

Master, No Offering Costly and Sweet  
Edwin Parker, 1888.

Master, no offering costly and sweet,  
May we, like Magdalene, lay at Thy feet;  
Yet may love's incense rise, sweeter than sacrifice,  
Dear Lord to Thee, dear Lord to Thee.

Daily our lives would show weakness made strong,  
Toilsome and gloomy ways brightened by song;  
Some deeds of kindness done, some souls by patience won,  
Dear Lord to Thee, dear Lord to Thee.

Some word of hope for hearts burdened with fears,  
Some balm of peace for eyes blinded with tears,  
Some dews of mercy shed, some wayward footsteps led,  
Dear Lord to Thee, dear Lord to Thee.

Thus, in Thy service, Lord, till eventide  
Closes the day of life may we abide;  
And when earth's labors cease, bid us depart in peace,  
Dear Lord to Thee, dear Lord to Thee.