

Jim Reeves, My Cathedral

My cathedral has a ceiling of blue
My cathedral neath the sky
Where I may lift up my eyes unto the hills
And hear music from a stream rippling by.

My cathedral has an alter of flowers
Their fragrant incense fills the air
In my cathedral I am closer to him
Than I could be anywhere.

For here I pray
In a place so grand
The carpet I kneel on
Was made by his own hand.

My cathedral has candles lighted by the stars
And mighty pillars of trees
No other cathedral is so beautiful
For God made my cathedral for me...