



O HOUSE OF GOLD

The Ciborium wherein rests our Eucharistic God.

☩ HOUSE of Gold ! In temple dim
Whose peace draws weary souls to Him,
The thorn-crowned Christ, thou hast a home
Beneath the Tabernacle's dome ;
Around the spot, their love outpouring,
Angelic hosts are now adoring.

O House of Gold ! Before thee sways
The crimson light, its quiv'ring rays
E'er pierce the gloom, like Beth'lem's star
That led the Wise Men from afar ;
With longing deep beyond earth's measure
My soul cries out : " Show me thy Treasure ! "

O House of Gold ! My fervent prayer
Is heard and granted, — opens there
The little door, unveiled, behold !
The Mystery thou dost enfold ;
In answer to my heart's appealing
To me Christ is Himself revealing.