

# 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?

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

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

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1. All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer,  
2. Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer,  
3. 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*