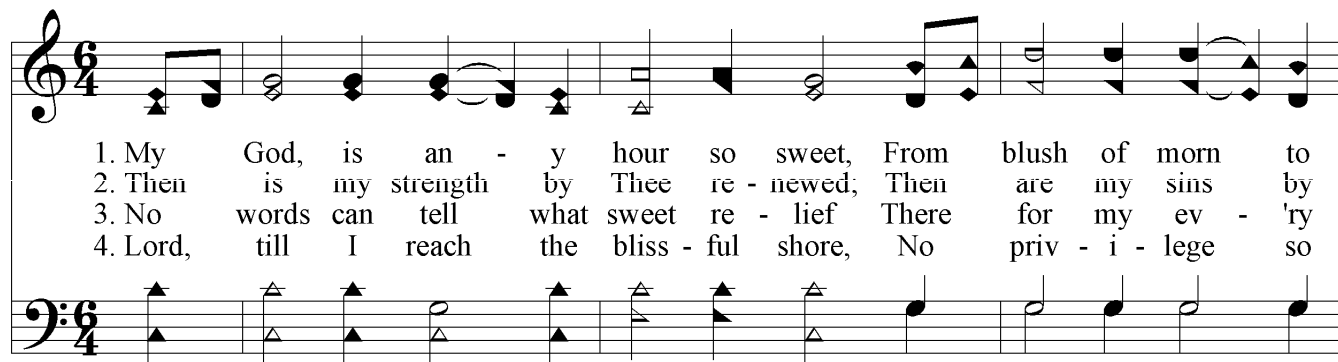
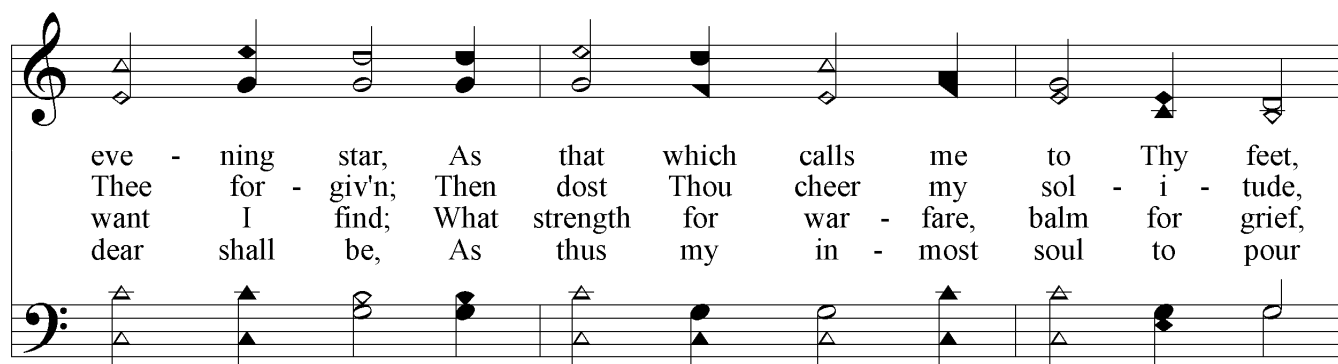


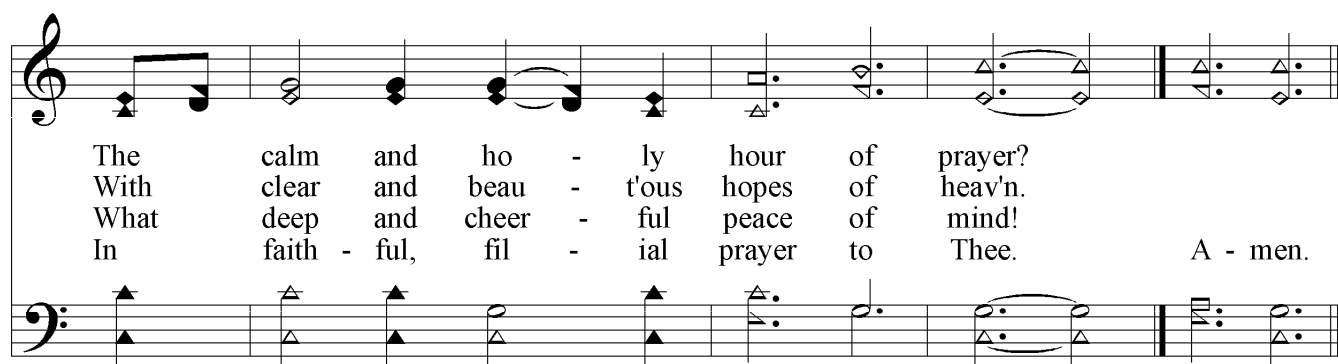
Retreat L. M.



1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to
2. Then is my strength by Thee re - newed; Then are my sins by
3. No words can tell what sweet re - lief There for my ev - 'ry
4. Lord, till I reach the bliss - ful shore, No priv - i - lege so



eve - ning star, As that which calls me to Thy feet,
Thee for - giv'n; Then dost Thou cheer my sol - i - tude,
want I find; What strength for war - fare, balm for grief,
dear shall be, As thus my in - most soul to pour



The calm and ho - ly hour of prayer?
With clear and beau - t'ous hopes of heav'n.
What deep and cheer - ful peace of mind!
In faith - ful, fil - ial prayer to Thee. A - men.