

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:
O, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make our waiting hearts Thine own!

William Cowper, 1731-1800