

# WHAT VARIOUS HINDRANCES WE MEET

TUNE: BRESLAU, LM: LEIPZIG, 1625

TEXT: WILLIAM COWPER, *OLNEY HYMNS*: LONDON: W. OLIVER, 1779.

1. What var - ious hin - dran - ces we meet  
2. Prayer makes the dark - ened cloud with - draw,  
3. Re - strain - ing prayer, we cease to fight;  
4. While Mo - ses stood with arms spread wide,  
5. Have you no words? Ah, think a - gain,  
6. Were half the breath thus vain - ly spent,

In com - ing to a mer - cy seat;  
Prayer climbs the lad - der Ja - cob saw;  
Prayer makes the Christ - ian's arm - or bright;  
Suc - cess was found on Is - rael's side;  
Words flow a - pace when you com - plain;  
To Heav'n in sup - pli - ca - tion sent;

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love,  
And Sa - tan trem - bles, when he sees  
But when through wea - ri - ness they failed,  
And fill your fell - ow crea - ture's ear  
Your cheer - ful song would oft' - ner be,

But wish - es to be oft - en there.  
Brings every bless - ing from a - bove.  
The weak - est saint up - on his knees.  
That mo - ment A - ma - lek pre - vailed.  
With the sad tale of all your care.  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."