The Lily of the Valley

1. I have found a friend in Jesus, He's ev'rything to me,
   The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see
   All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.

2. He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
   I have all for Him forsaken, and all my idols torn
   From my heart and now He keeps me by His pow'r.

3. He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
   A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear,
   With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.

   He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Text: Charles W. Fry, 1838-1882
Tune: William S. Hays, 1837-1907;
adapt. Charles W. Fry, 1838-1882
Irregular
SALVATIONIST
www.hymnary.org/text/i_have_found_a_friend_in_jesus_hes_every
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay;
Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempt me sore,
Then sweeping up to glory to see His blessed face,

He tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll: He's the
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal: He's the
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll: He's the

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