

'Tis not to ask for gifts alone

G. Lomas, 1834-1884

Southport
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My God, is any hour so sweet
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee,
Than earth can now

Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiv'n;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of Heav'n.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in Heav'n to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott