1. A friend I have called Je-sus, Whose love is strong and true, And nev-er fails how-e’er ’tis tried,  
2. Some-times when clouds of trou-ble be-dim the sky a-bove, I can-not see my Sav-ior’s face,  
3. When sor-row’s clouds o’er-take me, and break up-on my head, When life seems worse than use-less,  
4. Oh, I could sing for-ev-er of Je-sus' love di-vine, Of all His care and ten-der-ness  

no mat-ter what I do; I sinned a-gainst this love of His, but when I knelt to pray,  
and doubt His won-drous love; But He, from heav-en’s mer-cy-seat, be-hold-ing my de-spair,  
and I were bet-ter dead; I take my grief to Je-sus then, nor do I go in vain,  
for this poor life of mine; His love is in and o-ver all, and wind and waves o-bey,  

Refrain  

Con-fess-ing all my guilt to Him, the sin-clouds rolled a-way.  
In pit-y bursts the clouds be-tween, and shows me He is there.  
For heav’n-ly hope He gives that cheers like sun-shine af-ter rain. It’s just like Je-sus to roll the clouds a-way,  
When Je-sus whis-pers, ’Peace, be still!’ and rolls the clouds a-way.  

It’s just like Je-sus to keep me day by day, It’s just like Je-sus all a-long the way, It’s just like His great love.