

The House of God

Where is the house of God?

Be it only where

Tall, white spires pierce the air?

Or can it be on a lonely hill

Where whispering pines are never still?

Or deep within a forests shade

Wonderful temple which god hath made:

Where we hear, instead of the organs note

Music from a thrush's spotted throat?

Or out in the meadows drenched with sun

Where bobolink songs like fountains seem?

Can it be where the sea in thunder roars

Ever restless against its shores?

Or on the rugged mountains high

Purple and blue against the sky?

I know each of these His house must be

For there He seems so mean to me.

This was written by Florence Van Wie. This copy given to me by Irene after Aiden's death. WEB