Retreat L. M.

1. My God, is angry hour so sweet, From blush of morn to evening star, As that which calls me to Thy feet,

2. Then is my strength by Thee renewed, Then are my sins by want I find; What strength for warfare, balm for grief,

3. No words can tell what sweet relief There for my every dear shall be, As thus my inmost soul to pour

4. Lord, till I reach the blissful shore, No privilege so The calm and holy hour of prayer?

Music: Charlotte Elliott
Music: Thomas Hastings