

Oh, how lovable, how precious

The Church — Her Local Expression

1258

(Guitar: Capo 3)

D Bm Em A D A D G A⁷ D
1. Oh, how lov - a - ble, how pre - cious Are Thy lo - cal church - es, Lord!

D Bm Em A D A Bm Em A⁷ D
My soul long - eth, ev - en faint - eth For the courts of Thine a - bode;

D B Em A D A Bm D Em A
'Tis my heart's deep thirst and long - ing And my spir - it deep - ly sighs;

D A D A D G D A⁷ D
Fel - low - ship a - mong the church - es— For this my whole be - ing cries.

2. Blessed is the man whose heart, to
Zion, is an open way;
He's the one whose strength is in Thee;
He will praise Thee all the day.
In communion with the churches,
Trusting Thee, Thy praise he sings;
Passing through the weeping valley,
It becomes a place of springs.

3. One day spent among Thy churches,
Better than a thousand is!
Even to the lowest member,
Sun and shield Jehovah is.
Grace and glory, every good thing,
On us now He doth outpour;
Blessed is that man who dwelleth
In the churches evermore.