

WILSCOT. S.M.D.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2008

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose kind de-signs to serve and please
Whose hearts and hopes are one, Through all their ac-tions run. Thus on the heav'n-ly

2. Blest is the pi-ous house Their songs of praise, their min-gled vows, Thus on the heav'n-ly hills The
Where zeal and friend-ship meet; Make their com-mun-ion sweet. Thus on the heav'n-ly hills The saints are bless'd a-

hills The saints are bless'd a-bove, Where joy, like mor-ning dew, dis-tils, And all the air is love, And all the air is love. love.

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