O Lord of Hosts, Whose Glory Fills

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
O Lord of hosts, whose glory

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
fills The bounds of the e-

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
ternal hills And yet vouch-

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
saf'st, in Christian lands, To

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
dwell in temples made with hands;

The other verses

2 Grant that all we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay
May raise the top-stone in its day.

4 But now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them and they in Thee,
O ever-blessed Trinity!

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by John Mason Neale (1818–1866). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.