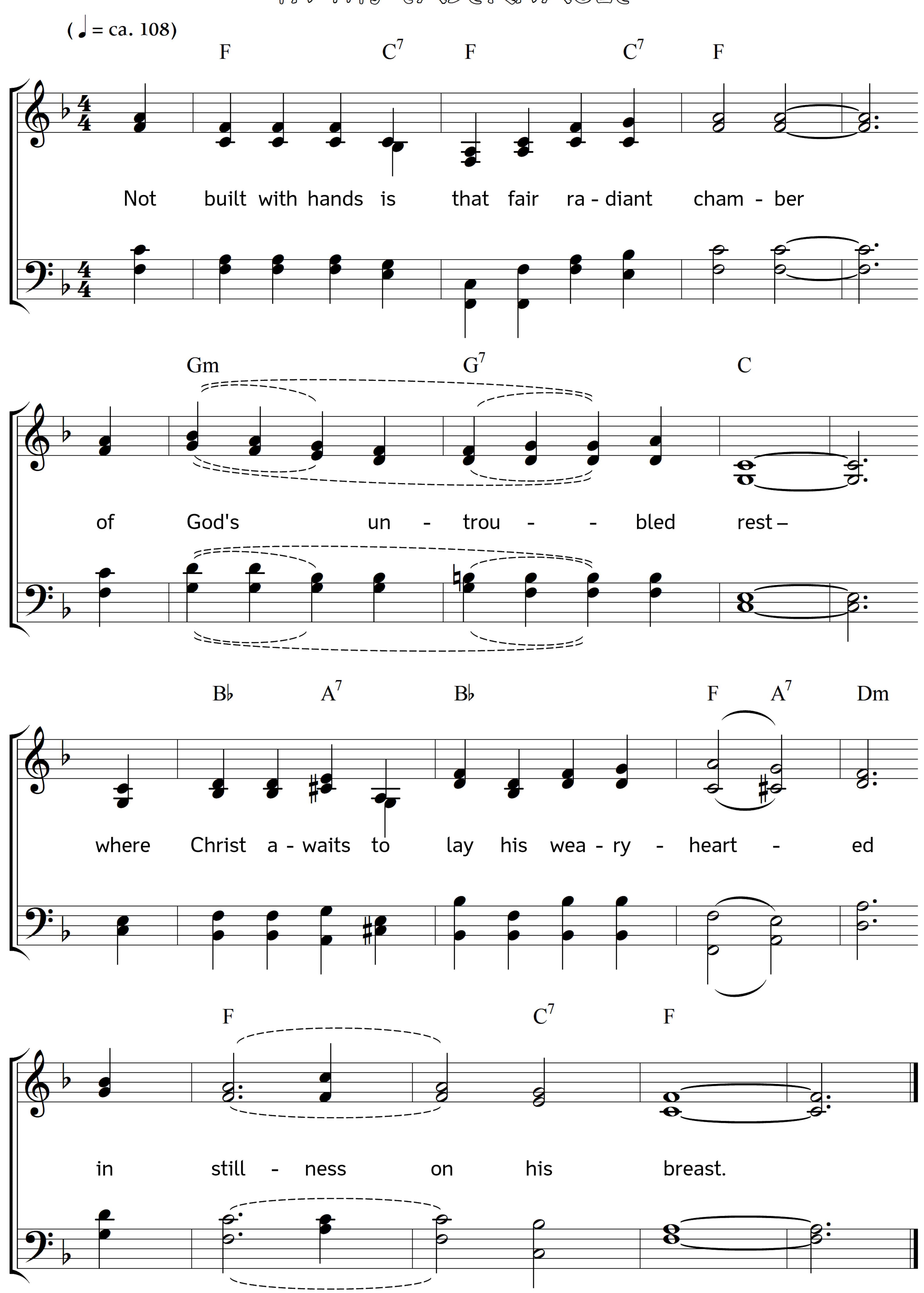
## IN HIS TABERNACLE



- Not built on sands of time or place to perish, when tempests roar – but on the mighty Rock of Ages founded, it stands for evermore –
- 3. not only in a day of distant dawning, when past are desert years, but now, amidst the turmoil and the battle, the mocking and the tears,
- 4. that Chamber still and stately waits us ever, that sacred pure retreat that rest in Arms of tenderest enfoldings, that welcome passing sweet.
- 5. O Home of God my Father's joy and gladness, O riven Veil whereby I enter in! There can my soul forget the grave, the weeping, the weariness and sin.
- 6. O Chamber, all thine agate windows opened to face the radiant east –
  O holy Temple, where the saints are singing, where Jesus is the Priest –
- 7. illumined with the everlasting glory, still with the peace of God's eternal Now, thou, God, my Rest, my Refuge, and my Tower my Home art thou.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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