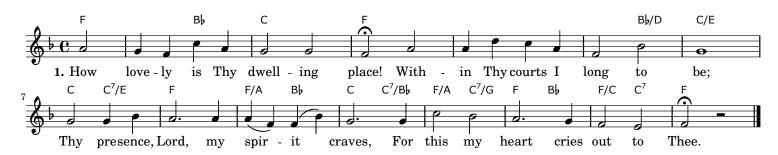
How lovely is Thy dwelling place

The Church — Her Attraction

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- 2. At Thy burnt-offering altar, Lord,
 And at Thine incense altar blest,
 Even the sparrow finds a home,
 And swallow there prepares her nest.
- 3. Men, as the sparrow, frail and small, When living in Thy house find rest, Relying on the altar's blood, Enjoying there the incense blest.
- 4. How blessed are those men indeed! Trusting in Thee they are made strong; Highways to Zion in their hearts, The way they care not, rough or long.
- **5.** Passing the weeping valley they Make it a place of springing wells; The rain with blessings covers it And in the way God's mercy tells.

- **6.** From strength to strength they go, and all Before the Lord in Zion meet; Thus ever seeking Thine own self, They need Thy care and grace replete.
- 7. Better a day within Thy courts
 Than days a thousand I would tell;
 I'd rather at Thy threshold stand
 Than in the wicked's tents to dwell.
- 8. Thou art a sun, Thou art a shield, Thou grace and glory wilt supply; Thy presence and Thy very self My need in fulness satisfy.
- **9.** Not one good thing wilt Thou withhold From those who walk in uprightness; Bless'd is the man that trusts in Thee With grace and glory measureless.