

¹To the chief Musician upon Gittith, A Psalm for the sons of Korah. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts!²My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.³Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O LORD of hosts, my King, and my God.⁴Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.⁵Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them .⁶Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well;

the rain also filleth the pools.⁷They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.⁸O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.⁹Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.¹⁰For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.¹¹For the LORD God is a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.¹²O LORD of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.