I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

STATE STREET S.M.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode,
   The church our blest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood.
   Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
   The brightest glories earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n. Amen.

2. I love Thy church, O God, Her walls before Thee stand,
   Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
   To her my cares and toils be giv'n Till toils and cares shall end.
   And bright-er bliss of heav'n. Amen.

3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend,
   To Zion shall be giv'n

4. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be giv'n
   The church our blest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood.
   Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
   The brightest glories earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n. Amen.

Words: Timothy Dwight, 1800
Music: Jonathan C. Woodman, 1844

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