O Thou, Whose Own Vast Temple Stands

Words: W. C. Bryant
Music: Scotch Psalter

1. O Thou, whose own vast temple stands, Built o'er earth and sea,
   Accept the walls that human hands Have raised to worship Thee.

2. Lord, from Thine inmost glory send, Within these walls t'a-bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end Serene-ly by Thy side.

3. May erring minds, that worship here, Be taught the better way;
   And they who mourn, and they who fear, Be strengthened as they pray.

4. May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, And pure devotion rise,
   While, round these hallowed walls, the storm Of earth-born passion dies.

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