

PSALM 84 C. M.

ERSKINE

Charles H. Gabriel

Slowly

1 How dear to me, O Lord of Hosts, The place where Thou dost dwell; The tab-er-na-cles

of Thy grace In pleas-ant-ness ex-cel. My spir-it longs, yea, e-ven faints, Thy

Copyright, 1908, by United Presbyterian Board of Publication

sa-cred courts to see; My thirst-ing heart and flesh cry out, O liv-ing God, for Thee.

2 Beneath Thy care the sparrow finds
A place of peaceful rest;
Where she may safely lay her young
The swallow finds a nest; [God,
Then, Lord of Hosts, my King, my
Thy love will shelter me;
Beneath Thy altar's peaceful shade
My dwelling-place shall be.

3 Blest they who dwell within Thy house,
Their perfect strength Thou art;
Their joyful praise shall never cease,
Thy ways are in their heart.
Their tears of grief, like early rain,
Sweet springs of joy shall fill; [safe
With strength renewed they journey
To Zion's holy hill.