THE UNFAILING FRIEND



Nought, nought I count as pleasure, compared, O Christ, with thee; thy sorrow without measure earned peace and joy for me.
 I love to own, Lord Jesus, thy claims o'er me and mine; bought with thy blood most precious, whose can I be but thine?

3. What fills my heart 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.

4. Why should I droop in sorrow?
Thou'rt 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.

5. O worldly pomp and glory,
your charms are spread in vain!
I've heard a sweeter story,
I've found a truer gain.
Where Christ a place prepareth,
there is my loved abode;
there shall I gaze on Jesus,
there shall I dwell with God.

6. 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!

Words: Samuel Christian Gottfried Küster. Translation: Hannah K. Burlingham. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Copyright © 2014 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/1071/