

# 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 gone, And  
2. Yes, tune-ful is the sound of Christ-ians as they sing; Wel-  
3. Earth with her dreams shall fade, our bo - dies turn to dust; But

on the si - lent air, the voice of praise is borne: Sweet is the hour of  
- come the glo - ry round, shed from the Spir - it's wing; But bliss more sweet and  
our souls shall soar and sing in the man - sions of the just; So we lift our trusting

rest, plea - sant the heart's low sigh, The glow with-in our breast, and the  
still than aught on earth e'er gave, Our yearn - ing souls shall fill in the  
eyes from the hills our fathers trod, To the qui - et of the skies, to the

hope be - yond the sky.  
world be - yond the grave.  
Sab - bath of our God.