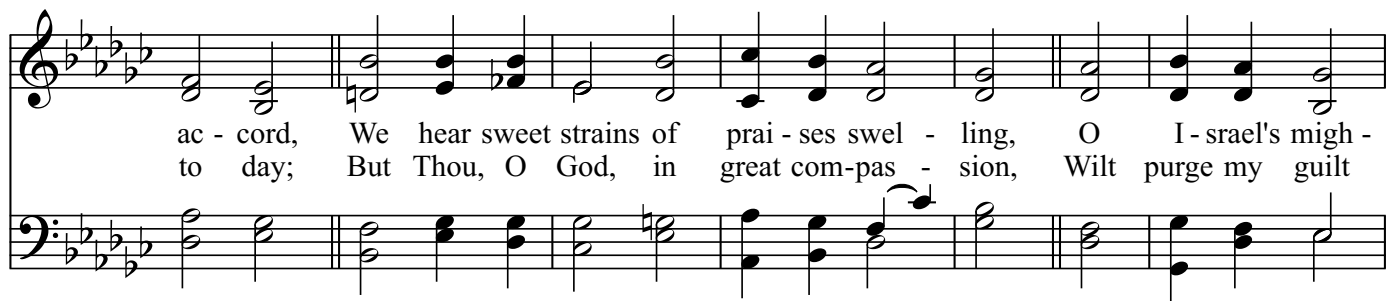


419. Forth from Thy Courts, Thy Sacred Dwelling



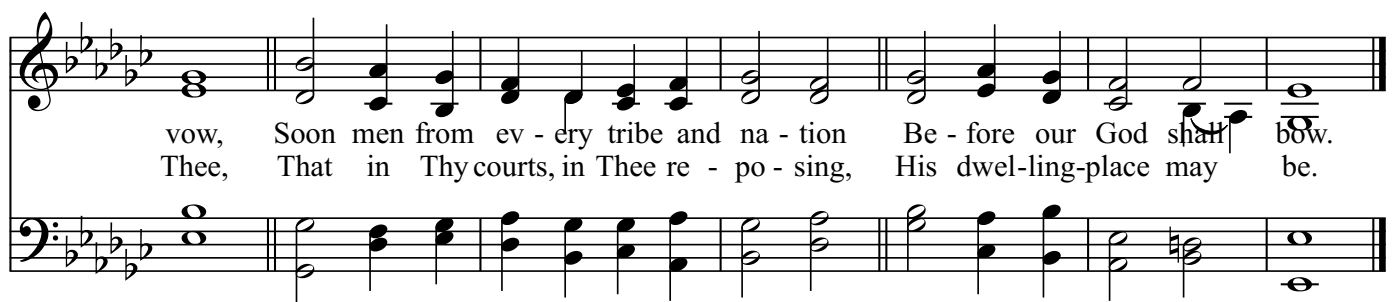
1. Forth from Thy courts, Thy sa - cred dwel - ling, In ju - bi - lant
2. A migh - ty stream of foul trans-gres - sion Pre - vails from day



ac - cord, We hear sweet strains of prai - ses swel - ling, O I - srael's migh -
to day; But Thou, O God, in great com-pas - sion, Wilt purge my guilt



ty Lord! To God, who hears our im - plo - ra - tion, We come to pay our
a - way. Blest is the man whom Thou hast cho - sen, And bring-est nigh to



vow, Soon men from ev - ery tribe and na - tion Be - fore our God shall bow.
Thee, That in Thy courts, in Thee re - po - sing, His dwel-ling-place may be.

3. There, in Thy holy habitation,
Thou wilt Thy saints provide
With every blessing of salvation
Till all are satisfied.
By awful deeds, so just and mighty,
God saves us from our foe;
To all who walk with Him uprightly
He will salvation show.

4. From stores on high Thy streams flow over
The hard and arid land;
The fields are sown with corn and clover,
Provided by Thy hand;
The furrows, softened by Thy showers,
Are blest with springing grain.
How great, O God, Thy love and power
Throughout Thy vast domain!

5. The year is crowned, O Fount of blessing,
With gifts to cheer the land;
Thy goodness fills the earth, expressing
The wonders of Thy hand.
The hills rejoice; the pastures, teeming
With flocks that skip and spring,
The golden grain, in valleys gleaming-
All sing to God the King.