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 and oft escaped the tempter's snare, by
thy return sweet hour of prayer.
In seasons of distress and grief, my soul has often found relief, and often escaped the tempter's snare, by
thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
and oft escaped the tempter's snare, by
thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, thy

wings shall my petition bear, to Him whose truth and faithfulness en-

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gage the waiting soul to bless. And since He bids me seek His face, be-
lieve His word and trust His grace, I'll cast on him my ev'-ry care and
wait for thee sweet hour of prayer. I'll cast on Him my every care, and
wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer, I'll cast on Him my every care, and
wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. I'll cast on Him my every care, and

wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.