

# 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...