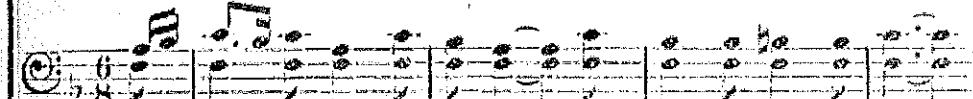


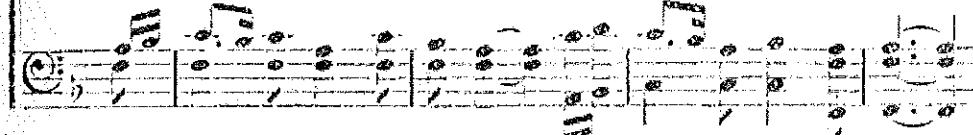
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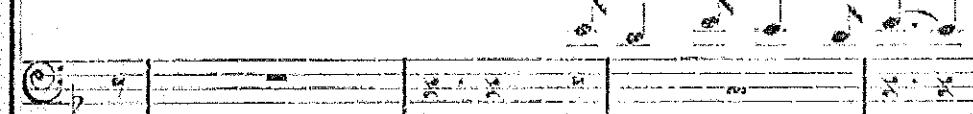
1. O, Je - sus friend un-fail-ing, How dear Thou art to me;
 2. What fills my soul with glad-a-ess, 'Tis thine a-bounding grace;
 3. For ev - 'ry trib - u - la-tion, For ev - 'ry sore dis-tress;



Are cares or fears as-sail-ing, I find my strength in Thee,
 Where can I look in sad-ness, But Je-sus, on Thy face.
 In Christ I've full sal-va-tion, Sure help and qui-et rest.



Why should my feet grow wea-ry, Of this my pil-grim way;
 My all is Thy pro-vid-ing, Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
 No fear of foes pre-vail-ing, I tri-umph, Lord, in Thee;



Rough tho' the path and dreary, It ends in per-fect day.
 In Thee my ref-uge, hid-ing, No good wilt Thou with-hold.
 O Je-sus, friend un-fail-ing, How dear Thou art to me.



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