

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?

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

3 For then a dayspring shines on me,
Brighter than morning's welcome glow,
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

4 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hope of Heaven.

5 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.

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

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