

How Lovely, Lord of Hosts, to Me
The Psalter, 1912.
Joseph Barnby, 1872.

How lovely, Lord of Hosts, to me
The tabernacles of Thy grace;
O how I long, yea, faint to see
Thy hallowed courts, Thy dwelling place;
For Thee my heart and spirit sigh,
For Thee, O living God, I cry.

The sparrow has her place of rest;
The swallow, through Thy kindly care,
Has found where she may build her nest
And brood her young in safety there;
Thy altars as my rest I sing,
O Lord of Hosts, my God, my King.

Blest they who in Thy house abide,
They still to Thee shall render praise;
Blest they who in Thy strength confide,
And in whose hearts are Zion's ways;
Though passing through the vale of tears,
Like springs of joy Thy grace appears.

Advancing still from strength to strength,
They onward go where saints have trod,
Till every one appears at length
In Zion's courts before his God;
Jehovah, God of Hosts, give ear,
Our fathers' God, in mercy hear.

Upon us look, O God, our shield,
The face of Thy anointed see;
A thousand other days can yield
No gladness like one day with Thee;
Though only at Thy door I wait,
No tents of sin give joy so great.

Jehovah, God our Shield and Sun,
Will grace and glory surely give;
No good will He withhold from one
Who in His sight shall rightly live;
O Lord of Hosts, most blest is he
Who puts his steadfast trust in Thee.