

Dedication.

Dear Lord, this little book of mine,
I dedicate to Thee ;
Thou wilt not spurn the gift, I know,
Imperfect though it be.

I'm but a sinner weak and poor,
But still my spirit longs
Thy name to praise and glorify,
Through these imperfect songs.

O let Thy blessing on them rest,
And as they go abroad,
Cause them to comfort weary hearts,
I pray Thee, gracious Lord.

Thou know'st it is not my desire
To win an empty name ;
'Twould be no joy to me, I know,
To gather worldly fame.

But glad and thankful I shall be,
If it to me is given
To cheer some weary hearts along
The pleasant path to Heaven.

Lord, grant the boon I humbly pray,
For which my spirit longs ;
To Thee alone I dedicate
This little book of songs.