


'Tis the Blessèd Hour of Prayer

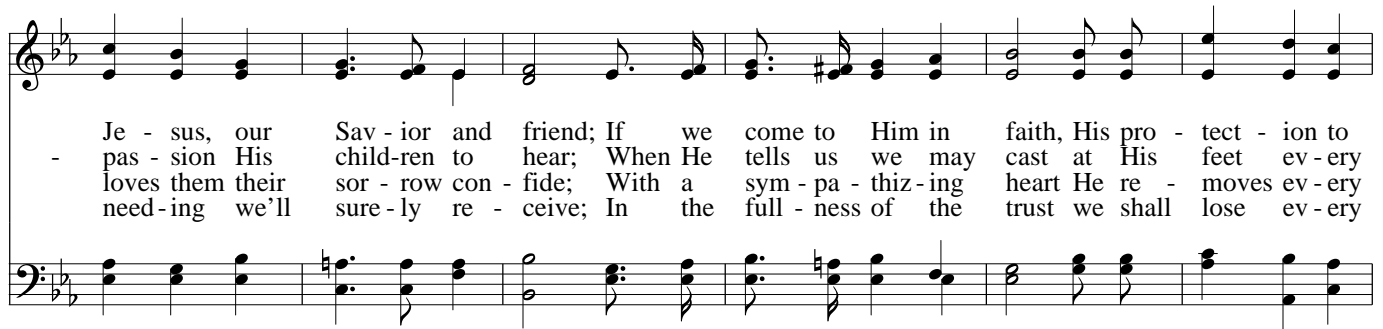
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1880

William Howard Doane

$\text{♩} = 110$

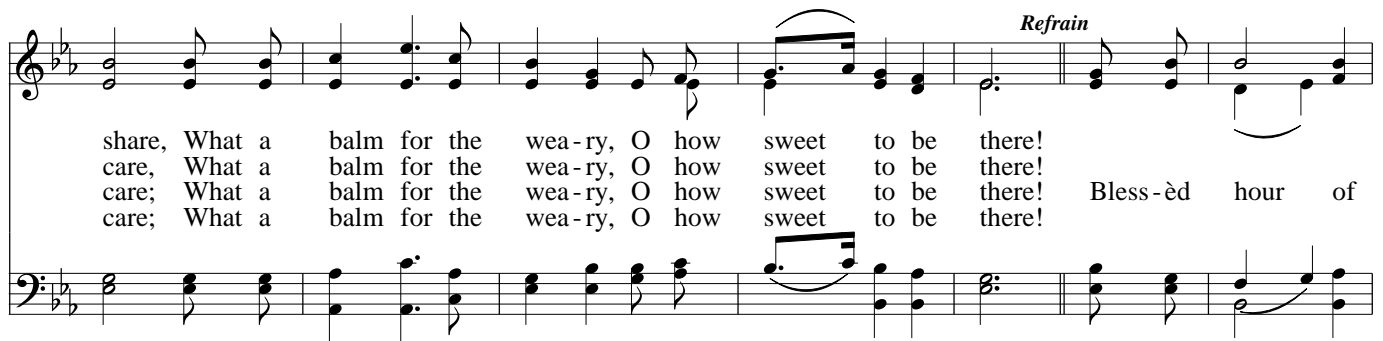


1. 'Tis the bless-èd hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we ga - ther to
2. 'Tis the bless-èd hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a ten - der com -
3. 'Tis the bless-èd hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the Sav - ior who
4. At the bless-èd hour of prayer, trust - ing Him, we be - lieve That the bless-ing we're

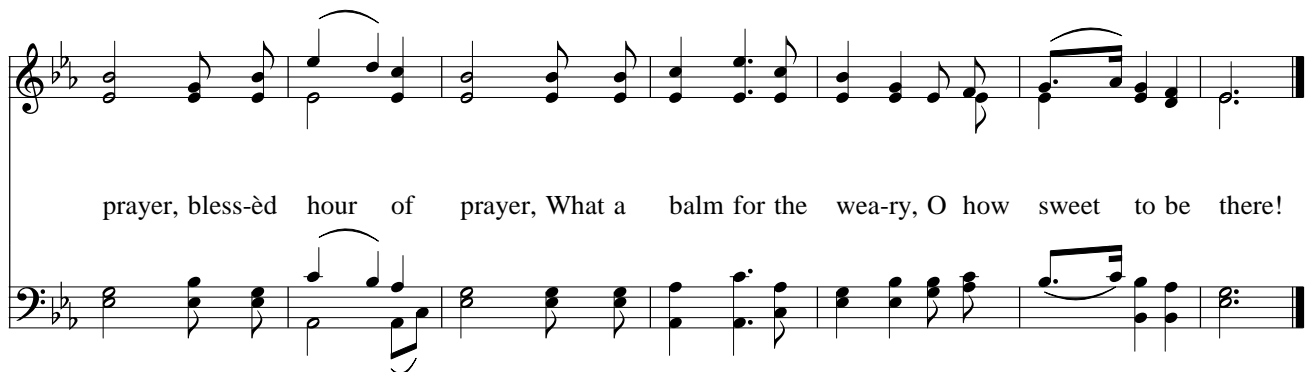


Je - sus, our Sav - ior and friend; If we come to Him in faith, His pro - tect - ion to
- pas - sion His child-ren to hear; When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev - ery
loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa - thiz - ing heart He re - moves ev - ery
need - ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full - ness of the trust we shall lose ev - ery

Refrain



share, What a balm for the wea-ry, O how sweet to be there!
care, What a balm for the wea-ry, O how sweet to be there!
care; What a balm for the wea-ry, O how sweet to be there! Bless-èd hour of
care; What a balm for the wea-ry, O how sweet to be there!



prayer, bless-èd hour of prayer, What a balm for the wea-ry, O how sweet to be there!