Sweet Hour of Prayer

Trinity Hymnal 634

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Sweet Hour of Prayer

One day Peter and John were going up to the temple at the time of prayer. Acts 3:1

1. 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.

2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, the joys I feel, the bliss I share
   of those whose anxious spirits burn with strong desires for thy return!
   With such I hasten to the place where God, my Savior, shows his face,
   and gladly take my station there, and wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3. 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.

William W. Walford, ca. 1842

SWEET HOUR A.M.D.
William B. Bradbury 1859
What a Friend We Have in Jesus

Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. Phil. 4:6

1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
3. Are we weak and heavy-laden, cumbered with a load of care?

What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer!
We should never be discouraged; take it to the Lord in prayer!
Precious Savior, still our refuge—take it to the Lord in prayer!

O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faithful, who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer!

All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer,
Jesus knows our every weakness—take it to the Lord in prayer!
In his arms he'll take and shield thee; thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven, ca. 1855

WHAT A FRIEND 8.7.8.7.D.
Charles C. Converse. 1858