

O God of Hosts, the Mighty Lord
Tate and Brady, 1696.
Frederick Baker, 1876.

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

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.