

D. A. Clippinger.

1. O, Je - sus friend un - fail - ing, How dear Thou art to me;
 2. What fills my soul with glad - ness, '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 drear - y, 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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