

Precious Moments
Fanny Crosby, 1909.
John Sweney.

O the precious, precious moments
That we spend before the throne,
And to Jesus, our Redeemer,
Make our wants and wishes known.

Refrain

O the peace that like a river
From the mount of blessing flows;
How it calms the weary spirit
To a gentle, soft repose!

O the precious, precious moments,
When a loving voice we hear,
In a whisper, low and tender,
Breathing words of happy cheer.

Refrain

O the precious, precious moments,
When the eye of faith shall see
Visions of eternal glory,
Endless raptures yet to be.

Refrain

There's a balm for every trial,
And a rest from every care,
There's a joy for every sorrow,
At the golden gate of prayer.

Refrain