

John Stennett

1. How charm-ing is the place, Where my Re-deem-er, God, Un-veils the beau-ties of His face, And sheds His love a-broad, And sheds His love a - broad.

2. Not the fair pal-ac-es, To which the great re - sort, Are once to be com-par'd with this, Where Je-sus holds His court, Where Je-sus holds His court.

3. Here on the mer-cy seat, With ra-diant glo-ry crown'd, Our joy-ful eyes be-hold Him sit, And mil-lions all a-round, And mil-lions all a - round.