

VV. 1, 3

1 Lead us, heaven - ly Fa - ther, lead us o'er the world's tem -  
 2 Sa - vior, breathe for - give - ness o'er us; all our weak - ness  
 3 Spi - rit of our God, de - scend - ing, fill our hearts with

pes - tuous sea; guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
 thou dost know; thou didst tread this earth be - fore us;  
 heaven - ly joy; love with ev - ery pas - sion blend-ing

for we have no help but thee, yet pos - ses - sing  
 thou didst feel its keen - est woe; yet un - fear - ing,  
 plea - sure that can nev - er cloy; thus pro - vid - ed,

ev - ery bless - ing, if our God our Fa - ther be.  
 per - se - ver - ing, to thy pas - sion thou didst go.  
 par - doned, guid - ed, noth - ing can our peace des - troy.

Words: James Edmeston (1791-1867), alt.

Music: *Dulce carmen*, melody from *An Essay on the Church Plain Chant*, 1782;adapt. *Collection of Motets or Antiphons*, ca. 1840; harm. William Henry Monk (1823-1889)

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# What a Friend We Have in Jesus

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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, Cum - bered with a load of care?

1. What a priv - i - ledge 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 - ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in Prayer.

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 de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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.

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.

Words: Joseph Scriven (1819-1866)  
 Music: Charles C. Converse (1832-1918)