THE PRIVILEGE I GREATLY PRIZE



2. How sweet to be allowed to call the God whom heav'n adores, my friend; to tell my thoughts, to tell them all, and then to know my prayers ascend!

3. Yes, they ascend; the feeblest cry has wings that bear it to his throne; the prayer of faith ascends the sky, and brings a gracious answer down.

4. Then let me banish anxious care, confiding in a Father's love; to him make known my wants in prayer, prepared his answer to approve.

5. My Father's wisdom cannot err, his love no change nor failure knows; be mine his counsel to prefer, and acquiesce in all he does.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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