

SWEETLY our praise awakes,
Borne on the morning air;
Before the day's full clamour breaks
We meet to offer prayer.

2 On the lone mountainside,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
And rose refreshed with might.

3 While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls descend:
Before the sun the day renews;
O Lord, Thy Spirit send.

4 Upon the battlefield
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield
To guard us from our sins.

5 Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.

6 O hear us then, for we
Are very weak and frail;
We make the Saviour's name our plea,
And surely must prevail.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon, 1834-92†