

Refrain

Bless - ed hour of prayer, Bless - ed hour of prayer,

What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there!

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My God, Is Any Hour So Sweet?

Almsgiving. 8.8.8.4.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1835 (Text of 1836)

JOHN B. DYKES, 1865

1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning star,  
 2. No words can tell, what sweet re - lief Here for my ev - ery want, I find;  
 3. Hushed is each doubt, gone ev - ery fear; My spir - it seems in heaven to stay;  
 4. Lord, till I reach that bliss - ful shore, No priv - i - lege so dear shall be

As that which calls me to Thy feet, The hour of prayer?  
 What strength for war - fare, balm for grief, What peace of mind.  
 And e'en the pen - i - ten - tial tear Is wiped a - way.  
 As thus my in - most soul to pour In prayer to Thee.