



O Word of God above, Who fillest all in all, Hallow this house with Thy sure love, And bless our festival.

Here from the font is poured Grace on each sinful child; The blest anointing of the Lord Brightens the once defiled.

Here Christ to faithful hearts His body gives for food; The Lamb of God Himself imparts The chalice of His blood. Here guilty souls that pine May health and pardon win; The Judge acquits, and grace divine Restores the dead in sin.

Yea, God enthroned on high Here also dwells to bless; Here trains adoring souls that sigh His mansions to possess.

All might, all praise be Thine, Father, co-equal Son, And Spirit, Bond of love divine, Where endless ages run.

Charles Guiet

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