

## PSALM 84: 1-7

*Maira Kleidon 2001.*

My soul longs, in-deed it faints for the courts of the Lord.

**ANTIPHON**

How lovely is your /dwelling /place

O /Lord of /hosts!

My soul longs, indeed it faints for the /courts of the /Lord;

my heart and my flesh sing for joy to the /living /God.

**ANTIPHON**

Even the sparrow /finds a /home,

and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may /lay her /young,

at your altars, O /Lord of /hosts,

my /King and my /God.

Happy are those who /live in your /house

ever /singing your /praise.

**ANTIPHON**

Happy are those whose /strength is in /you,

in whose heart are the /highways to /Zion.

As they go through the valley of Baca they make it a /place of /springs;

the early rain also /covers it with /pools.

They go from /strength to /strength;

the God of gods will be /seen in /Zion.

**ANTIPHON**