



- 2 The sparrow has her place of rest;
The swallow, through Thy kindly care,
Has found where she may build her nest
And brood her young in safety there;
Thy altars as my rest I sing,
O Lord of Hosts, my God, my King.

- 3 Blest they who in Thy house abide,
They still to Thee shall render praise;
Blest they who in Thy strength confide,
And in whose hearts are Zion's ways;
Though passing through the vale of tears,
Like springs of joy Thy grace appears.

- 4 Advancing still from strength to strength,
They onward go where saints have trod,
Till every one appears at length
In Zion's courts before his God;
Jehovah, God of Hosts, give ear,
Our fathers' God, in mercy hear.

- 5 Upon us look, O God, our shield,
The face of Thy anointed see;
A thousand other days can yield
No gladness like one day with Thee;
Though only at Thy door I wait,
No tents of sin give joy so great.

- 6 Jehovah, God our Shield and Sun,
Will grace and glory surely give;
No good will He withhold from one
Who in His sight shall rightly live;
O Lord of Hosts, most blest is he
Who puts his steadfast trust in Thee.