

Here, Lord, We Offer Thee

Gerald Blunt, 1879.

Uzziah Burnap, 1895.

Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,  
Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the field;  
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest  
More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,  
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;  
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying,  
Grant the departing a gentle release.

Raise, Lord, to health those again who have sickened,  
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;  
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened,  
Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;  
We, like these blooms, must fade and must die;  
Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom forever,  
Grant us a place in Thy house in the sky.