

GREAT King of Zion, now
Display Thy matchless grace;
In love the heavens bow,
With glory fill this place:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God doth dwell with man below.

2 Here may Thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may Thy Word melodious sound,
To spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may the attentive throng
Imbibe Thy Truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
May willing crowds thus own their Lord,
In sacred joy and sweet accord.

4 Here may our future sons
And daughters sing Thy praise,
And shine like polished stones
Through long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display Thy saving power
Until the last triumphant hour.

Benjamin Francis, 1734-99