

"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray, and cry aloud."—PSALM lv. 17.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a
D.C. And oft es - caped the temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet

world of care, And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make
hour of prayer! And oft es - caped the temp - ter's snare, By

FINE.

all my wants and wish - es known: In sea - sons of dis -
thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!

D.C.

- tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief;

2.
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His Word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3.
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"