1. Built on a rock the church doth stand, Even when spires are falling; Crumbled have spires in every land, Bells still are dwelling; High in the heavens His temple stands, All earthly dwelling; High in the heavens His temple stands, All earthly dwelling; High in the heavens His temple stands, All earthly
dwell - ing; High in the heav - ens His tem - ple stands, All earth - ly
ta - tion; He fills our hearts, His hum - ble thrones, Grant - ing us blessing; Hither we come to praise His Name, Faith in our

chim - ing and call - ing; Calling the young and old to rest, Calling the temples ex - cel - ling; Yet He who dwells in heaven a - bove Deigns to a - life and sal - va - tion; Were two or three to seek His face, He in their Savior con - fess - ing; Je - sus to us His spir - it sent, Mak - ing with

souls of men dis - tressed, Long - ing for life ev - er - last - ing. bide with us in love, Mak - ing our bod - ies His tem - ple. midst would show His grace, Bless - ings up - on them be - stow - ing. us His cov - e - nant, Grant - ing His chil - dren the king - dom.

(vs. 2) deigns: condescends

Words: Nikolai F. S. Grundtvig, Tr. by Carl Doving
Music: Ludvig M. Lindeman

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