THE HOUSE OF PRAYER



- Devoted as it is to thee,

 a thievish swarm frequents this place;
 they steal away my joys from me,
 and rob my Saviour of his praise.
- 3. There, too, a sharp designing trade sin, Satan and the world maintain; nor cease to press me, and persuade to part with ease, and purchase pain.
- 4. I know them, and I hate their din, am weary of the bustling crowd; but while their voice is heard within, I cannot serve thee as I would.
- 5. Oh for the joy thy presence gives, what peace shall reign when thou art here! Thy presence makes this den of thieves a calm delightful house of prayer.
- 6. And if thou make thy temple shine, yet self-abased, will I adore; the gold and silver are not mine, I give thee what was thine before.

Words: William Cowper. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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