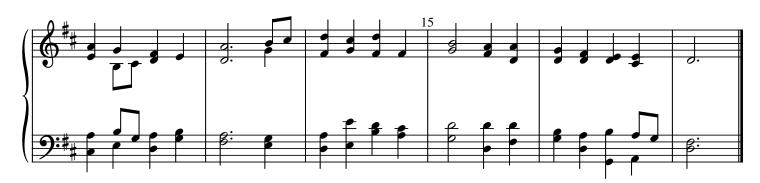
## O Thou whose hand hath brought us







O Thou Whose hand hath brought us Unto this joyful day, Accept our glad thanksgiving, And listen as we pray; And may our preparation For this day's service be With one accord to offer Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee.

For this Thy house we praise Thee, Reared at Thine own command, For every generous spirit, And every willing hand; And now within Thy temple Thy glory let us see, For all its strength and beauty Are nothing without Thee. And oft as here we gather,
And hearts in worship blend,
May truth reveal its power,
And fervent prayers ascend;
Here may the busy toiler
Rise to the things above;
The young, the old, be strengthened,
And all men learn Thy love.

And as the years roll over, And strong affections twine, And tender memories gather About this sacred shrine. May this, its chief distinction, Its glory ever be, That multitudes within it Have found their way to Thee. Lord God, our fathers' helper, Our joy and hope and stay, Grant now a gracious earnest Of many a coming day: Our yearning hearts Thou knowest; We wait before Thy throne; O come, and by Thy presence Make this our house Thine own.

Frederic William Goadby