

Sweet Hour of Prayer

[Iris DeMent](#)

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 tempters snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my petition 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 His grace, I'll cast on Him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy consolation share. Till from Mount Pis-gah's lofty height I view my home and take my flight. in my immortal flesh I'll rise To seize the everlasting prize. And shout while passing through the air, "Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!"

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