

Psalm 84

To the maestro:

Tune: Gittith

*A song of the sons of Korah
to sing and strum*

How lovely are Your dwelling places, LORD!
My soul now longs and yearns, O LORD of hosts
To see Your courts: my heart and my flesh now
Will sing for joy to You, the living God!

Even a little bird can find a house,
A swallow make a nest for herself there
Where she can lay her eggs and put her young
Beside Your altars, O LORD God of hosts!

My King and God, how blest are those who dwell
In Your house - they are always praising You!
How blest are those whose strength is found in You,
Those who have pilgrim ways within their hearts!

As they pass through the valley of Baca
They make it an oasis with blessing:
The early rain will cover it with streams:
They will go on from strength to strength each day!

They will appear before God in Zion!
LORD God of hosts, now listen to my prayer,
Give ear to me, O God of Jacob now!
He is our shield and our protector too!

Behold, O God, and look upon the face
Of Your anointed one, and hear my prayer!
A day in Your courts is far better than
A thousand days that we spend elsewhere, LORD!

I choose to stand before the house of God
Rather than dwell in tents of wickedness:
The LORD God is both sun and shield to me:
The LORD bestows glory and grace on me!

He does not withhold good from those who walk
Uprightly, and who seek to obey Him.
O LORD of hosts, how blessed is the one
Who trusts in You, the living God, alone!

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