

O how I long for Your courts;
There is nothing I want more.
Just to be in that holy place,
Ever praising you, face to face!

The dwelling place of the living G_D,
Where even the sparrow finds a home.
Isn't there a place for me,
In your courts Oh LORD - most holy?

My soul longs and faints,
To sing to You without constraint.
My heart and flesh with joy will sing,
Songs of praise to You my King!

Even if just a doorkeeper I be,
My song will continue ever to thee.
If only for a day I there dwell,
My songs will have your story to tell.

A faithful servant ever will I be,
Singing to You, Holy, Holy, Holy!
Please take me where I want to be;
That place my soul longs to see.

A truth revealed needs to be told.
To the upright and faithful,
No good thing do You withhold.
For You O G-D, by all things appointed,
Redeemed my soul through Your Anointed.

Your courts O LORD are now for me,
In Your presence most holy.
Singing praises to my King,
With my voice and my strings!

Strength to strength is my walk,
I am with Him, YESHUA my Rock.
My joy is now complete,
Singing praises at Your feet!

The sun will not scorch me or cause me to swelter,

My resting place now is at Your altar.

No hunger, no thirst, no enemy to fear,

My G-D has wiped away all of my tears.

The Lamb is my Shepherd,

He sits on the throne.

His presence my Shelter,

I am now home.

How lovely is Your dwelling place,

My habitation there is by grace.

I have the favor of the King,

YESHUA my joy, my Everything!