

Song 89

- 1. Sweet hour of praise, sweet hour of praise,
That calls me in the Son's bright rays;
And bids me at my Father's Throne,
Praise Him for all things now made known.**

**In hours of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's haze,
By thy return, sweet hour of praise.**

- 2. Sweet hour of praise, sweet hour of praise,
Thy wings shall my petitions raise;
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 trust Him in these closing days,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of praise.**

- 3. Sweet hour of praise, sweet hour of praise,
We'll worship oft throughout our days;
Till from mount Zion'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,
Praise God, praise God, forever there.**