

Lord, in the fullness of my might

W.F. Moulton, 1866-1929

Skelmorlie
CM

Lord, in the fullness of my might,
I would for Thee be strong:
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To Thee should soar my song.

I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then Thy service prove.

I would not with swift wingèd zeal
On the world's errands go,
And labor up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.

O not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
O not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!

O choose me in my golden time:
In my clear joys have part!
For Thee the glory of my prime,
The fullness of my heart!

I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine;
O ne'er the happy heart may break
Whose earliest love was Thine!

Thomas Gill