

Here we have a cathedral poem to decorate the mind,
To fill it with imagination of ancient periods of time;
When stone blocks were cut exactly to size,
And put together in a structure of wisdom time to size.

A Gothic Cathedral of God honouring holiness to The Lord,
For the worship of His majesty in traditional and conservative form;
These ancient Gothic buildings across Britain and The Whole wide earth.
From Europe to The Americas and The Great South land.

With statues and catechumens and with coloured stained glass windows.
These temples of worship are more many a people and congregation to go;
With words of encouragement and understanding to light and guide our way.
The priest ministers to us in a strange and delightful way.

The cathedral choir sings a harmonious angel tune and song in hymn.
With the organ blowing out a heavenly anthem for us to sing to.
With the communion of the saints and memories so sweet,
These ancient Gothic buildings and a call to Christ our king.

As the dead are raised or wait for the coming of The Lord.
Or healing of the sick and from the healing cup;
We wait eagerly on The Lord to lead us to our faith,
To a calling higher up in the heavens, where from hell our souls ascend.

Now as we look and search this ancient church,
To discover the hidden meanings from the ancient crypt and ceiling;
We look to God who reigns on high above with love,
To lead us home to our home to be by his side.

Signed,

Gods Heavenly Calling