

BOWER OF PRAYER. 11s.

353

P.P. Pratt

P. Richerson and William Walker

1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part, And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart, Like thoughts of absenting my-

2. Dear bow'r where the pine and the pop-lar have spread, And wove, with their branch-es, a roof o'er my head, How oft have I knelt on the

3. The ear - ly shrill notes of the loved night-in-gale That dwelt in my bow'r, I ob-served as my bell, To call me to du - ty, while

self for a day From that blest re-treat where I've cho-sen to pray, I've cho-sen to pray.

ev - er-green there, And poured out my soul to my Sav-ior in prayer, my Sav-ior in prayer.

birds of the air Sang an-thems of prais - es as I went to prayer, as I went to prayer.

4. How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine;
But sweeter, ah! sweeter, superlative were
The joys I have tasted in answer to prayer,
in answer to prayer.
5. For Jesus, my Savior, oft deign'd there to meet,
And bless'd with His presence my humble retreat,
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing in heaven's own language, my prayer,
own language, my prayer.
6. Dear bow'r, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotion in parts that are new,
For Jesus, my Savior, resides ev'rywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer,
give answer to prayer.