O Thou, Whose Own Vast Temple Stands

WORDS

1. O Thou, whose own vast temple stands, Built o-ver earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands Have raised to worship Thee.
The peace that dwell-eth without end Se-rene-ly by Thy side.
While, round these hal-low-ed walls, the storm Of earth-born pas-sion dies.

2. Lord, from Thine in-most glo-ry send, With-in these walls t'a-bide,
May err-ing minds, that wor-ship here, Be taught the bet-ter way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear, Be strength-en ed as they pray.

3. May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, And pure de-votion rise,
May err-ing minds, that wor-ship here, Be taught the bet-ter way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear, Be strength-en ed as they pray.

4. May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, And pure de-votion rise,
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MUSIC: Scotch Psalter

Words: W. C. Bryant
Music: Scotch Psalter

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