



What a Friend We Have in Jesus


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*Joseph Scriven, 1855; alt.**Phil. 4:6-7*



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 an - y - where?
 3 Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, bur - dened with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry ev - ery - thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged; take it to our God in prayer!
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, take it to our God 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 your friends de - spise, for - sake you? Take it to our God in prayer!



All be - cause we do not car - ry ev - ery - thing to God in prayer.
 Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak - ness; take it to our God in prayer!
 Je - sus' arms will take and shield you; you will find a sol - ace there.

No stranger to sorrow himself, Joseph Scriven wrote this hymn to comfort his mother in Ireland. Scriven, who moved to Canada as a young man, attempted to follow literally the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount.

Tune: ERIE 8.7.8.7.D.
 Charles C. Converse, 1868

PRAYER

505

Sweet Hour of Prayer

William Walford, 1845; alt.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! that calls me from a world of care,
 2 Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! the joys I feel, the bliss I share
 3 Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! whose wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

and bids me at my Ma-ker's throne let all my needs and wants be known.
 of those whose anx-ious spir-its burn with strong de-sires for your re-turn!
 to One whose truth and faith-ful-ness en-gage the wait-ing soul to bless.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, my soul has of-ten found re-lief,
 With them I has-ten to the place where I would know my Sav-ior's face,
 And since I'm bid to seek God's face, be-lieve God's word, and trust God's grace,

and oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare by your re-turn, sweet hour of prayer!
 And glad-ly take my sta-tion there, and wait for you, sweet hour of prayer!
 I'll cast a-way my ev-ery care, and wait for you, sweet hour of prayer!

Although credited to a different poet when first published in 1845, researchers believe this hymn was written by William Walford. William Bradbury, a highly trained musician, sang under Lowell Mason in Boston and also wrote "Jesus Loves Me."

Tune: SWEET HOUR L.M.D.
 William B. Bradbury, 1861

Acts 17:30-31; Rev. 7:9-14

Fanny Crosby, 1873; alt.

1 Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a
 2 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light! Vi - sions of
 3 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my

fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of
 rap - ture now burst on my sight; An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -
 Sav - ior am hap - py and blessed; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a -

God, born of the Spir - it, washed in Christ's blood.
 bove ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
 bove, filled with God's good - ness, lost in Christ's love.

Refrain

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long;

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.