

How Lovely, Lord

(Psalm 84)



1 How love - ly, Lord, how love - ly is your a - bid - ing place;
 2 In your blest courts to wor - ship, O God, a sin - gle day
 3 A sun and shield for - ev - er are you, O Lord Most High;



my soul is long - ing, faint - ing, to feast up - on your grace.
 is bet - ter than a thou - sand if I from you should stray.
 you show - er us with bless - ings; no good will you de - ny.



The spar - row finds a shel - ter, a place to build her nest;
 I'd rath - er keep the en - trance and claim you as my Lord
 The saints, your grace re - ceiv - ing, from strength to strength shall go,



and so your tem - ple calls us with - in its walls to rest.
 than rev - el in the rich - es the ways of sin af - ford.
 and from their life shall riv - ers of bless - ing o - ver - flow.

The author of this text, a Presbyterian minister and educator, was humming this tune as he began to create a paraphrase of Psalm 84 that would emphasize the beauty and peace of God's house. The tune is named for the composer's oldest sister, who was his first piano teacher.