

What A Friend

CONVERSE 8.7.8.7 D

Joseph Scriven (1855)

The Sacred Harp (1844)

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and hea - vy lad - en, Cum - bered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-iour, still our re - fuge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need less pain we bear
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends des-pise, for sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer:

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer,
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

Tune Name: Converse

Poetic Meter: 8.7.8.7 D