

Hank Snow, Sweet Hour Of Prayer

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 escapes the tempter's snare by Thy return sweet hour of prayer
[strings]

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