1 What a fellowship, what a joy divine,

leaning on the everlasting arms;

what a blessedness, what a peace is mine,

leaning on the everlasting arms.

Refrain:

Leaning, leaning,

safe and secure from all alarms;

leaning, leaning,

leaning on the everlasting arms.

2 O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,

leaning on the everlasting arms;

O how bright the path grows from day to day,

leaning on the everlasting arms. [Refrain]

3 What have I to dread, what have I to fear,

leaning on the everlasting arms?

I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,

leaning on the everlasting arms. [Refrain]

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What a friend we have in Jesus,

All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a privilege to carry

Everything to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,

Oh, what needless pain we bear,

All because we do not carry

Everything to God in prayer!

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.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,

Cumbered with a load of care?

Precious Savior, 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.

Blessed Savior, Thou hast promised

Thou wilt all our burdens bear;

May we ever, Lord, be bringing

All to Thee in earnest prayer.

Soon in glory bright, unclouded,

There will be no need for prayer—

Rapture, praise, and endless worship

Will be our sweet portion there.

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Pass me not, O gentle Savior,

 Hear my humble cry;

While on others Thou art calling,

 Do not pass me by.

 Savior, Savior,

 Hear my humble cry;

While on others Thou art calling,

 Do not pass me by.

2

Let me at Thy throne of mercy

 Find a sweet relief;

Kneeling there in deep contrition,

 Help my unbelief.

3

Trusting only in Thy merit,

 Would I seek Thy face;

Heal my wounded, broken spirit,

 Save me by Thy grace.

4

Thou the spring of all my comfort,

 More than life to me;

Whom have I on earth beside Thee?

 Whom in heaven but Thee?