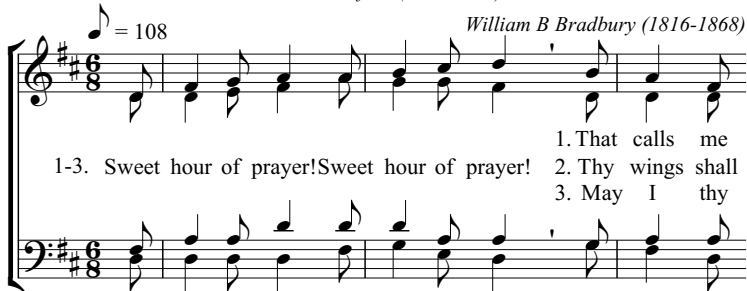


# 261 Sweet hour of prayer

William W Walford (1772-1850)

William B Bradbury (1816-1868)

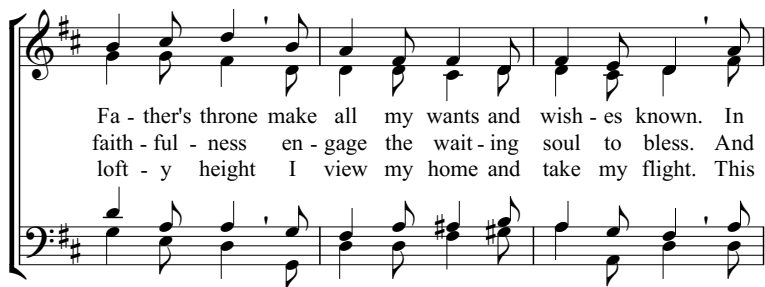
$\text{♩} = 108$



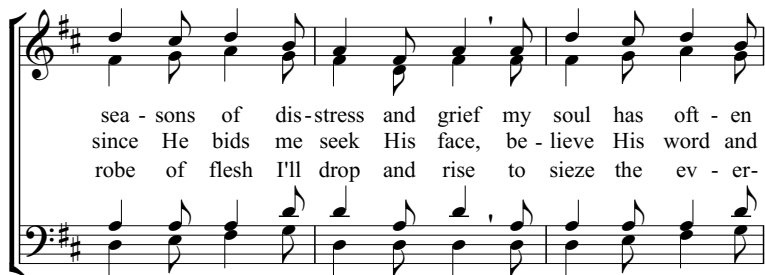
1. That calls me  
1-3. Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!  
2. Thy wings shall  
3. May I thy



from a world of care and bids me at my  
my pe - ti - tion bear to Him whose truth and  
con - so - la - tion share, till from Mount Ta - bor's



Fa - ther's throne make all my wants and wish - es known. In  
faith - ful - ness en - gage the wait - ing soul to bless. And  
loft - y height I view my home and take my flight. This



sea - sons of dis - stress and grief my soul has oft - en  
since He bids me seek His face, be - lieve His word and  
robe of flesh I'll drop and rise to sieze the ev - er -

found re - lief and oft es - caped the tempt - er's  
trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry  
last - ing prize, and call when pass - ing thro' the

snare by thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.  
care and wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!  
air: "Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of prayer!"