



Love of the House of God

I love, O Lord, the beauty of Thy
house, Thine own abode.

Where Thou dost dwell to be our
guide along life's weary road ;

Where sick and sorrowing hearts will
find the solace that they crave,

And sore-tried souls gain strength to
stem the tide of passion's wave.

I love the hallowed place where dwells
the glory earth can give

To Thee, our Eucharistic King, who
deign'st with us to live—

The lofty pier and column that of hope
aspiring speak ;

The swelling dome, like gen'rous
hearts that all to compass seek.

I love the graven flowers that 'neath
leaf and petal fair