'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer

"Morning by morning, O Lord, You hear my voice." (Ps. 5:3)

FAVOUR J. CROSBY

1. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend,
   And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour and friend. If we
come to Him in faith, His protection to share, What a balm for the

2. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near,
   With a tender compassion, His children to hear. When He
tells us we may cast at His feet every care. What a balm for the
fullness of this trust we shall lose every care. What a balm for the

3. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried
   To the Saviour who loves them their sorrow confide; With a
have more to receive; In the

4. At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him we believe
   That the blessings we're needing we'll surely receive; In the

Oh, how sweet to be there! Blessed hour of prayer; Blessed

Oh, how sweet to be there! What a balm for the weary! Oh, how sweet to be there!