

Descant

4 To you, God, day af-ter day, earth in

Unison

1 To you, O God, all crea-tures sing, and all cre-a-tion, ev-ery-
2 Your wind that blows the tem-pest by, your clouds that sail a-cross the
3 Your flow-ing wa-ters, crys-tal clear, make mel-o-dies for you to
4 To you, O God, day af-ter day, your plan-et earth in ev-ery

ev-ery way sings your prais-es, al-le-lu-ia! As fruit, fra-grant

(Harmony) *(Unison)*

thing sings your prais-es, al-le-lu-ia! Your burn-ing sun with gold-en
sky sing your prais-es, al-le-lu-ia! Your morn-ing ris-es with a
hear, sing your prais-es, al-le-lu-ia! Your fire, . . . boun-ti-ful and
way, sings your prais-es, al-le-lu-ia, As sa-vory fruit and fra-grant

flower show forth glo-ry and power, sing-ing prais-es, al-le-

(Harmony)

beam, your sil-ver moon with soft-er gleam sing your prais-es,
song, and lights of eve-ning sing a-long, sing your prais-es,
bright, re-mem-bering your warmth and light, sings your prais-es, al-le-
flower show forth your glo-ry and your power, sing-ing prais-es,

lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia!

(Unison)

lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.

What a Friend We Have in Jesus

506

*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

1 Great is your faith - ful - ness, O God, Cre - a - tor,*
 2 Sum - mer and win - ter, and spring - time and har - vest,
 3 Par - don for sin and a peace so en - dur - ing,

with you no shad - ow of turn - ing we see.
 sun, moon, and stars in their cours - es a - bove,
 your own dear pres - ence to cheer and to guide.

You do not change, your com - pas - sions they fail not;
 Join with all na - ture in man - i - fold wit - ness
 Strength for to - day and bright hope for to - mor - row,

all of your good - ness for - ev - er will be.
 to your great faith - ful - ness, mer - cy, and love.
 bless - ings all mine with ten thou - sand be - side.

Refrain

Great is your faith - ful - ness! Great is your faith - ful - ness! Morn - ing by

morn - ing new mer - cies I see; All I have need - ed your

hand has pro - vid - ed, Great is your faith - ful - ness, God, un - to me!