

Come to the Place of Prayer
Robert Turnbull(1809-1877)

Come to the place of prayer, the day is past and gone,
And on the silent air, the voice of praise is borne:
Sweet is the hour of rest, pleasant the heart's low sigh,
The glow within our breast, and the hope beyond the sky.

Yes, tuneful is the sound of Christians as they sing;
Welcome the glory round, shed from the Spirit's wing;
But bliss more sweet and still than aught on earth e'er gave,
Our yearning souls shall fill in the world beyond the grave.

Earth with her dreams shall fade, our bodies turn to dust;
Our souls shall soar and sing in mansions of the just;
We lift our trusting eyes from hills our fathers trod,
To quiet in the skies, to the Sabbath of our God.