

A SACRED THING

O little church among the hills,
A sacred thing thou art,
'Twas there I learned the joyousness
Of God, within my heart.

'Twas there I learned to lift my voice
In tuneful melody,
To One who could the waters calm
Upon an angry sea.

'Twas there I learned to plead my cause
On humble, bended knee,
To break the bread and drink the wine
In sweet humility.

O little church among the hills,
How dear to me thou art.
Since ev'ry lesson that you taught,
Still glows within my heart.

by A. W. Norton

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