The Green Cathedral

Words by GORDON JOHNSTONE

Music by CARL HAHN

Slow and swaying

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shad-ow'd for-est shrine,
Where

leaves in love join hands a-bove And

arch your pray'r and mine;
With
in its cool depths sacred, The

priestly cedar sighs, And the

fir and pine lift arms divine Un-
poco rall. to the pure blue skies. In

slightly faster

slightly faster

my dear green cathedral There is a flow'er'd

seat And choir loft in branch-ed croft, Where
poco rit.  

song of bird-hymns sweet;  And I

like to dream at evening,  When the

stars its arches light,  That my

poco rit.
Lord and God treads its hallowed sod, In the cool, calm peace of night,
That my Lord and God treads its hallowed sod, In the