

LORD, in the fulness of my might
I would for Thee be strong,
Make Thy glad service my delight
Thy glory all my song.

- 2 I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love;
I would not see my strength depart
And then Thy service prove.
- 3 I would not, Lord, with swift-winged zeal
On this world's errands go,
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.
- 4 O not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
O not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!
- 5 O grant me in my golden time,
A zealous servant's part;
For Thee the glory of my prime,
The fulness of my heart!
- 6 I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine;
That happy heart shall never break
Whose foremost love is Thine!

Thomas Hornblower Gill, 1819-1906.†