

# Hymn Lyrics

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## O God of hosts, the mighty Lord

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the place  
Where Thou, enthroned  
in glory, show'st,  
The brightness of Thy face.

My longing soul faints with desire  
To view Thy blest abode;  
My panting heart and flesh cry out  
For Thee the living God.

O Lord of hosts,  
my King and God,  
How highly blest are they  
Who in Thy temple always dwell,  
And there Thy praise display.

Thrice happy they  
whose choice has Thee  
Their sure protection made;  
Who long to tread the sacred ways  
That to Thy dwelling lead.

For in Thy courts one single day  
'Tis better to attend,  
Than, Lord, in any place besides  
A thousand days to spend.

For God, who is  
our Sun and Shield,  
Will grace and glory give;  
And no good thing will He withhold  
From them that justly live.

Thou God, Whom  
heav'nly host obey,  
How highly blest is he  
Whose hope and trust,  
securely placed,  
Is still reposed on Thee.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.