

The Consecration Hour Is Nigh
Frederic Snow, 1888.

The consecration hour is nigh,
And as these moments quickly fly,
We linger here to meet our Lord,
And listen for His gracious word.

Dependent on Thy love divine,
What have we, Lord, that is not Thine?
For Thou didst first each gift bestow
And all things to Thy grace we owe.

Naught that we have our own we call;
To Thee we would devote our all;
And, if a sacrifice it be,
We make it willingly for Thee.

Made strong by Thine indwelling grace
We will with courage run our race,
Looking to Thee, author of faith:
Oh! make us faithful unto death.