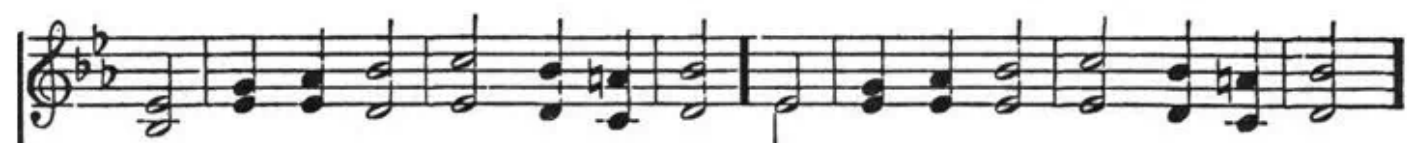




1 O God of hosts, O God of grace, How love - ly is Thy  
2 The spar - row finds a house to rest, The swal - low deft - ly



ho - ly place, How good and pleas - ant is Thy dwell - ing!  
builds her nest, And broods her young hard by Thine al - tar.



My thirst-y soul longs ear-nest-ly, Yea, faints Thy ho - ly courts to see  
O Lord of hosts, my God, my King, With all my soul to Thee I cling!



'Mid fes - tal throngs and mu - sic swell - ing. My heart and flesh  
Hold Thou my hand, lest I should fal - ter. How blest are they



cry out to God, To Him I spread my hands a - broad.  
that dwell with Thee! They praise Thy Name con - tin - ual - ly.

