

Text by Merrijane Rice

See Alma 34:18-27

My Father, I Will Cry to Thee

When I go out into the world
To work among my flocks and fields,
For increase and a fruitful yield,
My Father, I will cry to thee.

When I return at each day's end
To rest with family and friends,
My head I'll bow, my knees I'll bend—
My Father, I will cry to thee.

When adversaries stand and fight
To sever me from thy true light,
Though battles rage throughout the night,
My Father, I will cry to thee.

My whole life long, my soul I'll bare
With heart drawn out in humble prayer
To ask thee for thy loving care:
My Father, I will cry to thee.