

Pour Thy Blessings, Lord, Like Showers
Harriet Kimball(1834-1917)
John Dykes, 1861.

Pour Thy blessings, Lord, like showers,
On these barren lives of ours;
Warm and quicken them with grace
Till they bloom and bear apace
Fruit of prayer and fruit of praise,
Holy thoughts and kindly ways,
Loving sacrifices shown
Wheresoever need is known.

Chiefest, Lord, today may we
In the sick and suffering see,
Those whom Thou would'st have us bless
With fraternal tenderness,
With our treasure freely poured,
With compassion's richer hoard,
With these ministries most dear
To Thy stricken children here.

Heavy is the cross they bear,
But our love that cross can share;
Dark Thy providence must seem,
But our cheer can cast a gleam
On their lot; and in our turn
Holiest lessons we may learn,
Where Thine own revealing light
Streams through pain's mysterious night.