

# Hymn Lyrics

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## Lift the strain of high thanksgiving

Lift the strain of high thanksgiving,  
tread with songs the hallowed way,  
praise our fathers' God for mercies  
new to us their sons today!  
Here they built for him a dwelling,  
served him here in ages past,  
fixed it for his sure possession,  
holy ground, while time shall last.

When the years had wrought their changes,  
he, our own unchanging God,  
thought on this his habitation,  
looked on his decayed abode;  
heard our prayers, and helped our counsels,  
blessed the silver and the gold,  
till once more his house is standing  
firm and stately as of old.

Entering then thy gates with praises,  
Lord, be ours thine Israel's prayer:  
"Rise into thy place of resting,  
show thy promised presence there!"  
Let the gracious word be spoken  
here, as one on Zion's height,  
"This shall be my rest for ever,  
this my dwelling of delight."

Fill this latter house with glory  
greater than the former knew;  
clothe with righteousness its priesthood,  
guide us all to reverence true;  
let thy Holy One's anointing  
here its sevenfold blessing shed;  
spread for us the heavenly banquet,  
satisfy thy poor with bread.

Praise to thee, almighty Father;  
praise to thee, eternal Son;  
praise to thee, all-quickenng Spirit;  
ever-blessèd Three in One!  
Threefold power and grace and wisdom;  
molding out of sinful clay  
living stones for that true temple,  
which shall never know decay.

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