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

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