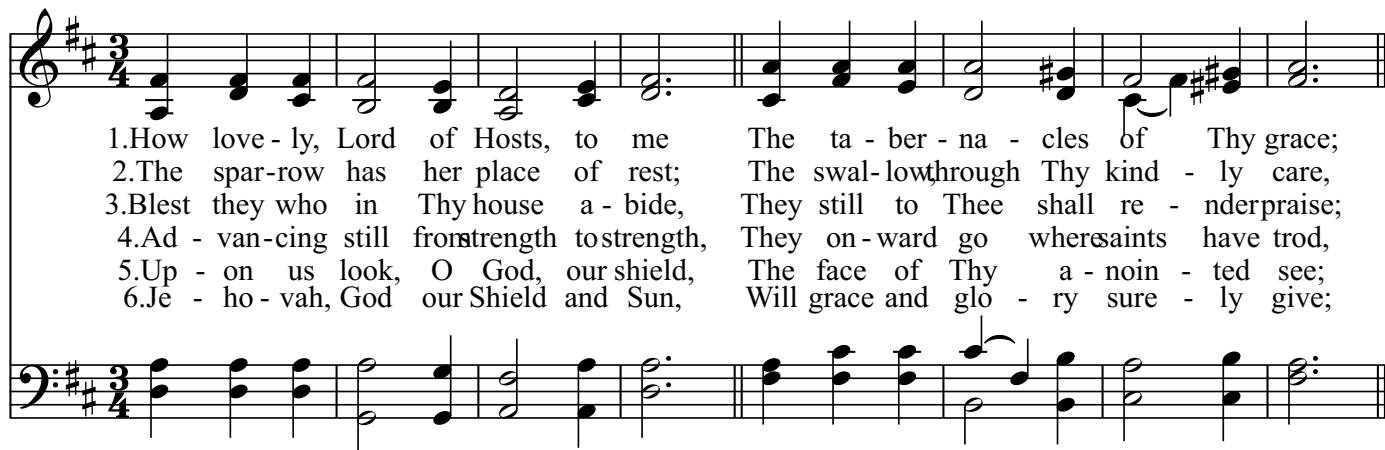
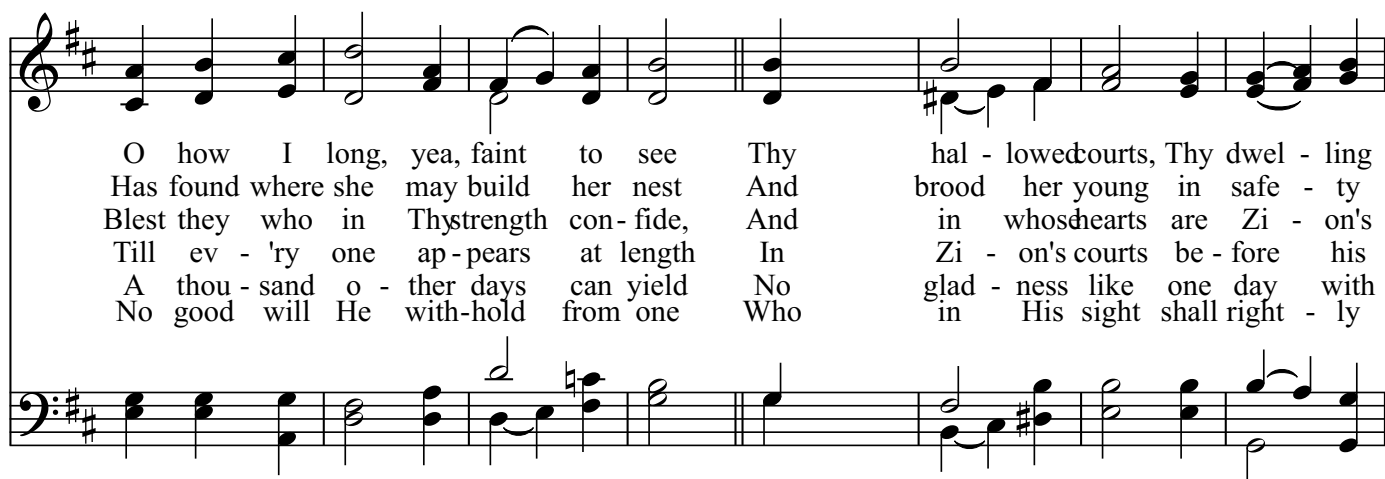


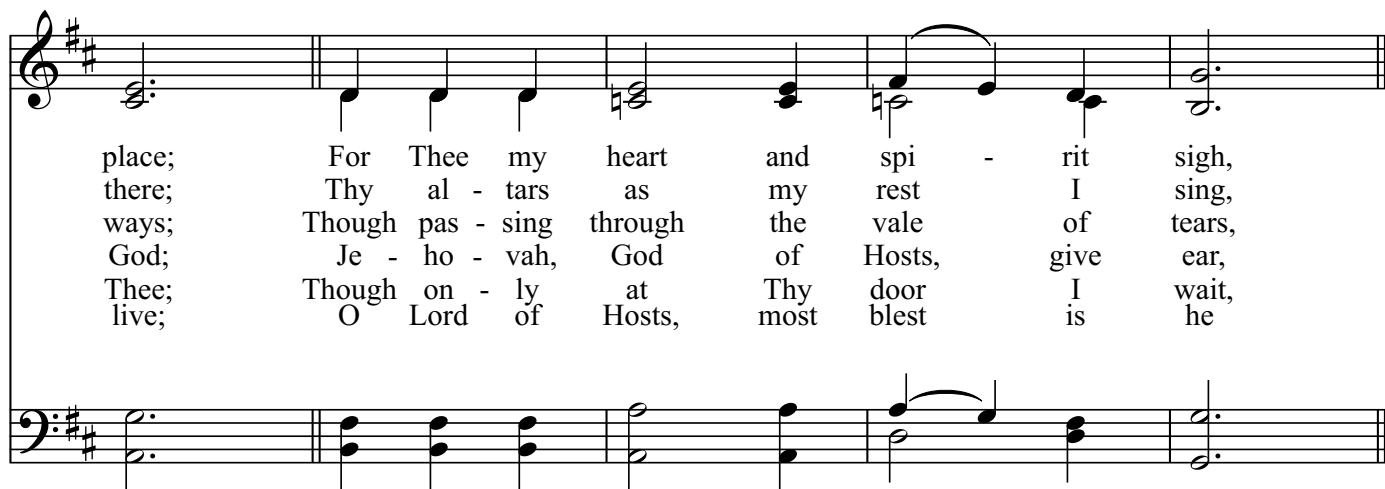
229. Days in the Sanctuary



1. How love - ly, Lord of Hosts, to me The ta - ber - na - cles of Thy grace;
 2. The spar - row has her place of rest; The swal - low through Thy kind - ly care,
 3. Blest they who in Thy house a - bide, They still to Thee shall re - nderpraise;
 4. Ad - van - cing still from strength to strength, They on - ward go where saints have trod,
 5. Up - on us look, O God, our shield, The face of Thy a - noin - ted see;
 6. Je - ho - vah, God our Shield and Sun, Will grace and glo - ry sure - ly give;



O how I long, yea, faint to see Thy hal - lowed courts, Thy dwel - ling
 Has found where she may build her nest And brood her young in safe - ty
 Blest they who in Thy strength con - fide, And in whose hearts are Zi - on's
 Till ev - 'ry one ap - pears at length In Zi - on's courts be - fore his
 A thou - sand o - ther days can yield No glad - ness like one day with
 No good will He with - hold from one Who in His sight shall right - ly



place; For Thee my heart and spi - rit sigh,
 there; Thy al - tars as my rest I sing,
 ways; Though pas - sing through the vale of tears,
 God; Je - ho - vah, God of Hosts, give ear,
 Thee; Though on - ly at Thy door I wait,
 live; O Lord of Hosts, most blest is he

For Thee, O li - ving God, I cry.
O Lord of Hosts, my God, my King.
Like springs of joy Thy grace ap - pears.
Our fa - thers' God, in mer - cy hear.
No tents of his sin - give joy so great.
Who puts his stead - fast trust in Thee.