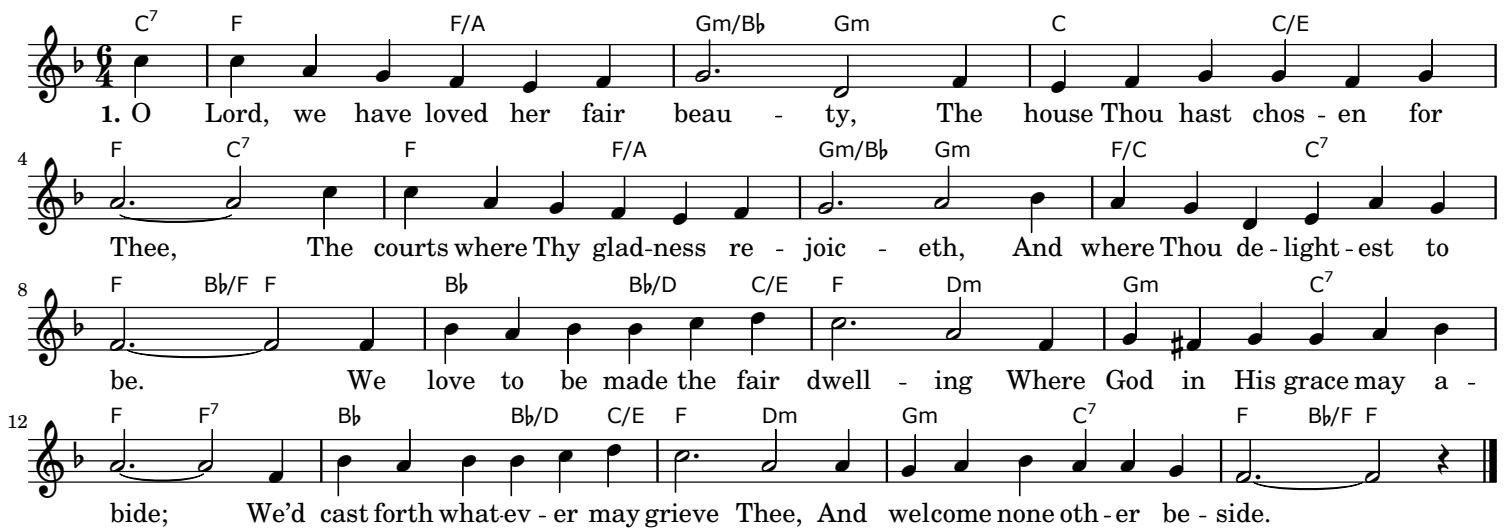


# O Lord, we have loved her fair beauty

The Church — Her Attraction

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1. O Lord, we have loved her fair beauty, The house Thou hast chosen for  
Thee, The courts where Thy gladness rejoiceth, And where Thou delightest to  
be. We love to be made the fair dwelling Where God in His grace may a -  
bide; We'd cast forth what-ev - er may grieve Thee, And welcome none oth - er be - side.

2. O blessed the grace that has made us  
The home of the gladness of God,  
The dwelling wherein Thou delightest,  
The house Thou hast bought with Thy blood.  
'Tis there that Thy joy overfloweth,  
We feel it, we take of it there;  
By all that Thou workest within us,  
Thy temple is holy and fair.
3. The secret of that inner chamber,  
Thy place is of heavenly rest;  
The stillness of thoughts that adore Thee,  
The shrine that Thou lovest the best.  
The temple where Christ hath His dwelling  
The souls He hath ransomed, forgiv'n;  
The temple where I have my dwelling,  
Is Christ in the glory of heav'n.