1. My God, is any hour so sweet, From blush of
to evening star; As that which calls me

to Thy feet; The hour of prayer?

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

3. Then is my strength by Thee renewed; Then are my
for givn; Then dost Thou cheer my

4. No words can tell what sweet relief Here for my
want I find; What strength for warfare,

5. Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear: My spirit
in Heav'n to stay; And e'en the pen

6. Lord, till I reach that blissful shore, No privilege
dear shall be As thus my inmost
tial tear Is wiped away.

Words: Charlotte Elliott, 1834
Music: J. B. Dykes