

We Leave Thy House, but Leave Not Thee
Thomas Tiplady(1882-1967)
C. E. Moberly.

We leave Thy house, but leave not Thee,
For Thou wilt ever with us be;
For time nor space can us divide,
Or take us from our Shepherd's side.

Thy flock we are: Thy house our fold
Where we together Thee behold;
Yet, when we scatter o'er life's fields,
Thy presence sweet communion yields.

The Upper Room has not decayed,
Each stone has now a million made;
In every land disciples meet,
And see Thy wounded hands and feet.

Though lamps go out, and home we turn,
We feel our hearts within us burn;
And, day far spent, the very street
Rings, like Emmaus, with Thy feet.