

Where I record my name

Exodus. XX. 24.

7s.

1. To the temple of the Lord
Where he doth his name record
As who humbly still repair,
Still he meets, and blesses there.
2. Find we in the hallow'd place
Blessings of peculiar grace;
Double power his word imparts,
Drops his Spirit in our hearts.
3. Strangely at his table fed,
Nourish'd with immortal bread,
While he doth himself make known,
Christ, we say, is all our own.
4. Whom we every where may find,
Chiefly in the means enjoined;
With his gracious fulness given,
Jesus lifts our souls to heaven.