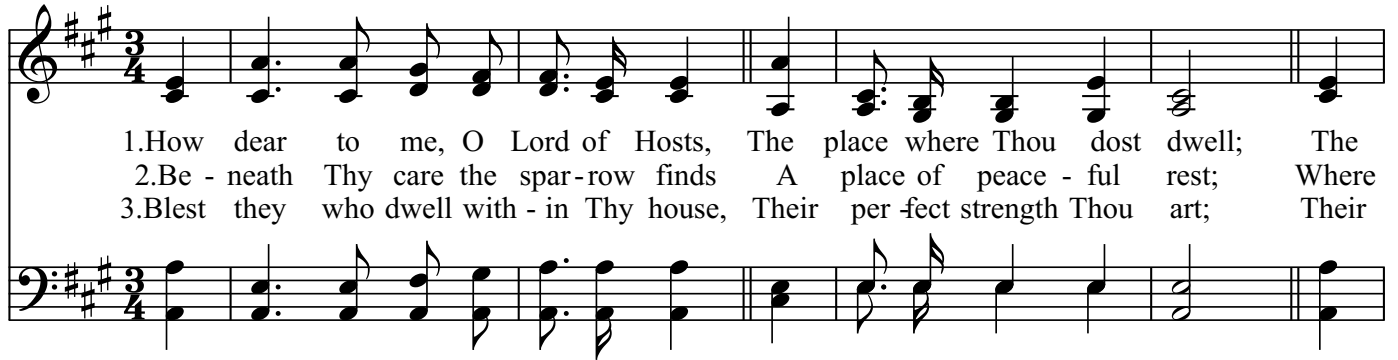
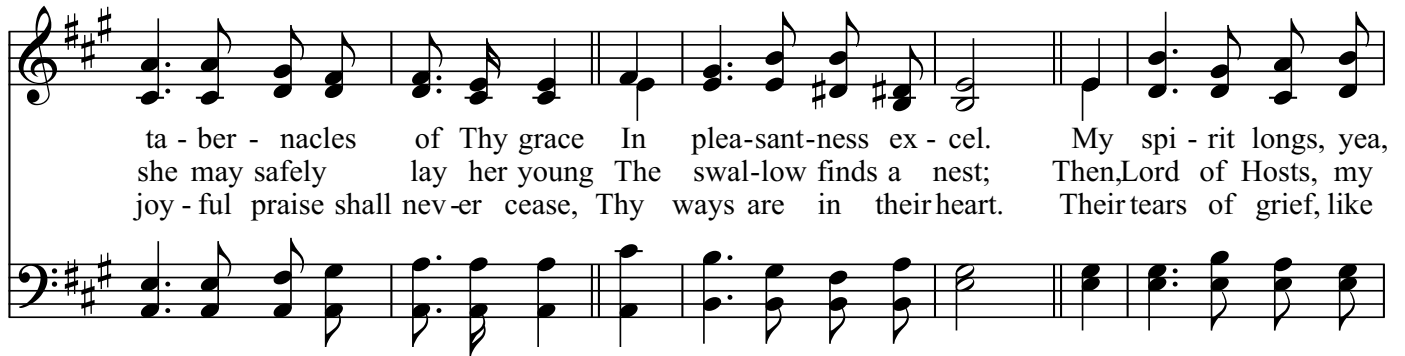


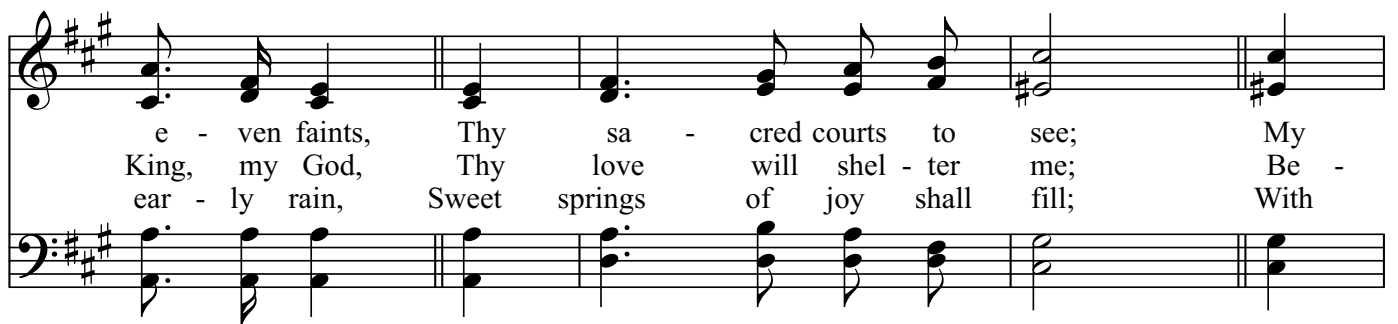
225. Delight in the House of God



1. How dear to me, O Lord of Hosts, The place where Thou dost dwell; The
2. Be - neath Thy care the spar-row finds A place of peace - ful rest; Where
3. Blest they who dwell with - in Thy house, Their per - fect strength Thou art; Their



ta - ber - nacles of Thy grace In plea-sant-ness ex - cel. My spi - rit longs, yea,
she may safely lay her young The swal-low finds a nest; Then, Lord of Hosts, my
joy - ful praise shall nev - er cease, Thy ways are in their heart. Their tears of grief, like



e - ven faints, Thy sa - cred courts to see; My
King, my God, Thy love will shel - ter me; Be -
ear - ly rain, Sweet springs of joy shall fill; With



thir - sting heart and flesh cry out, O li - ving God, for Thee.
neath Thy al - tar's peace - ful shade My dwel - ling-place shall be.
strength re - newed they jour - ney safe To Zi - on's ho - ly hill.