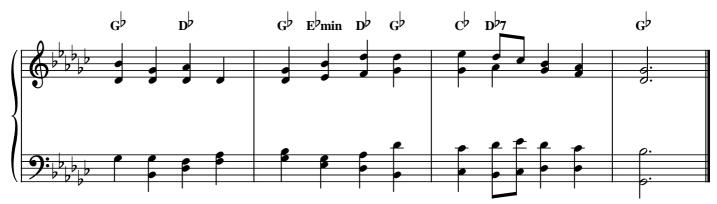
I love Thy kindom, Lord

St. Thomas S.M.





I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The church our blessed Redeemer saved With His own precious blood.

I love Thy church, O God. Her walls before Thee stand, Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And written on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall For her my prayers ascend, To her my cares and toils be given Till toils and cares shall end. Beyond my highest joy I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield And brighter bliss of Heaven.

Timothy Dwight

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