How Lovely is Thy Dwelling Place - 517

How lovely is thy dwelling place
O Lord of hosts to me
My thirsty soul desires and longs
Within thy courts to be
My very heart and flesh cry out
O living God for thee

Beside thine altars gracious Lord
The swallows find a nest
How happy they who dwell with thee,
And praise thee without rest
And happy they whose hearts are set
Upon the pilgrim's quest

They who go through the desert vale
Will find it filled with springs
And they shall climb from height to height
Till Zion's temple rings
With praise to thee in glory throned
Lord God great King of kings

One day within thy courts excels
A thousand spent away
How happy they who keep thy laws
Nor from thy precepts stray
For thou shalt surely bless all those
Who live the words they pray

Be Still, for the Presence

Be still, for the presence of the Lord,
The holy One is here
Come bow before Him now
In reverence and fear
In him no sin is found,
We stand on holy ground
Be still for the presence of the Lord
The holy One is here.

Be still, for the glory of the Lord
Is shining all around
He burns with holy fire,
With splendor He is crowned
How awesome is the sight,
Our radiant king of light
Be still, for the glory of the Lord
Is shining all around

Be still, for the power of the Lord
Is moving in this place
He comes to cleanse and heal,
To minister His grace
No work too hard for Him.
In faith receive from Him.
Be still, for the power of the Lord
Is moving in this place

Immortal, Invisible - 423

Immortal, invisible God only wise
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes
Most blessed, most glorious
The ancient of days
Almighty victorious
Thy great Name we praise

Unresting, unhasting and silent as light
Nor wanting nor wasting, thou rulest in might
Thy justice like mountains
High soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains
Of goodness and love

To all life thou givest, to both great and small
In all life thou livest, the true life of all
We blossom and flourish
Like leaves on a tree
Then wither and perish
But naught changes thee

Thou reignest in glory, thou rulest in might
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight
All laud we would render
O help us to see
Tis only the splendor
Of light hideth thee