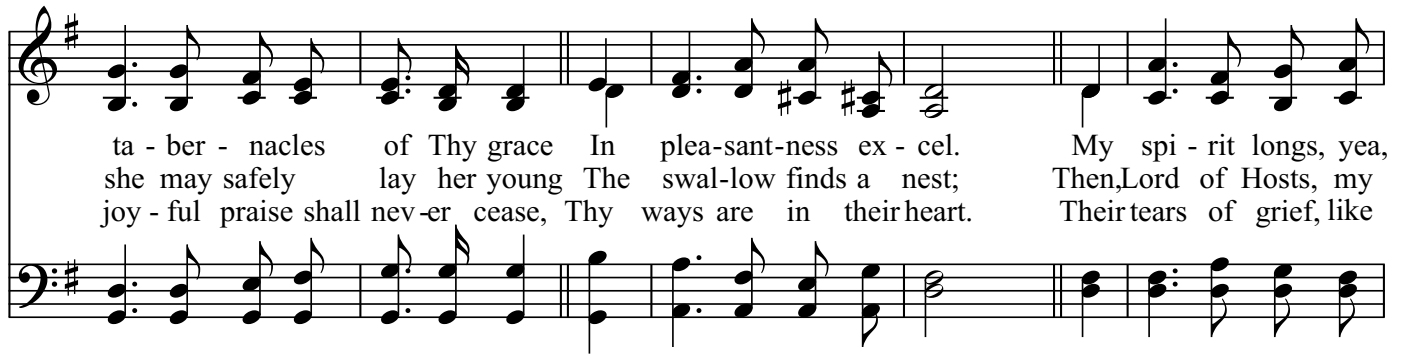


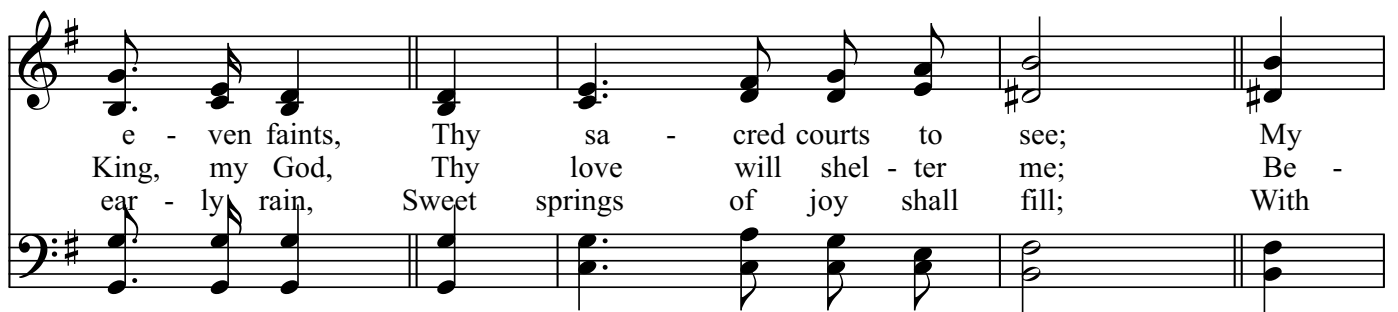
## 225.Delight in the House of God



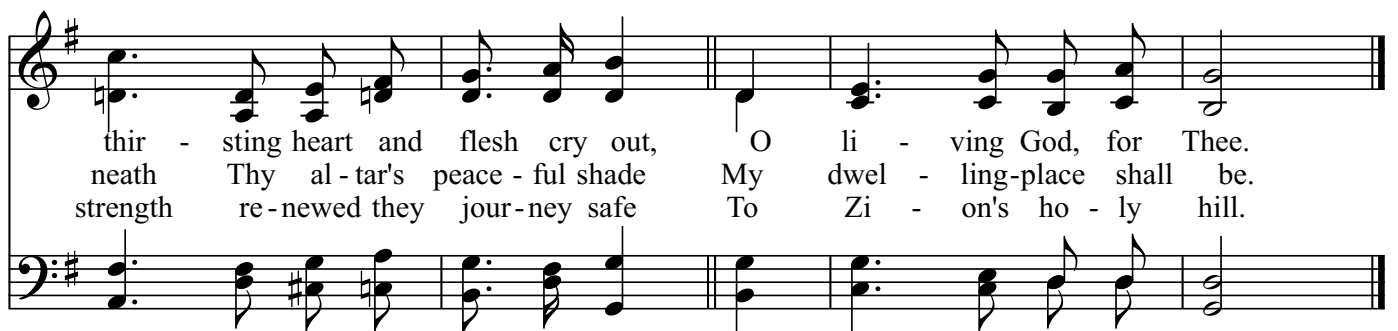
1.How dear to me, O Lord of Hosts, The place where Thou dost dwell; The  
 2.Be - neath Thy care the spar-row finds A place of peace - ful rest; Where  
 3.Blest they who dwell with - in Thy house, Their per - fect strength Thou art; Their



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.