
Prayers

by Irma Patch

We ask so much of Thee, dear Lord
But how much do we give?
Ask Thee to guard us through the day
And then how do we live?

"Give us strength to bear our burdens
As we travel along life's road."
But do we stop to help our brother
Lift his load?

"We are weak, our facts are many,
Forgive our follies, Lord," we cry.
But with scornful faces we draw our skirts
As a sinner passes by.

Our needs and wants in this world are many
Give us bread for we are poor.
And we arise from our knees and praying
To turn the beggar from our door.

"Thine be the kingdom and glory," we say,
Then boast of what "we" did that day.
"Thy kingdom come," our voices are clear
But what do we do to bring it near?

"We ask so much of Thee, dear Lord,
Help us much to give
And help us not only to say our prayers
But also our prayers to live."