No. 208.  
Friend Unfailing.

D. A. Clippinger.

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

2. 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.  

3. Why should my feet grow wea-ry, Of this my pil-grim way;  
   My all is Thy prov-id-ing, Thy love can never grow cold;  
   No fear of foes pre-vail-ing, I tri-umph, Lord, in Thee;  

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