

HOW lovely are Thy dwellings fair,
O Lord of hosts, how dear!
How precious is the house of prayer
Where Thou art felt so near.

- 2 How happy they who thus reside
In this Thy house of praise;
They who for strength in Thee abide,
And greatly love Thy ways.
- 3 They pass the sad and thirsty vale
Of this world's barren ground
As though it were a fruitful dale
Where springs and showers abound.
- 4 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and grateful cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion shall appear.
- 5 For God the Lord, our sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright;
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways, with Him, are right.

John Milton, 1608-74†