

# What A Friend

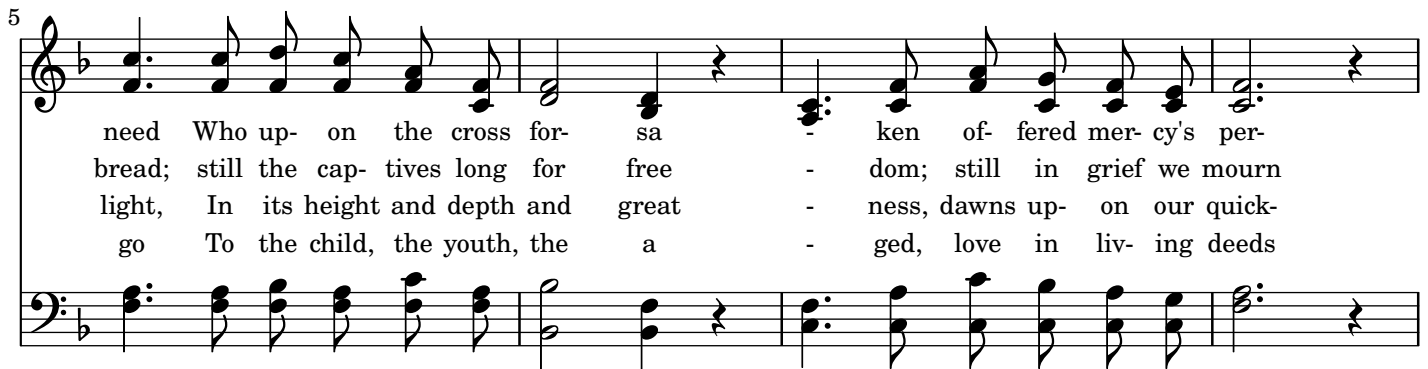
CONVERSE 8.7.8.7 D

Joseph Scriven (1855)

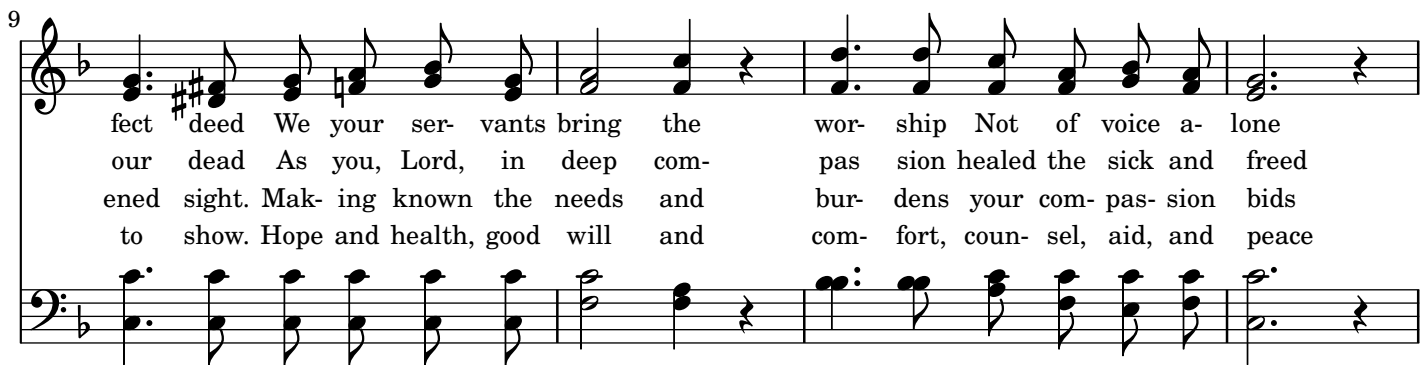
*The Sacred Harp (1844)*



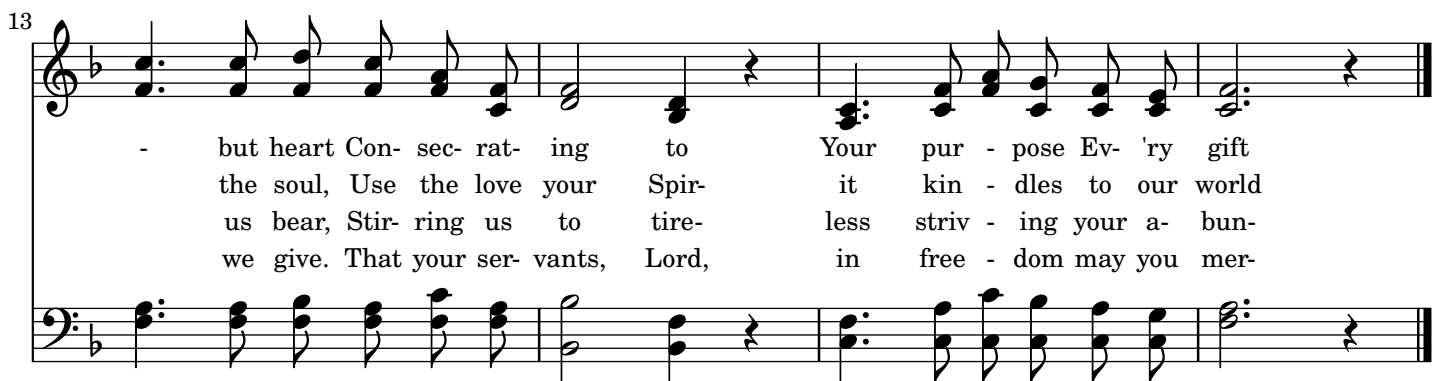
1. Lord whose love in hum-ble ser - vice Bore the weight of hu-man  
2. Still, your chil-dren wan-der home - less; still the hun-gry cry for  
3. As we wor-ship grant us vis - ion, till your love's re-veal-ing  
4. Called by wor-ship to your ser - vice, forth in your dear name we



5 need Who up-on the cross for-sa - ken of-fered mer-cy's per-  
bread; still the cap-tives long for free - dom; still in grief we mourn  
light, In its height and depth and great - ness, dawns up-on our quick-  
go To the child, the youth, the a - ged, love in liv-ing deeds



9 fect deed We your ser-vants bring the wor-ship Not of voice a-lone  
our dead As you, Lord, in deep com-pas-sion healed the sick and freed  
ened sight. Mak-ing known the needs and bur-dens your com-pas-sion bids  
to show. Hope and health, good will and com-fort, coun-sel, aid, and peace



13 - but heart Con-sec-rat-ing to Your pur- - pose Ev- 'ry gift  
the soul, Use the love your Spir- it kin - dles to our world  
us bear, Stir-ring us to tire- less striv - ing your a-bun-  
we give. That your ser-vants, Lord, in free - dom may you mer-

*Tune Name: Converse*

*Poetic Meter: 8.7.8.7 D*