

# Come to the Place of Prayer

Robert Turnbull (1809-1877)

The Sacred Lyre, 1859

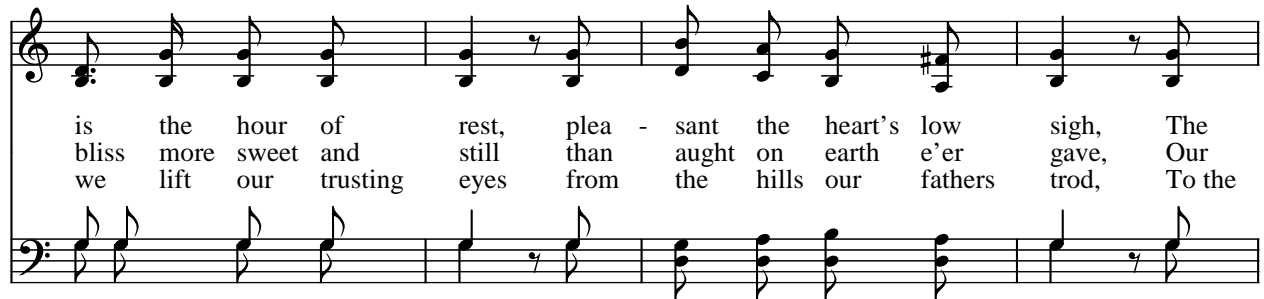
$\text{♩} = 90$



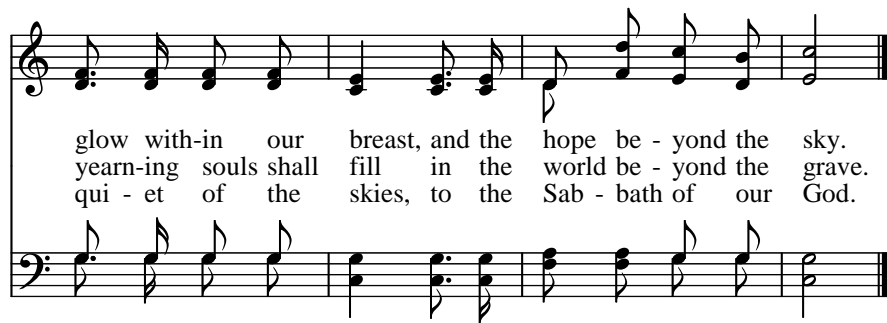
1. Come, come come Come to the place of prayer, the day is past and  
2. Yes, tune-ful is the sound of Christ-ians as they  
3. Earth with her dreams shall fade, our bo - dies turn to



gone, And on the si - lent air, the voice of praise is borne: Sweet  
sing; Wel - come the glo - ry round, shed from the Spir - it's wing; But  
dust; But our souls shall soar and sing in the man - sions of the just; So



is the hour of rest, plea - sant the heart's low sigh, The  
bliss more sweet and still than aught on earth e'er gave, Our  
we lift our trusting eyes from the hills our fathers trod, To the



glow with-in our breast, and the hope be - yond the sky.  
yearn-ing souls shall fill in the world be - yond the grave.  
qui - et of the skies, to the Sab - bath of our God.