Hymn

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

Piano Sheet Music / Guitar Sheet Music

聖歌

我爱我主国度

鋼琴樂譜/簡譜/吉他樂譜



風火網頁 Webpage: https://www.feng-huo.ch/

Date: April 11, 2024



TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1752-1817

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

AARON WILLIAMS, 1763



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TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1752-1817 **1 = G** 4/4

I Love Thy Kingdom,Lord

AARON WILLIAMS, 1763



我爱我主教会



这家就是永生神的教会,真理的柱石和根基。 提前3: 15

 $1 = G \frac{4}{4}$

修自多本圣诗集 TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1801											AARO	N WII	LL I AMS	66 8 3, 176	
	5		I 1	1	3	2	1	1	v 2	_	-	<u>.</u>	3	<u>4</u>	
1. 2. 3. 4.			爱爱爱爱	我我我我	主主主主	国教教法		· ·	度会会则	, ,	-	- .	主赖为从		
5.		4		必 [V #]	再[V ^ø 7]	临 V 2			降 5	,	I ,	1	圣 V 2	5	1
	在神她神道	其坚祈训真	中强求谕理			住; 伟: 泪得; 彰;			是眼为信神		祂中她徒国	宝瞳事团必	血人工契要	重掌愿赞统	
	I. 1	3	,5	I'		IV 6	5	4	I/V 3	V7 2		I 1	<u>-</u>	_	
	价上更美一	所明努高四	力 歌	, , , 法	1	贞我	奠无百无荣		折上	基宝不欢无		础贵回乐量。			



This tune in a lower key, No. 401; in a higher key, No. 400

Baptist Hymrad 1991 354 WORDS: Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817 MUSIC (ST. THOMAS 6.686 (S.M.)): Agron Williams, 1731,1776



5. 'Mid toil and tribulation, and tumult of her war, she waits the consummation of peace forevermore; till with the vision glorious her longing eyes are blest, shall be the church at rest.

and the great church victorious

Samuel J. Stone, 1866

6. Yet she on earth hath union with God the Three in One, and mystic sweet communion with those whose rest is won: O happy ones and holy! Lord, give us grace that we, like them, the meek and lowly, on high may dwell with thee,

AURELIA 7.6.7.6.D. Sumuel Sebastian Wesley, 1864

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord 405 love thy king - dom, Lord, the house of thine bode, love thy church, O walls be - fore 2. thee God: her stand. 3. For her my tears shall fall, for her cend: my prayers as -Be yond my high - est joy prize her heav'n - ly ways, the church our blest Re - deem - er saved with his own pre-cious blood. as the ap - ple of thine eye and grav - en on thy hand. her my cares and toils be giv'n, 'til toils and cares shall end. sweet com-mu-nion, sol - emn vows, her hymns of love and praise.

- 5. Jesus, thou Friend divine, our Savior and our King, thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe shall great deliv'rance bring,
- 6. Sure as thy truth shall last, to Zion shall be giv'n the brightest glories earth can yield, and brighter bliss of heav'n.

Timothy Dwight, 1800

ST. THOMAS (Williams) S.M. Aaron Williams, 1763

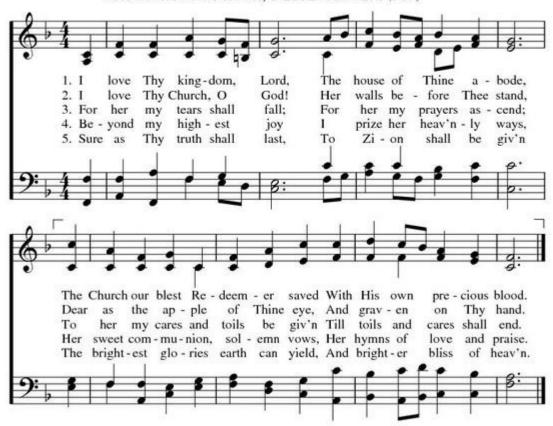


One of the oldest American hymn texts in continuous use, this paraphrase of Psalm 137 was created by a president of Yale University while compiling a popular revision of Watts's Psalms of David. The arranger of the tune was the clerk of a Presbyterian church in London.

TEXT: Timothy Dwight, 1800 MUSIC: The Universal Psalmodist, 1763; adapt. Aaron Williams, 1770 ST. THOMAS

SM

I love the house where You live, O LORD. Psalm 26:8 (NIV)



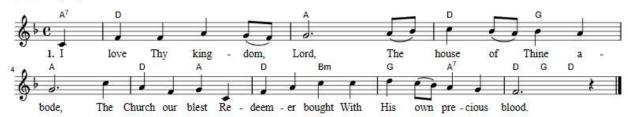
WORDS: Timothy Dwight MUSIC: Aaron Williams

LSS, 373

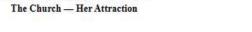
ST. THOMAS 6.6.8.6.(S M.)

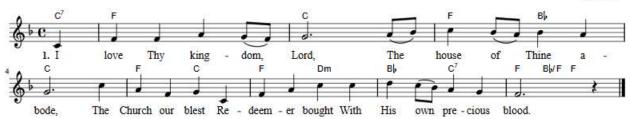






- I love the Church, O God!
 Her walls before Thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye
 And graven on Thy hand.
- For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend; To her my cares and toils be given Till toils and cares shall end.
- Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.





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 Her walls before Thee stand,
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I love Thy kingdom Lord The house of www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The church our blessed Redeemer saved With His own precious blood.

I love Thy church, O God. Her walls before Thee stand, Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And written on Thy hand.

If eer to bless Thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skills forsake,
This voice in silence die.

If e'er my heart forget Her welfare, or her woe, Let every joy this heart forsake, And every grief o'erftow.

Should I with scoffers join Her altars to abuse? No! Better far my tongue were dumb, My hand its skill should lose.

For her my tears shall fall For her my prayers ascend, To her my cares and toils be given Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine, Our Saviour and our King, Thy hand from every snare and foe Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield And brighter bliss of Heaven.

---Alternative verses---

I love Thy church, O God. Her walls before Thee stand, Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.