

# The Little Church

A lit - tle church, high on a hill, A - bides de -  
A ti - ny can - dle's flick'-ring light, A cross of

sert stone, ed, small, and still. No one is there,  
stone, so pris - tine white, Are all the or -

her bell to ring, No priest to pray,  
na - ments one sees In this poor church

no one to sing. No one is there, her bell to  
a - mong the trees. Are all the or - na - ments one

ring, sees No priest to poor pray, no one to sing.  
In this church a - mong the trees.

The lone-ly trav' - ler on his way Who stops in  
This ho - ly cross, so rich - ly blessed, Where mys - tic' -

re - ver - ence to pray, For his trans - gres -  
ly an i - con rests, By God's own Blood

sions to a - tone, Will ve - ne - rate  
has been en - graved, And peo - ple - rate wor -

this cross of stone. For his trans - gres - sions to a -  
ship and are saved. By God's own Blood has been en -

tone, Will ve - ne - rate this cross of stone.  
graved, And peo - ple wor - ship and are saved.