

Sweet Hour of Prayer

William Walford, 1772-1850

Peter Anglea, 1988-

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
4. Sweet hour of pray'r. sweet hour of pray'r, May I thy con - so - la - tion share,

And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;
Of those whose an - xious spir - its burn With strong de - sires for thy re - turn!
To Him Whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pis - gah's lof - ty height, I view my home, and take my flight:

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief,
With such I has - ten to the place Where God my Sa - vior shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His Word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

And oft es - caped the tempt er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
And glad - ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev' - ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Fare-well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r.