

Sweet Hour of Prayer

Sweet hour of prayer sweet hour of prayer that calls me from a world of care
And bids me at my Fathers throne make all my wants and wishes known
In seasons of distress and grief my soul hast often found relief
And oft escaped the tempters snare by thy return sweet hour of prayer

Sweet hour of prayer sweet hour of prayer Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness engage the waiting soul to bless
And since He bids me seek His face, believe His Word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care and wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

(Words: [William Walford](#), 1845; appeared in *The New York Observer*, September 13, 1845, accompanied by the following, written by Thomas Salmon: During my residence at Coleshill, Warwickshire, England, I became acquainted with W. W. Walford, the blind preacher, a man of obscure birth and connections and no education, but of strong mind and most retentive memory. In the pulpit he never failed to select a lesson well adapted to his subject, giving chapter and verse with unerring precision and scarcely ever misplacing a word in his recitation of the Psalms, every part of the New Testament, the prophecies, and some of the histories, so as to have the reputation of "knowing the whole Bible by heart." He actually sat in the chimney corner, employing his mind in composing a sermon or two for Sabbath delivery, and his hands in cutting, shaping and polishing bones for shoe horns and other little useful implements. At intervals he attempted poetry. On one occasion, paying him a visit, he repeated two or three pieces which he had composed, and having no friend at home to commit them to paper, he had laid them up in the storehouse within. "How will this do?" asked he, as he repeated the following lines, with a complacent smile touched with some light lines of fear lest he subject himself to criticism. I rapidly copied the lines with my pencil, as he uttered them, and sent them for insertion in the *Observer*, if you should think them worthy of preservation.)

Just As I Am

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

*Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.*

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

*Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.*

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

*Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.*

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Charlotte Elliott *Born*: March 18, 1789, Clapham, Surrey, England; *Died*: September 22, 1871, Brighton, East Sussex, England. Elliott became an invalid around age 30, and remained so for the rest of her life. About her physical condition, Elliott wrote: "**My Heavenly Father knows, and He alone, what it is, day after day, and hour after hour, to fight against bodily feelings of almost overpowering weakness and languor and exhaustion, to resolve, as He enables me to do, not to yield to the slothfulness, the depression, the irritability, such as a body causes me to long to indulge, but to rise every morning determined on taking this for my motto, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow me."**

It Is Well With My Soul

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea billows roll
What ever my lot, Thou has taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul

Refrain: It is well, with my soul, It is well, with my soul, It is well, it is well, with my soul.

*Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.*

My sin O the joy of this glorious thought, My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

*But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait, The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh trump of the angel! Oh voice of the Lord! Blessèd hope, blessèd rest of my soul!*

And, Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight, the clouds be rolled back as the scroll; The
trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend, even so it is well with my soul.

(Words: Horatio Gates Spafford Born: October 20, 1828, North Troy, New York. Died: October 16, 1888, Jerusalem, Israel, of malaria. This hymn, the only composed by Mr. Spafford, was written after two major traumas in Spafford's life. The first was the great Chicago Fire of October 1871, which ruined him financially (he had been a wealthy businessman). Shortly after, while crossing the Atlantic, all four of Spafford's daughters died in a collision with another ship - the S.S. Ville de Havre. Spafford's wife Anna survived and sent him the now famous telegram, "Saved alone." Several weeks later, as Spafford's own ship passed near the spot where his daughters died, the Holy Spirit inspired these words. They speak to the eternal hope that all believers have, no matter what pain and grief befall them on earth. Spafford continued on to Israel to found a Christian mission colony to serve the poor. It was there that he died of malaria in service of the Lord. The tune to this hymn was composed by Phillip P. Bliss, 1876 The tune is named after the ship on which Spafford's children perished, the S.S. Ville de Havre. Ironically, Bliss himself died in a tragic train wreck shortly after writing this music. The wreck was caused by a bridge collapse. Having survived the initial impact, Mr. Bliss went back into the flames in an unsuccessful attempt to rescue his wife where he perished in the flames.)

Have Thine Own Way

Have Thine own way Lord
Have Thine own way
Thou art the Potter I am the clay
Mold me and make me after Thy will
Wile I am waiting yielded and still

*Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
Search me and try me, Master, today!
Whiter than snow, Lord, wash me just now,
As in Thy presence humbly I bow.*

Have Thine own way Lord
Have Thine own way
Wounded and weary help me I pray
Power all power surely is Thine
Touch me and heal me Savior divine

*Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
Hold o'er my being absolute sway!
Fill with Thy Spirit 'till all shall see
Christ only, always, living in me.*

Adelaide Addison Pollard *Born:* November 27, 1862, Bloomfield, Iowa (birth name: Sarah Addison Pollard). *Died:* December 20, 1934, New York City: Pollard believed the Lord wanted her in Africa as a missionary, but she was unable to raise funds to go. In an uncertain state of mind, she attended a prayer meeting, where she heard an elderly woman pray, "It's all right, Lord. It doesn't matter what You bring into our lives, just have Your own way with us." At home that night, much encouraged, she wrote this hymn. Pollard later was able to serve the Lord in Africa. She returned at the outset of WWI and died of a ruptured appendix in New York.)

I Need Thee Every Hour

*I need Thee every hour, Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine Can peace afford*

I need Thee every hour, Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power When Thou art nigh.

*I need Thee every hour, In joy or pain;
Come quickly, and abide, Or life is vain.*

I need Thee every hour, Teach me Thy will,
An They rich promises In me fulfill

I need Thee every hour, most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed, Thou blessèd Son.

Refrain:

I need Thee, O I need Thee; Every hour I need Thee.
O bless me now, my Savior – I come to Thee.

(Annie Sherwood Hawks *Born:* May 28, 1836, Hoosick, New York. *Died:* January 3, 1918, Bennington, Vermont. Hawks' poems first began appearing in newspapers when she was 14 years old. She married Charles H. Hawks in 1857. They lived in Brooklyn, New York, and attended the Hanson Place Baptist Church, where Robert Lowry was pastor. It was to Pastor Lowry that Annie entrusted her hymn who added the tune and the refrain and saw that it was published at the National Baptist Sunday School Convention in 1872. When her husband died in 1888, she moved to Bennington, Vermont to live with her daughter and son-in-law (W. E. Putnam). She wrote 400 hymns in her life, mostly for use in Sunday schools. Annie Hawks wrote: "One day as a young wife and mother of 37 years of age, I was busy with my regular household tasks. Suddenly, I became so filled with the sense of nearness to the Master that, wondering how one could live without Him, either in joy or pain, these words, "I Need Thee Every Hour," were ushered into my mind, the thought at once taking full possession of me. I did not understand at first why this hymn had touched the great throbbing heart of humanity. It was not until long after, when the shadow fell over my way, the shadow of a great loss, that I understood something of the comforting power in the words which I had been permitted to give out to others in my hour of sweet serenity and peace.")

I Am Thine, O Lord

I am Thine, O Lord – I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith and be closer drawn to Thee.

*Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope and my will be lost in Thine.*

O the pure delight of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.

*There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach till I rest in peace with Thee*

Refrain:

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord, to the cross where Thou has died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side.

Frances Jane Crosby *Born:* March 24, 1820, Putnam County, New York. *Died:* February 12, 1915, Bridgeport, Connecticut Fanny Crosby was probably the most prolific hymnist in history. Though blinded by an incompetent doctor at six weeks of age, she wrote over 8,000 hymns. About her blindness, she said: **“It seemed intended by the blessed providence of God that I should be blind all my life, and I thank him for the dispensation. If perfect earthly sight were offered me tomorrow I would not accept it. I might not have sung hymns to the praise of God if I had been distracted by the beautiful and interesting things about me.”** In her lifetime, Fanny Crosby was one of the best known women in the United States. To this day, the vast majority of American hymnals contain her work.

Abide With Me

Abide with me – fast falls the even tide; The darkness deepens Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

*Swift to its close ebbs out life’s little day; Earths joys grow dim, its glories pass away
Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, abide with me.*

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word; But as Thou dwell’st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free. Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

*Thou on my head in early youth didst smile; And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee, On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.*

I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempters power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

*I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless, Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness
Where is death’s sting where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still if Thou abide with me.*

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thru the gloom and point me to the skies
Heaven’s morning breaks and earth’s vain shadows flee, In life, in death O Lord abide with me.

(Henry Francis Lyte *Born:* June 1, 1793, Ednam, Scotland. *Died:* November 20, 1847, Nice, France. Orphaned at an early age, Lyte attended Trinity College in Dublin, Ireland, distinguishing himself in English poetry. In 1815, he was ordained, and served a number of parishes in Ireland and western England. However, for most of his career, he was pastor at All Saints Church in Lower Brixham, Devonshire, England.

He wrote two books of religious poetry and hymns. Lyte was inspired to write this hymn as he was dying of tuberculosis; he finished it the Sunday he gave his farewell sermon in the parish he served so many years. The next day, he left for Italy to regain his health. He didn't make it, though—he died in Nice, France, three weeks after writing these words. Here is an excerpt from his farewell sermon: "O brethren, I stand here among you today, as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you, and induce you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all, by a timely acquaintance with the death of Christ.")

More Love To Thee

More love to Thee, O Christ, more love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make on bended knee.
This is my earnest plea: More love, O Christ, to Thee;
More love to Thee, more love to Thee!

*Once earthly joy I craved, sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek, give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be: More love, O Christ to Thee;
More love to Thee, more love to Thee!*

Let sorrow do its work, come grief or pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers, sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me: More love, O Christ, to Thee;
More love to Thee, more love to Thee!

*Then shall my latest breath whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry my heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be: More love, O Christ to Thee;
More love to Thee, more love to Thee!*

(Elizabeth Payson Prentiss *Born*: October 26, 1818, Portland, Maine. *Died*: August 13, 1878, Dorset, Vermont. Prentiss wrote these words during a period of illness, but kept them to herself. When she showed them to her husband 13 years later, he encouraged her to publish them. Howard Doane saw the resulting pamphlet, and wrote music for the words.)

I Must Tell Jesus

I must tell Jesus all of my trials;
I cannot bear these burdens alone;
In my distress He kindly will help me;
He ever loves and cares for His own.

Refrain

*I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus!
I cannot bear my burdens alone;
I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus!
Jesus can help me, Jesus alone.*

I must tell Jesus all of my troubles;
He is a kind, compassionate friend;
If I but ask Him, He will deliver,
Make of my troubles quickly an end.

Refrain

Tempted and tried, I need a great Savior;
One Who can help my burdens to bear;
I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus;
He all my cares and sorrows will share.

Refrain

O how the world to evil allures me!
O how my heart is tempted to sin!
I must tell Jesus, and He will help me
Over the world the victory to win.

Refrain

(Elisha Albright Hoffman *Born*: May 7, 1839, Orwigsburg, Pennsylvania. *Died*: November 25, 1929, Chicago, Illinois. A minister's son, Hoffman attended Union Seminary in New Berlin, Pennsylvania, and was ordained in 1868. He pastored a number of churches and in his lifetime, he wrote over 2,000 Gospel songs. Concerning this song he recounts in his memoirs, **There was a woman to whom God had permitted many visitations of sorrow and affliction. Coming to her home one day, I found her much discouraged. She unburdened her heart, concluding with the question, "Brother Hoffman, what shall I do?" I quoted from the word, then added, "You cannot do better than to take all of your sorrows to Jesus. You must tell Jesus."** For a moment she seemed lost in meditation. Then her eyes lighted as she exclaimed, "Yes, I must tell Jesus." As I left her home I had a vision of that joy-illuminated face...and I heard all along my pathway the echo, "I must tell Jesus. I must tell Jesus." Hoffman wrote these words after reaching home.)

Pass Me Not O Gentle Savior

Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Refrain

*Savior, Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.*

Let me at Thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition;
Help my unbelief.

Refrain

Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

Refrain

Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

Refrain Francis Jane Crosby 1820 – 1915 Fanny Crosby was probably the most prolific hymnist in history. Though blinded by an incompetent doctor at six weeks of age, she wrote over 8,000 hymns. About her blindness, she said: **“It seemed intended by the blessed providence of God that I should be blind all my life, and I thank him for the dispensation. If perfect earthly sight were offered me tomorrow I would not accept it. I might not have sung hymns to the praise of God if I had been distracted by the beautiful and interesting things about me.**

So Send I You

So send I you to labor unrewarded, To serve unpaid, unloved, unsought unknown,
To bear rebuke, to suffer scorn and scoffing,
- So send I you, to toil for me alone.

*So send I you to bind the bruised and broken, Oer wandering souls to work, to week, to wake,
To bear the burdens of a world a weary
- So send I you to suffer for My sake.*

So send I you to loneliness and longing, With heart a hungering for the loved and known,
Forsaking home and kindred, friend and dear one
- So send I you to know My love alone.

*So send I you to leave your life's ambition, to die to dear desire, self will resign,
To labor long, and love where men revile you
- So send I you to lose your life in Mine.*

So Send I you to hearts made hard by hatred, To eyes made blind because they will not see,
To spend, tho it be blood, to spend and spare not
- So send I you to taste of Calvary,

(Margaret Clarkson 1915 - ???; Margaret Clarkson experienced great pain and loneliness in life. First in an unhappy home and suffering from infantile arthritis and later as a teacher in a far off logging camp in Canada. Unable to fulfill her dream of mission work due to her disability she gave herself to the service of the Lord in every way she could imagine. Of this hymn she is often given as an example of one who strove to conform her songs to Scripture and rewrote the words later in life, giving more glory to God and more hope in Christ.)
