

Sweet Hour Of Prayer

Hank Snow

Sweet hour of prayer sweet hour of prayer that calls me from a
world of care

And bids me at my father's throne make all my wants and wishes
known

In seasons of distress and grief my soul has often found relief
And oft escaped the tempter's snare by Thy return sweet hour of
prayer

Sweet hour of prayer sweet hour of prayer Thy wings shall my pe
tition 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 h
is grace

I'll cast on him my every care and wait for thee sweet hour of
prayer