

My God is any hour so sweet From blush of morn to

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 know.

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

No words can tell what sweet relief
there for our every want we find;
what strength for warfare, balm for grief;
what piece of mind.

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

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

---Alternative verses---

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Meter:8 8 8 4

Author:Charlotte Elliott

1789 - 1871

Bible Refs:Ps 66:19

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Music:RISEHOLME

Meter:8 8 8 4

Author:Henry John Gauntlett

1805 - 1876