

'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer

Fanny Crosby, 1880.

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