

No. 521. Hallowed Hour of Prayer.

"My house shall be called the house of prayer."—ISA. 56: 7.

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1. 'Tis the hal-low'd hour of pray'r, And we trust-ing-ly bring All our
 2. 'Tis the pre-cious hour of pray'r, And we hum-bly en-treat: Fa-ther,
 3. 'Tis the sa-cred hour of pray'r, Calm as heav-en a-bove; Soul to

doubt-ings and our fears To our Saviour and King; For we know that He de-
 breathe the Spir-it now, As we bow at Thy feet; Touch our lips with pow'r of
 soul is breathing here The com-mun-ion of love; Ev-'ry heart is sweet-ly

lights A glad wel-come to give, And the blessings that we ask for
 song; Fill our souls with Thy love; And be-stow the ben-e-dic-tion
 filled With a peace most pro-found; Oh, the place is like to heav-en

Chorus.
 We shall ful-ly receive.
 Of Thy peace from a-bove. } Precious hour of pray'r! hallowed hour of pray'r!
 Where such true joys abound.

Sa-cred sea-son of com-mun-ion, It is sweet to be there!

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