

WE love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 We love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand;
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 Beyond our highest joy,
We prize her heavenly ways;
Her fellowship and solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Jesus, our Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

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

Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817