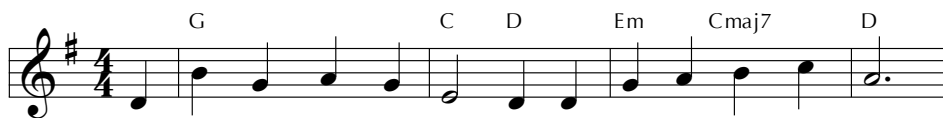
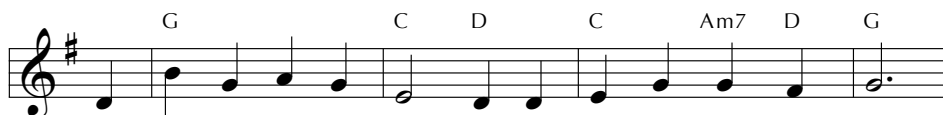


## How Lovely, Lord

(Psalm 84)



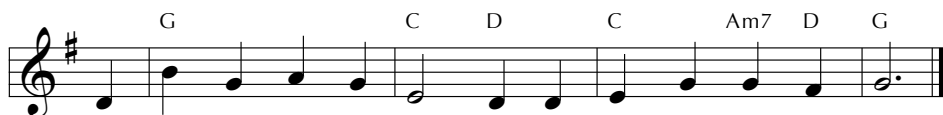
1 How love - ly, Lord, how love - ly is your a - bid - ing place;  
 2 In your blest courts to wor - ship, O God, a sin - gle day  
 3 A sun and shield for - ev - er are you, O Lord Most High;



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.

# Praise, My Soul, the God of Heaven 619

(Psalm 103)

1 Praise, my soul, the God of heav - en; glad of heart your  
 2 Praise God for the grace and fa - vor shown our fore - bears  
 3 Like a lov - ing par - ent car - ing, God knows well our  
 4 An - gels, teach us ad - o - ra - tion; you be - hold God

car - ols raise; ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,  
 in dis - tress; God is still the same for - ev - er,  
 fee - ble frame, glad - ly all our bur - dens bear - ing,  
 face to face. Sun and moon and all cre - a - tion,

who, like me, should sing God's praise? Al - le - lu - ia!  
 slow to chide, and swift to bless. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 still to count - less years the same. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 dwell - ers all in time and space: Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Mak - er all your days!  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Sing our Mak - er's faith - ful - ness!  
 Al - le - lu - ia! All with - in me, praise God's name!  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace!

This adaptation of an older paraphrase of Psalm 103 (see no. 620) is informed by an awareness that much of the received language of religious traditions enshrines social values that obscure the goodness of God, which far transcends all our labels and categories and hierarchies.