

"Sweet Hour of Prayer"

William Walford

Arranged & Tablited
by Tom Arri 2017
BanjoTom2.ORG

D: Verse 1...

G

D

Sweet hour of pray'r... Sweet hour of pray'r... That calls me from a

D: FIDDLE SOLO...

G

D

world of care... And bids me at my Fa ther's throne... Makes all my

A7

D

G

D

8

world of care... And bids me at my Fa ther's throne... Makes all my

A7

D

G

D

wants and wishes known... known...

A7

1D

Repeat... 2D: End...

15

wants and wishes known... known...

A7

D

Repeat... D: End...

That calls me from a world of care
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known

In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By Thy return, sweet hour of prayer

Sweet hour of prayer
Sweet hour of prayer
The joys I feel, the bliss I share
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for Thy return

With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Savior shows His face
And gladly take my station there
And wait for Thee, sweet hour of prayer

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
And wait for Thee, Sweet hour of prayer

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William Walford was blind, but this did not make him worthless.

On the contrary, as he sat by the fire in his English home in the mid-nineteenth century, his hands kept busy, whittling out useful objects, such as shoehorns. His mind was active, too.

Called on to preach from time to time in a rural English church, Willam Walford composed sermons in his head to deliver on Sundays. He memorized a huge amount of the Bible which he quoted verbatim in his sermons. Some of his folk thought he had memorized the entire Scripture, cover to cover. William also composed lines of verse. And he prayed.

Thomas Salmon, a New York native, spent some time in Coleshill, Warwickshire, England, where he became acquainted with William. He tells this tale of what happened one day, while he was visiting the blind pastor:

"...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."

The Observer did consider them worth preserving, and they were published on this day, September 13, 1845, becoming a beloved hymn.