It Is the Hour of Prayer

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: DIADEMATA

| d - d d m - m - | l - - - - - l - |
It is the hour of prayer: Draw

| s - d - f - m - | r - - - - - r - |
near and bend the knee, And

| m - s - l - s - | fe - m r s - d' - |
fill the calm and holy air With

| t - d' - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
voice of melo- dy! O'er-

| s - m - r - d - | l - - - - - l - |
wearied with the heat And

| l - fe - m - r - | t - - - - - t - |
burden of the day, Now

| d' - - t l - s - | f - r - m - s - |
let us rest our wandering feet, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - - - |
gather here to pray.

The other verses

2 The dark and deadly blight
That walks at noontide hour,
The midnight arrow's secret flight,
O'er us have had no power:
But smiles from loving eyes
Have been around our way,
And lips on which a blessing lies
Have bidden us to pray.

3 O, blessed is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high!
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
Prayer to the soul is nigh;
Though dark may be our lot,
Our eyes be dim with care,
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
This holy hour of prayer.

Tune DIADEMATA by George Job Elvey (1816–1893); words by Anonymous. Public domain: free to print, copy and sing.
Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.