

# Psalm 84 - Wesley

From David's Psalms

Tune: Martin's Lane  
Edited by Alan Hollingdale

SOPRANO  
How love - ly are thy tents O Lord, Wher e're thou.

ALTO  
How love - ly are thy tents O Lord, Wher e're thou.

TENOR  
How love - ly are thy tents O Lord, Wher e're thou.

BASS  
How love - ly are thy tents O Lord, Wher e're thou.

6  
S. choos - est to re - cord Thy Name, or place thy -

A. choos - est to re - cord Thy Name, or place thy -

T. choos - est to re - cord Thy Name, or place thy -

B. choos - est to re - cord Thy Name, or place thy -

11  
S. hose of pray'r. My soul out - flies the an - gel choir, And

A. hose of pray'r. My soul out - flies the an - gel choir, And

T. hose of pray'r. My soul out - flies the an - gel choir, And

B. hose of pray'r. My soul out - flies the an - gel choir, And

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S. faints, o'er - pow'ered with strong de - sire, To

A. faints, o'er - pow'ered with strong de - sire, To

T. faints, o'er - pow'ered with strong de - sire, To

B. faints, o'er - pow'ered with strong de - sire, To

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S. meet thy spec - ial pres - ence there.

A. meet thy spec - ial pres - ence there.

T. meet thy spec - ial pres - ence there.

B. meet thy spec - ial pres - ence there.

1 How love-ly are thy tents O Lord,  
 Wher e're thou choos-est to re-cord  
 Thy Name, or place thy-hose of pray'r.  
 My soul out-flies the an-gel choir,  
 And faints, o'er-pow'ered with strong de-sire,  
 To meet thy spec-ial pres-ence there.

2 Happy the men to whom 'tis giv'n  
 To dwell within the gate of heaven  
 And in thy house record thy praise;  
 Whose strength and confidence thou art,  
 Who feel thee, Saviour, in their heart  
 The Way, the Truth, the Life of grace.

3 Who, passing through the mournful vale,  
 Drink comfort from the living well,  
 That flows replenished from above;  
 From strength to strength advancing here,  
 'Till all before their God appear,  
 And each receive the crown of love.

4 Better a day thy courts within  
 Than thousands on the tents of sin;  
 How base the noblest pleasure there!  
 How great the weakest child of thine!  
 His meanest task is all divine,  
 And kings and priests thy servents are.