

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
 all our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 everything to God in prayer!
 O what peace we often forfeit,
 O what needless pain we bear –
 all because we do not carry
 everything to God in prayer!

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged:
 take it to the Lord in prayer!
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness –
 take it to the Lord in prayer!

- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
 cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour still our refuge,
 take it to the Lord in prayer!
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer!
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 thou wilt find a solace there.

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
uttered or unexpressed,
the motion of a hidden fire
that trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
the falling of a tear,
the upward glancing of an eye,
when none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
that infant lips can try;
prayer the sublimest strains that reach
the majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
returning from his ways;
while angels in their songs rejoice,
and cry, 'Behold, he prays!'
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
the Christian's native air,
his watch-word at the gates of death;
he enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 No prayer is made on earth alone;
the Holy Spirit pleads;
and Jesus on the eternal throne,
for sinners intercedes.
- 7 O Thou by whom we come to God,
the life, the truth, the way,
the path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

- 1 For the joys and for the sorrows,
The best and worst of times,
For this moment, for tomorrow,
For all that lies behind;
Fears that crowd around me,
For the failure of my plans,
For the dreams of all I hope to be,
The truth of what I am:

*For this I have Jesus,
For this I have Jesus,
For this I have Jesus,
I have Jesus.*

- 2 For the tears that flow in secret,
In the broken times,
For the moments of elation,
Or the troubled mind;
For all the disappointments,
Or the sting of old regrets,
All my prayers and longings
That seem unanswered yet:

For this I...

- 3 For the weakness of my body,
The burdens of each day,
For the nights of doubt and worry,
When sleep has fled away;
Needing reassurance,
And the will to start again,
A steely-eyed endurance,
The strength to fight and win:

For this I...

In Christ alone my hope is found,
He is my light, my strength, my song;
This Cornerstone, this solid Ground,
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm,
What heights of love, what depths of peace,
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease!
My Comforter, my All in All,
Here in love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone! – who took on flesh,
Fullness of God in helpless babe!
This gift of love and righteousness,
Scorned by the ones He came to save;
Till on that cross as Jesus died,
The wrath of God was satisfied –
For every sin on Him was laid;
Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,
Light of the world by darkness slain;
Then bursting forth in glorious Day
Up from the grave He rose again!
And as He stands in victory
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me,
For I am His and He is mine –
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,
This is the power of Christ in me;
From life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man,
Can ever pluck me from His hand;
Till He returns or calls me home,
Here in the power of Christ I'll stand!