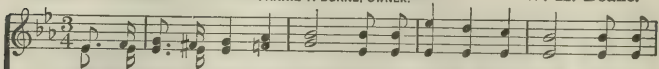


'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

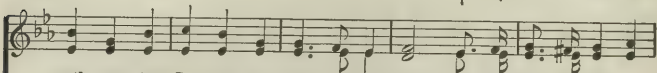
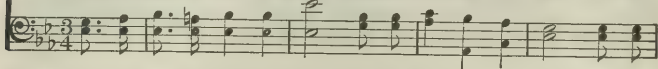
Fanny J. Crosby.

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FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER.

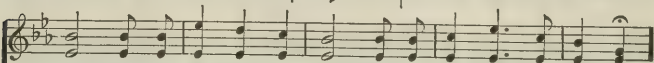
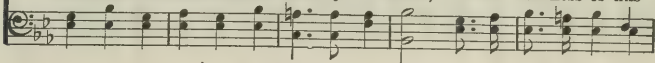
W. H. Doane.



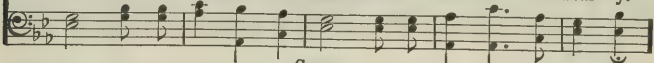
1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be-lieve That the



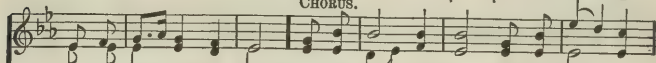
gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten-der com-pas-sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav-ior who loves them their sor-row con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive; In the full-ness of this



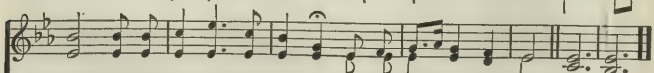
faith, His pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wear-y!
cast at His feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wear-y!
heart He re-moves ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wear-y!
trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wear-y!



CHORUS.



O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of



prayer, What a balm for the wear-y! O how sweet to be there! A - MEN.

