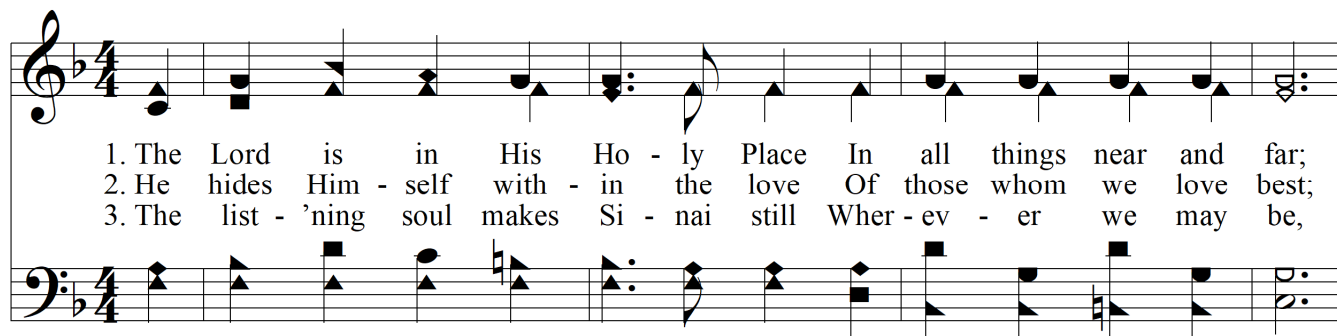
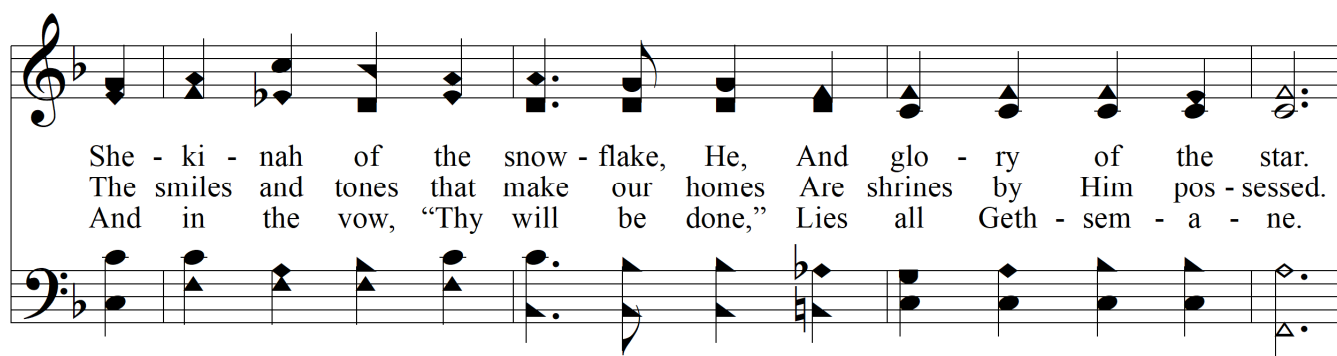


# The Lord Is In His Holy Place

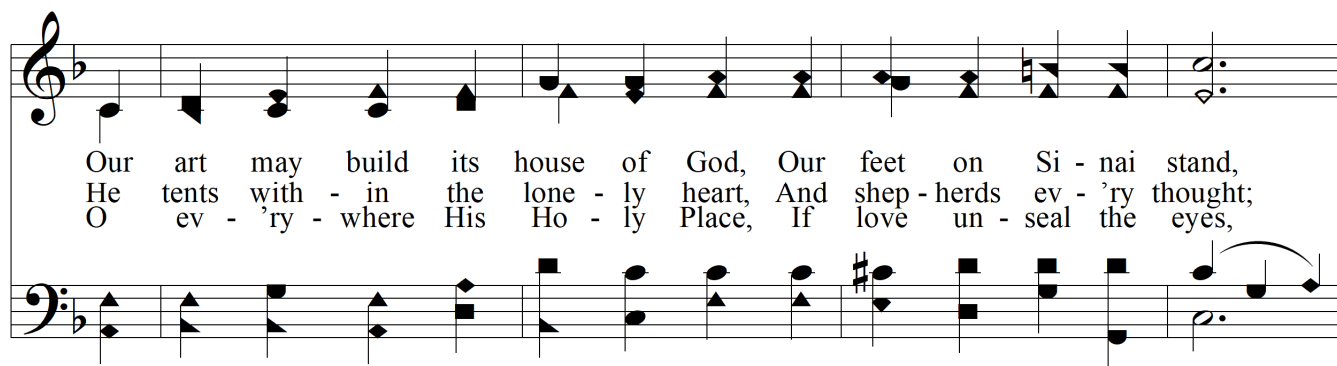
ST. LEONARD C. M. D.



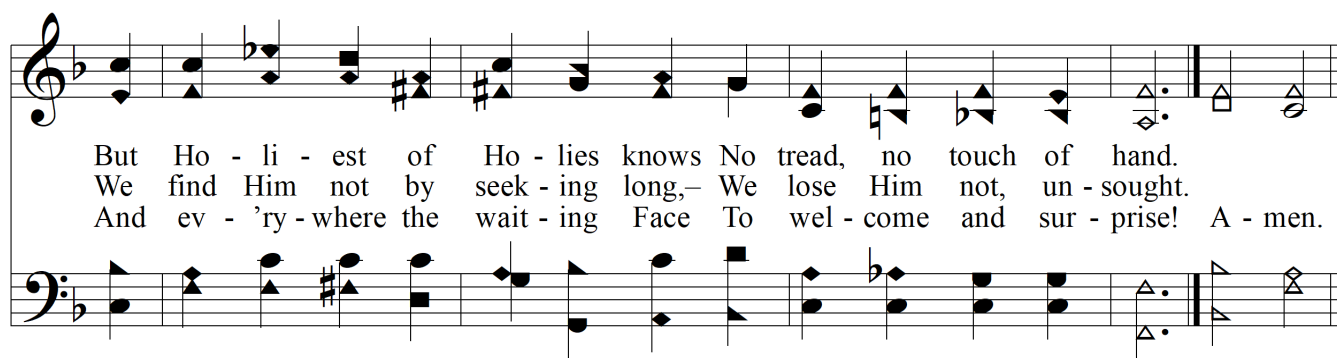
1. The Lord is in His Ho - ly Place In all things near and far;  
2. He hides Him - self with - in the love Of those whom we love best;  
3. The list - 'ning soul makes Si - nai still Wher - ev - er we may be,



She - ki - nah of the snow - flake, He, And glo - ry of the star.  
The smiles and tones that make our homes Are shrines by Him pos - sessed.  
And in the vow, "Thy will be done," Lies all Geth - sem - a - ne.



Our art may build its house of God, Our feet on Si - nai stand,  
He tents with - in the lone - ly heart, And shep - herds ev - 'ry thought;  
O ev - 'ry - where His Ho - ly Place, If love un - seal the eyes,



But Ho - li - est of Ho - lies knows No tread, no touch of hand.  
We find Him not by seek - ing long, - We lose Him not, un - sought.  
And ev - 'ry - where the wait - ing Face To wel - come and sur - prise! A - men.

Words: William C. Gannett (1873)

Music: Henry Hiles (1868)