



Before the Altar.

AMBROSE BEAVAN.

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**D**EAR Lord! I cannot pray;  
 I can but kneel and think of Thee.  
 Oft through the long and busy day  
 My thoughts from Thee were far away;  
 E'en now, though mind and thought are free,  
 I cannot pray.

I know Thy patient love  
 Awaits — how oft awaits in vain —  
 Some heart that heav'nly grace may move  
 To throb with Thine. Then Thou dost prove  
 How sweet it is for those who gain  
 Thy patient love.

Dear Lord! My sole desire  
 Is that Thy love within my breast  
 Should brightly burn: and may its fire  
 My ev'ry thought and act inspire.  
 Thus in Thy Heart shall ever rest  
 My sole desire.