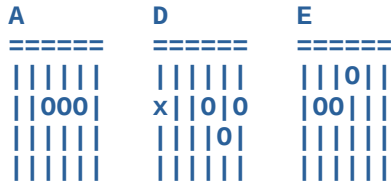


Sweet Hour of Prayer (Blue Hymnal #429)

Words by: William Walford
Music: William B. Bradbury

[CAPO 3]

[CHORDS]



[INTRO]

| A | E A |

[VERSE 1]

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne
make all my wants and rich-es known!
In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief
my soul has of-ten found re-lief,
And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare
by thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

[VERSE 2]

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness
en-gage the wait-ing soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him mine ev-'ry care,
and wait for Thee, sweet hour of prayer.

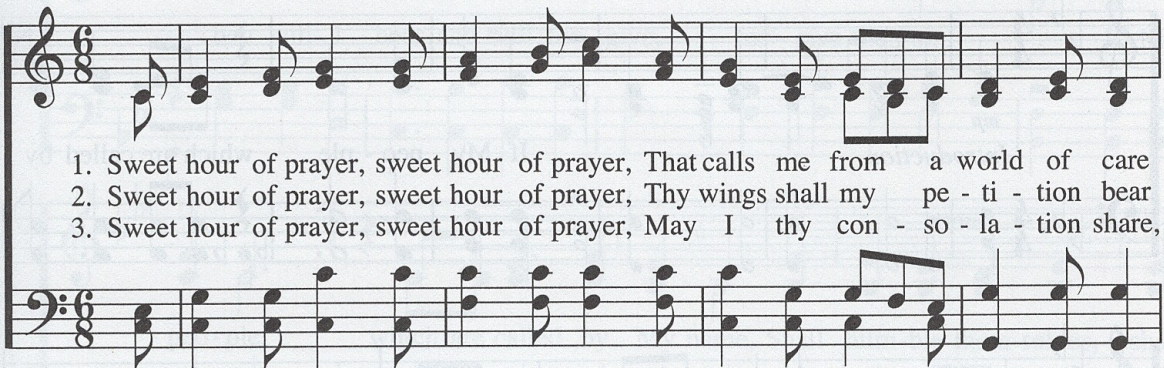
[VERSE 3]

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
may I thy con-so-la-tion share,
Till, from Mount Pis-gah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
to seize the e-ver-last-ing prize;
And shout, while pass-ing through the air,
"Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!"

Sweet Hour of Prayer

429

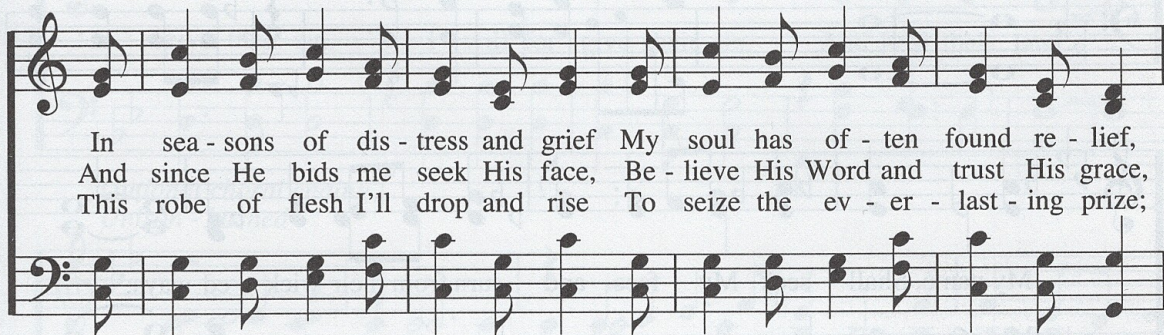
Don't worry about anything, but in everything...let your requests be made known to God. Philippians 4:6



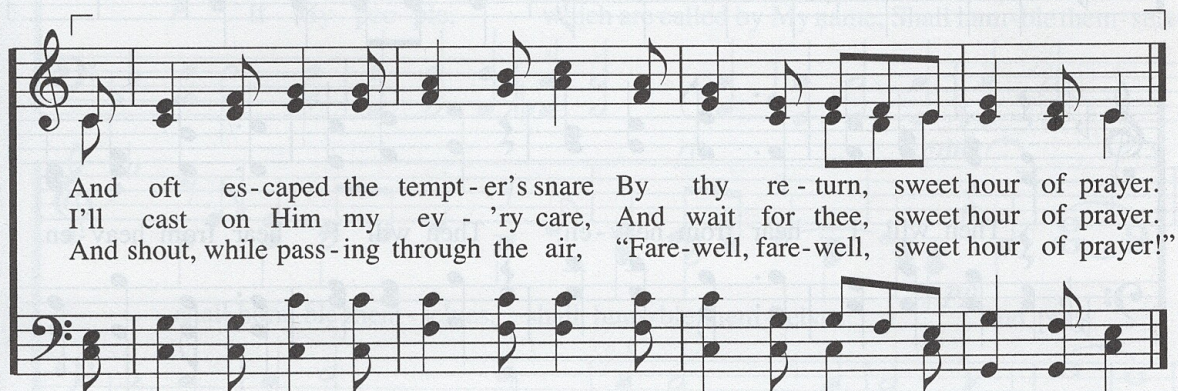
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so - la - tion share,



And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known!
To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless:
Till, from Mount Pis - gah's loft - y 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,
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 prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
And shout, while pass - ing through the air, "Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of prayer!"