How sweet and awesome is the place



- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast that sweetly drew us in; else we had still refused to taste, and perished in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our God, constrain the earth to come; send your victorious word abroad, and bring the strangers home.
- We long to see your churches full, that all the chosen race may, with one voice and heart and soul, sing your redeeming grace.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1707, alt. Tune: Irish traditional melody