My soul is thirsting and yearning for the house of the Lord.

Verse 1:

How lovely is your dwelling place, O Lord!

God of Hosts, my soul is long ing and yearning is
Verse 2

The sparrow herself finds a home and the swallow a nest for her brood she lays her young by your altar.

Verse 3

They are happy, who dwell in your house for ever singing your praise They are happy whose strength is in you, in whose hearts are the road to Zion.

Verse 4

O one day within your courts is better than thousand elsewhere the threshold of God's house I prefer to the dwellings of the wicked.