

***Jesus, where'er your people meet***

1 Jesus, where'er your people meet,  
there they behold your mercy seat;  
where'er they seek you, you are found,  
and ev'ry place is hallowed ground.

2 For you, within no walls confined,  
are dwelling in the humble mind;  
such ever bring you where they come,  
and going, take you to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of your chosen few,  
your former mercies here renew;  
here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
the sweetness of your saving name.

4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r  
to strengthen faith and sweeten care,  
to teach our faint desires to rise,  
and bring all heav'n before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but you are near;  
nor short your arm, nor deaf your ear;  
O rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,  
and make a thousand hearts your own.

William Cowper 1731-1800  
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