

How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings

Text after Psalm 54

Set by *Samuel Liddle* (1867-1951) [Br]

How **lovely** **are** **Thy** **dwellings,** **O** **Lord** **of** **Hosts!**
[ha:ʊ 'lʌv.li æ ða:ɪ 'dwel.ɪŋz ʔo:ʊ lɔɹd əv ho:ʊsts]

My soul longeth, yea, fainteth
For the courts of the Lord;
My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God.
Yea, the sparrow hath found her a house,
And the swallow a nest,
Where she may lay her young,
Even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts,
My King and my God
O Lord God of Hosts, hear my prayer,
I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God,
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness
For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.
How lovely are Thy dwellings...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

