

O Lord of Hosts, Whose Glory Fills

Words: John Neale, 1854.

Music: Samuel Webbe, 1782.

O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;

Grant that all we, who here today
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own.
Built on the precious Cornerstone.

Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

To Thee they all belong; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine own.

Endue the hearts that guide with skill,
Preserve the hands that work from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever blessed Trinity!