

O Lord of Hosts, To Thee I Cry

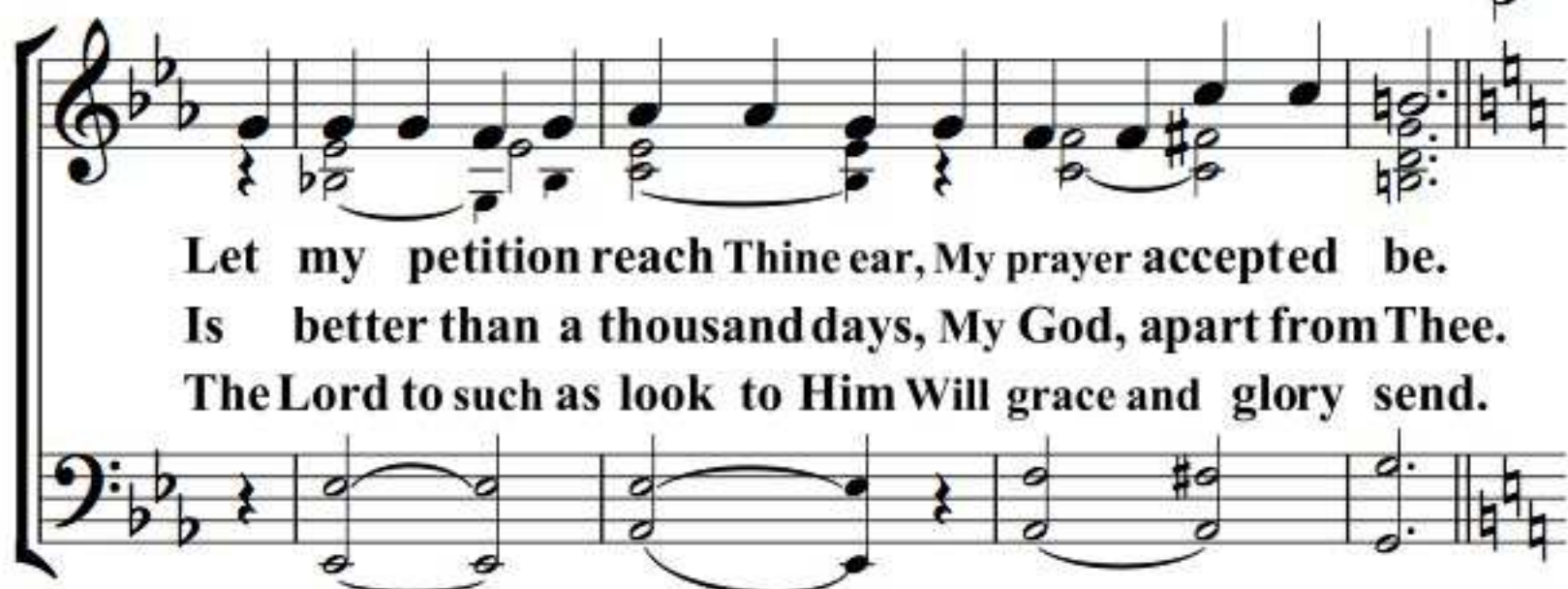
PSALM 84

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1875




Organ

O Lord of hosts, to Thee I cry, Our fathers' God, to Thee,
A single day within Thy courts, Where I Thy beauty see,
A sun and shield is God, the Lord, To lighten and defend;

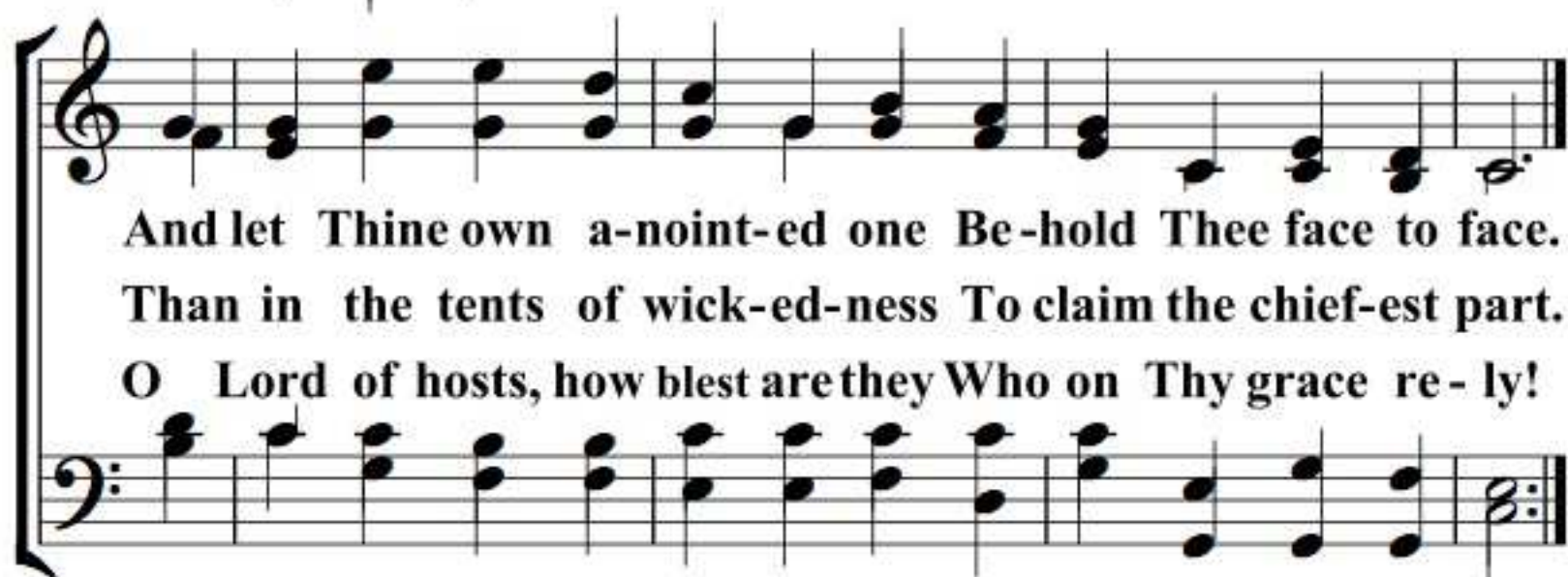


Let my petition reach Thine ear, My prayer accepted be.
Is better than a thousand days, My God, apart from Thee.
The Lord to such as look to Him Will grace and glory send.

Voices in Harmony



O God our shield, look Thou on us, Re-veal Thy-self in grace
A low-ly sta-tion in Thy house Were dearer to my heart
To those that walk in righteousness No good will He de-ny.



And let Thine own a-noint-ed one Be-hold Thee face to face.
Than in the tents of wick-ed-ness To claim the chief-est part.
O Lord of hosts, how blest are they Who on Thy grace re-ly!