

How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings

How lovely are Thy dwellings, O Lord of Hosts!
My soul longeth, yea, fainteth, for the courts of the Lord:
My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God.

Yea the sparrow hath found her a house,
And the swallow a nest, where she may lay her young,
Even Thine altars, even Thine altars,
O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God.

O Lord God of Hosts, hear my prayer.
I would rather be a door keeper in the house of my God,
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.

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Words taken from Psalm 84

Music by Samuel Liddle