

Hymn 2.

Church Hymns 311.

LIFT the strain of high thanksgiving!
 Tread with songs the hallowed way!
 Praise our fathers' God for mercies
 New to us, their sons, to-day:
 Here they built for Him a dwelling,
 Served Him here in ages past,
 Fixed it for His sure possession,
 Holy ground while time shall last.

2 Ent'ring then thy gates with praises,
 Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer; —
 "Rise into Thy place of resting,
 Show Thy promised Presence there!"
 Let the gracious word be spoken
 Here, as once on Sion's height,
 "This shall be My rest forever,
 This My dwelling of delight."

3 Fill this latter house with glory
 Greater than the former knew;
 Clothe with righteousness its Priesthood,
 Guide its Choir to reverence true;
 Let Thy Holy One's anointing
 Here its sevenfold blessing shed;
 Spread for us the heavenly Banquet,
 Satisfy Thy poor with Bread.

4 Praise to Thee, Almighty Father!
 Praise to Thee, Eternal Son!
 Praise to Thee, all-quickening Spirit!
 Ever-blessed Three in One!
 Threefold Power and Grace and Wisdom;
 Moulding out of sinful clay
 Living stones for that true Temple
 Which shall never know decay! Amen.