

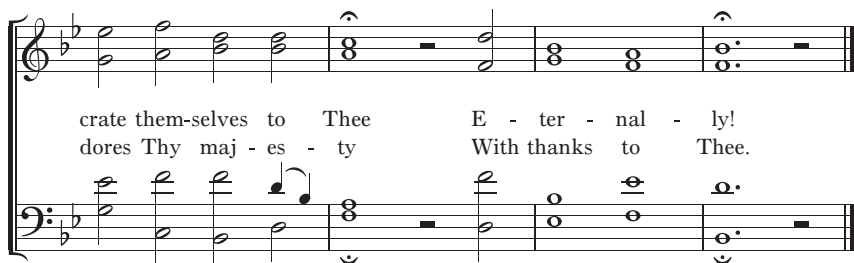
O Lord of Hosts, How Lovely

1. O Lord of hosts, how love-ly are The plac-es
2. O how my soul now longs for Thee, And for the

where now dwells Thy Name, most ho-ly; Where Thou the hearts hast
courts of Thine own sanc-tu-a-ry; My heart and flesh re-

en-tered from a-far, And now Thy Ho-ly
joic-ing in-ward-ly In Thee, O Lord, so

Spir-it reign-eth sole-ly! Blest they who con-se-
wor-thy of all glo-ry. My joy-ful heart a-



3. Yea, mine own soul, once gone astray,
Hath found the rest for which it long was yearning,
E'en as a dove that trembleth in her joy,
E'en as a swallow to her nest returning—
My soul there dwells, and sheltered is the while
From Satan's guile.

4. It is Thine altar, Christ, my Lord,
And the redemption through Thy Blood and Passion,
Where now my soul, once straying from Thy Word,
Finds all the rest and comfort of salvation:
Within Thine house my heart to Thee I bring,
O God, my King!

5. O blessèd are all they who dwell
Within Thine house, who praise Thee now and ever.
O blessèd is the man, he doeth well,
Whose rest Thou art, whose heart is Thine forever;
For he, who Thee as his sure strength doth know,
May safely go.

6. In peace he treads this vale of tears,
Where troubles rise and there is so much sorrow;
There is no need or anguish that he fears;
He trusts in God and faces each tomorrow.
Thou crownest him with blessings, rich, divine.
For he is Thine.

7. Lord God of hosts, now hear our prayer;
Our God our Shield, we daily do implore Thee;
For it belongs, O Lord, unto Thy care
To keep the kingdom of Thy Son before Thee;
When Satan threatens, Thou art Sun and Shield,
To Thee we yield.