

Behold Us, Lord, A Little Space  
by Charles Wesley

1 BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space  
From daily tasks set free,  
And met within thy holy place  
To rest awhile with thee.  
Around us rolls the ceaseless tide  
Of business, toil, and care,  
And scarcely can we turn aside  
For one brief hour of prayer.

2 Yet these are not the only walls  
Wherein thou may'st be sought;  
On homeliest work thy blessing falls  
In truth and patience wrought.  
Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,  
The wealth of land and sea;  
The worlds of science and of art,  
Revealed and ruled by thee.

3 Then let us prove our heavenly birth  
In all we do and know;  
And claim the kingdom of the earth  
For thee, and not thy foe.  
Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought  
As thou wouldst have it done;  
And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,  
Itself with work be one.