**In The Hush Of Early Morning**

1. In the hush of early morning, When the breeze is whis-p'ring low,
   There's a voice that gen-tly calls me, And its ac-cents well I know;
   Here I am, O Sav-ior, wait-ing, For Thy will a-lone is mine;
   This is all my crown and glo-ry: I am Thine, and on-ly Thine.

2. When the noon-tide falls up-on me, With its fer-vid light-'ning ray,
   There's a voice di-vine-ly ear-nest, Bids me work while it is day;
   O pen, Sav-ior, now be-fore me All Thy will for me to do;
   On-ly help me, watch-ing, work-ing, Still to keep my Lord in view.

3. As the dew-y shades steal down-ward O'er the earth at eve-ning mild,
   There's a voice I love that whis-pers, "Af-ter la-bor, rest, my child;"
   O my Sav-ior, lov-ing, ten-der, Help me to ac-count it blest
   Thus to work with-in Thy vine-yard, Till Thou call-est me to rest.

Words by Mrs. R. N. Turner  
Music by William J. Kirkpatrick