I Lift My Prayer to Thee

BURT L. BURLESON

Lord, in this darkened place
I lift my prayer to thee,
in hope that I, by healing grace,
may ever awakened be.

Lead me beyond despair,
where clouded souls all sleep,
to sacred purpose, holy life,
where deeper truth calls to deep.

Forgive my noonday sin,
dreaming thy time away;
fill me with care to do thy will,
to love, to serve, to stay.

Guide me that I may be
faithful in every way,
to see, to hold, and then to share
the blessings of every day.

Lord, in this darkened place,
joyfully I will sing
of life, of gift, of time, of faith,
of every sacred thing.
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Burt L. Burleson               Robert Jackson (1878)

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