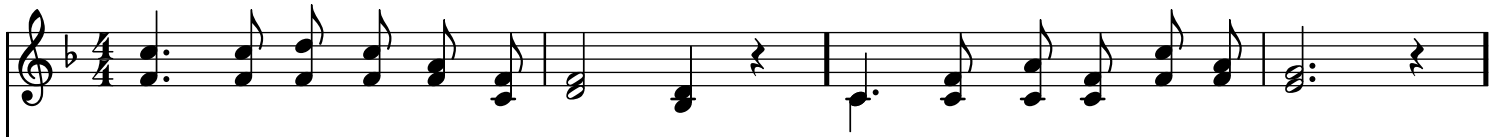


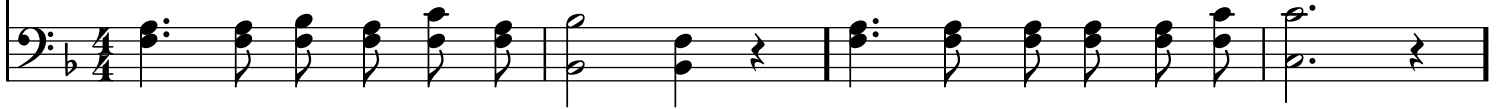
(Scriven. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.)

J. Scriven

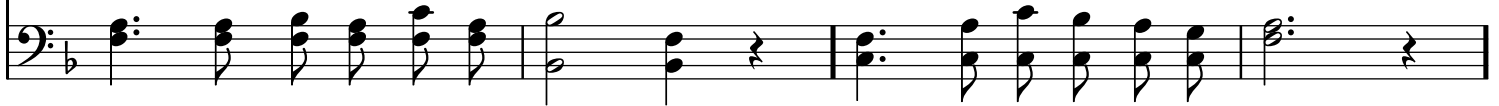
C. C. Converse



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 troub - le an - y - where?  
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in prayer!  
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged: Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge; Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sorrows share?  
 Do thy friends despise, 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.

