

Blest Hour, When Mortal Man Retires

Thomas Raffles, 1823.

Lowell Mason, 1847.

Blest hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God;
To send to Heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

Blest hour, when God Himself draws nigh,
Well pleased His people's voice to hear;
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

Blest hour, for, when the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find His earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of Heaven.

Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest
Amid the hours of worldly care;
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour, the hour of prayer.

And when my hours of prayer are past,
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend in Heaven at last
A never-ending hour of praise.