What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
Are we weak and heavy laden, burdened with a load of care?

What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer!
We should never be discouraged; take it to the Lord in prayer.
Precious Savior, still our refuge; take it to the Lord in prayer.

O what peace we often forfeit, — O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faithful who will all our sorrows share?
Do our friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer.

All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer.
Jesus knows our every weakness; take it to the Lord in prayer.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee; thou wilt find a solace there.

Words: Joseph F. Scriven, 1855
Music: Charles C. Converse, 1868