

My God, is any hour so sweet

J.B. Dykes, 1823-1876

Almsgiving
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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?**

**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