



An Hour of Prayer

How sweet the hour alone with God
In earnest prayer we spend,
Alone with Him Who knows our needs,
As friend would plead with friend.

We tell out all our needs to Him,
Assured that He will hear;
The faintest, feeblest cry we raise
Will reach His holy ear.

No care too great, no need too small,
He would not have us tell,
E'en though assured we are, those needs
To Him are known so well.

Then oft from toil and conflict here,
Our hearts would turn aside
To be in company with Him,
Who once was crucified.

As we, in faith, to Him draw nigh
And make our wishes known,
He bends His ear to hear our cry
Though high upon the throne.

No prayer of faith will ever be
By Him, our God, unheard;
We know the answer's sure to come,
He tells us in His Word.

O, what a God we have to trust!
A God of love and grace,
Who never will refuse the cry
Of those who seek His face.

Then may we oft, while here we wait
To meet Him in the air,
In earnest supplication spend
That hour, the hour of prayer.

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