

- O** JESUS, Friend unfailing,  
 How dear Thou art to me!  
 Are cares or fears assailing?  
 I find my strength in Thee.  
 Why should my feet grow weary  
 Of this my pilgrim way?  
 Rough though the path, and dreary,  
 It ends in perfect day.
- 2 What fills my soul with gladness?  
 'Tis Thine abounding grace;  
 Where can I look in sadness,  
 But, Jesus, on Thy face?  
 My all is Thy providing;  
 Thy love can ne'er grow cold;  
 In Thee, my refuge, hiding,  
 No good wilt Thou withhold.
- 3 Why should I droop in sorrow?  
 Thou art ever by my side:  
 Why trembling dread the morrow?  
 What ill can e'er betide?  
 If I my cross have taken,  
 'Tis but to follow Thee;  
 If scorned, despised, forsaken,  
 Nought severs Thee from me.
- 4 For every tribulation,  
 For every sore distress,  
 In Christ I've full salvation,  
 Sure help and quiet rest.  
 No fear of foes prevailing,  
 I triumph, Lord, in Thee;  
 O Jesus, Friend unfailing,  
 How dear art Thou to me!