

THE HOUR OF PRAYER

(Almsgiving. 8, 8, 8, 4)

Charlotte Elliott

J. B. Dykes

1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of
 2. No words can, tell what sweet re - lief Here for my
 3. Hush'd is each doubt, gone ev - ry fear; My spir - it
 4. Lord, till I reach that bliss - ful shore, No priv - i -

morn ev - to eve - ning star, As that which
 seems - 'ry want, I find; What strength for
 lege in so dear shall be As e'en 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, tear, Is wiped a - way.
 in - most soul - to pour In pray'r to Thee.