

'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1880. Music: Howard Doane.

'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend,
And we gather to Jesus, our Savior and friend;
If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share,
What a balm for the weary, O how sweet to be there!

Refrain

Blessed hour of prayer, blessed hour of prayer,
What a balm for the weary, O how sweet to be there!

'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Savior draws near,
With a tender compassion His children to hear;
When He tells us we may cast at His feet every care,
What a balm for the weary, O how sweet to be there!

Refrain

'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried
To the Savior who loves them their sorrow confide;
With a sympathizing heart He removes every care;
What a balm for the weary, O how sweet to be there!

Refrain

At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him, we believe
That the blessing we're needing we'll surely receive;
In the fullness of the trust we shall lose every care;
What a balm for the weary, O how sweet to be there!

Refrain