

Sweet Hour of Prayer

William Walford, 1772-1850

Peter Anglea, 1988-

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
4. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r.

That calls me from a world of care,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Thy wings shall pe - ti - tion bear,
May I thy con - so - la - tion share.

And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne
Of those whose an - xious spir - its burn
To Him Whose truth and faith - ful - ness
Till, from Mount Pis - gah's lof - ty height,

Make all my wants and wish - es known;
With strong de - sires for thy re - turn!
En - gage the wait - ing soul to bliss;
I view my home, and take my flight.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief,
With such I has - ten to the place
And since He bids me seek His face,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise

My soul has of - ten found re - lief,
Where God my Sa - vior shows His face,
Be - lieve His Word and trust His grace,
To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare,
And glad - ly take my sta - tion there,
Till cast on Him my ev' - ry care,
And shout, while pass - ing through the air,

By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r,
Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r,
Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r.

© 2013 Peter Anglea. Permission to copy granted for congregational use. All other rights reserved.

Sweet Hour of Prayer

William Walford, 1772-1850

Peter Anglea, 1988-

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
4. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r.

That calls me from a world of care,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Thy wings shall pe - ti - tion bear,
May I thy con - so - la - tion share.

And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne
Of those whose an - xious spir - its burn
To Him Whose truth and faith - ful - ness
Till, from Mount Pis - gah's lof - ty height,

Make all my wants and wish - es known;
With strong de - sires for thy re - turn!
En - gage the wait - ing soul to bliss;
I view my home, and take my flight.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief,
With such I has - ten to the place
And since He bids me seek His face,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise

My soul has of - ten found re - lief,
Where God my Sa - vior shows His face,
Be - lieve His Word and trust His grace,
To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare,
And glad - ly take my sta - tion there,
Till cast on Him my ev' - ry care,
And shout, while pass - ing through the air,

By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r,
Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r,
Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r.

© 2013 Peter Anglea. Permission to copy granted for congregational use. All other rights reserved.