

v. 1

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?

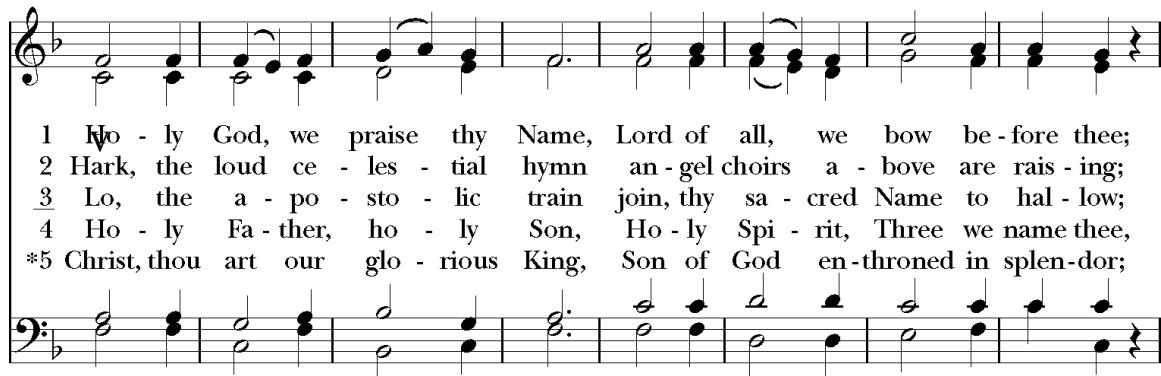
1. What a priv - i - ledge to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 2. We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 3. Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in Prayer.

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.

The Hymnal 1982 - #366 Holy God, we praise thy Name

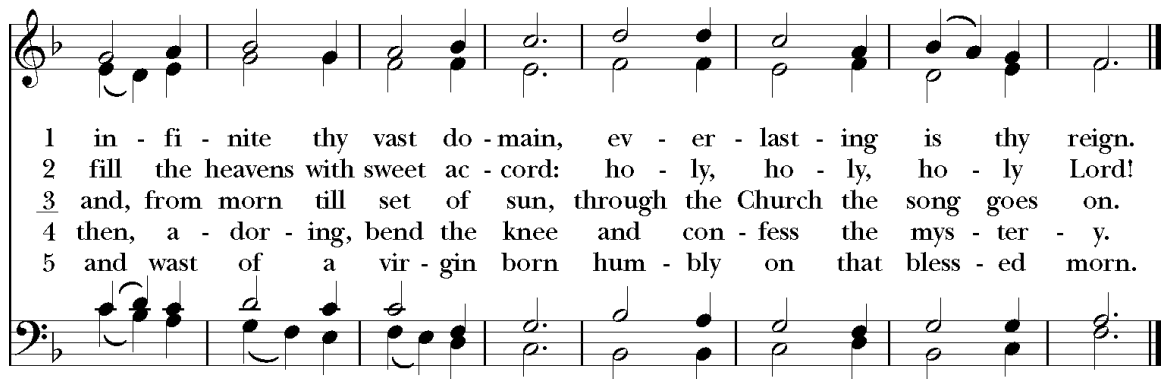
vv. 1, 4



1 Ho - ly God, we praise thy Name, Lord of all, we bow be - fore thee;
2 Hark, the loud ce - les - tial hymn an - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;
3 Lo, the a - po - sto - lic train join, thy sa - cred Name to hal - low;
4 Ho - ly Fa - ther, ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spi - rit, Three we name thee,
*5 Christ, thou art our glo - rious King, Son of God en - throned in splen - dor;



1 all on earth thy scep - ter claim, all in heaven a - bove a - dore thee;
2 cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, in un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,
3 pro - phets swell the loud re - frain, and the white - robed mar - tyrs fol - low;
4 while in es - sence on - ly One, un - di - vi - ded God we claim thee;
5 but de - liv - er - ance to bring thou all hon - ors didst sur - ren - der,



1 in - fi - nite thy vast do - main, ev - er - last - ing is thy reign.
2 fill the heavens with sweet ac - cord: ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
3 and, from morn till set of sun, through the Church the song goes on.
4 then, a - dor - ing, bend the knee and con - fess the mys - ter - y.
5 and wast of a vir - gin born hum - bly on that bless - ed morn.

6 Thou didst take the sting from death,
Son of God, as Savior given;
on the cross thy dying breath
opened wide the realm of heaven.
In the glory of that land
thou art set at God's right hand.

7 As our judge thou wilt appear.
Savior, who hast died to win us,
help thy servants, drawing near.
Lord, renew our hearts within us.
Grant that with thy saints we may
dwell in everlasting day.