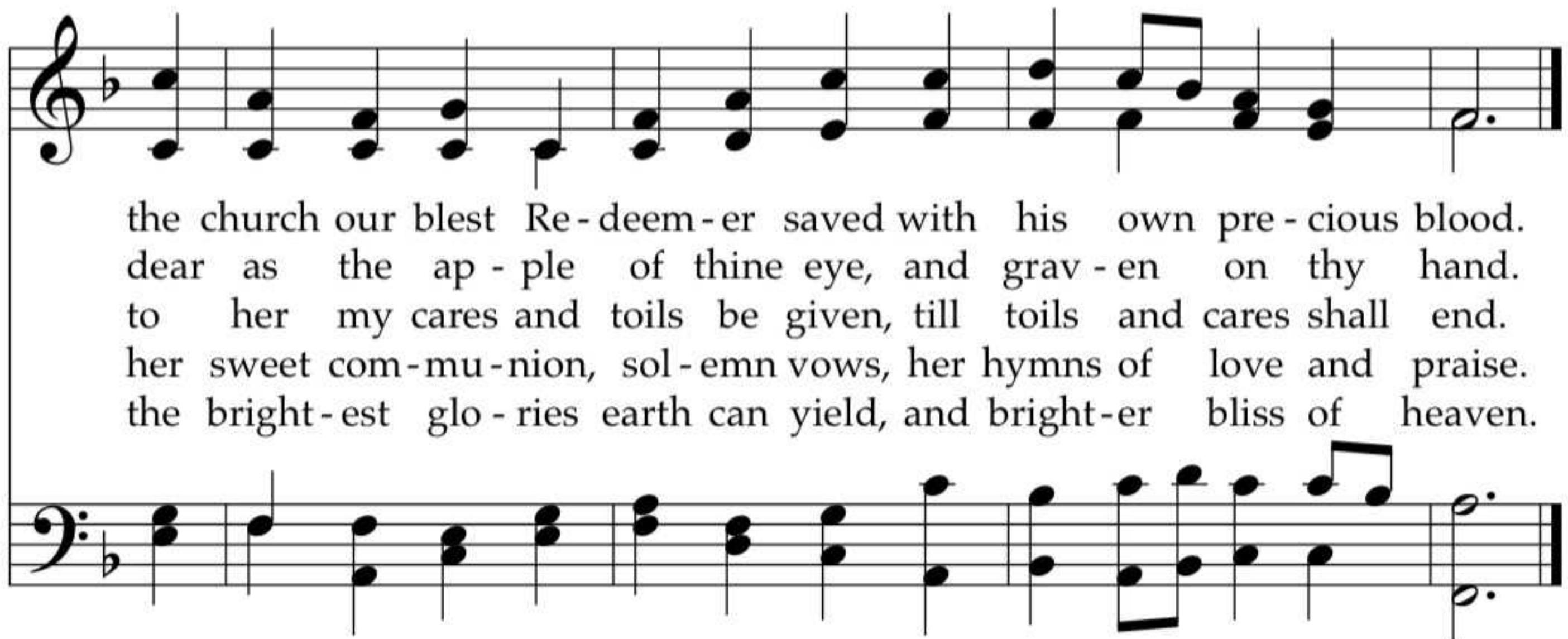


I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord 310



1 I love thy king - dom, Lord, the house of thine a - bode,
2 I love thy church, O God. Her walls be - fore thee stand,
3 For her my tears shall fall; for her my prayers as - cend;
4 Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heaven - ly ways:
5 Sure as thy truth shall last, to Zi - on shall be given



the church our blest Re - deem - er saved with his own pre - cious blood.
dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, and grav - en on thy hand.
to her my cares and toils be given, till toils and cares shall end.
her sweet com - mu - nion, sol - emn vows, her hymns of love and praise.
the bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, and bright - er bliss of heaven.

One of the oldest American hymn texts in continuous use, this paraphrase of Psalm 137 was created by a president of Yale University while compiling a popular revision of Watts's *Psalms of David*. The arranger of the tune was the clerk of a Presbyterian church in London.