Built on the Rock the Church shall stand







Built on the Rock the church doth stand, Even when steeples are falling; Crumbled have spires in every land, Bells still are chiming and calling; Calling the young and old to rest, But above all the soul distressed, Longing for rest everlasting.

Surely in temples made with hands, God, the Most High, is not dwelling; High above earth His temple stands, All earthly temples excelling; Yet He whom heavens cannot contain Chose to abide on earth with men, Built in our bodies His temple.

We are God's house of living stones, Builded for His habitation; He through baptismal grace us owns, Heirs of His wondrous salvation; Were we but two His Name to tell, Yet He would deign with us to dwell, With all His grace and His favor. Here stands the font before our eyes Telling how God did receive us; The altar recalls Christ's sacrifice And what His table doth give us; Here sounds the Word that doth proclaim Christ yesterday, today, the same, Yea, and for aye our Redeemer.

Grant then, O God, wherever men roam, That, when the church bells are ringing, Many in saving faith may come Where Christ His message is bringing: "I know Mine own, Mine own know Me; Ye, not the world, My face shall see. My peace I leave with you."

Nikolai F. S. Grundtvig

www.smallchurchmusic.com