

The Hour Of Prayer

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1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet,
 2. No words can tell what sweet re - lief
 3. Hush'd is each doubt, gone ev - 'ry fear;
 4. Lord, till I reach, that bliss - ful shore,

From blush of morn to eve - ning star, As that which
 Here for my ev - 'ry want I find; What strength for
 My spir - it seems in heav'n to stay; And e'en the
 No priv - i - lege so dear shall be As thus my

calls me to Thy feet, The hour of pray'r?
 war - fare, balm for grief, What peace of mind.
 pen - i - ten - tial war Is wiped a - way.
 in - most soul to pour In pray'r to Thee.