

Jesus, what a friend for sinners

Jesus! What a friend for sinners! Jesus! Lover of my soul;
Friends may fail me, foes assail me, He, my Saviour, makes me whole.

[refrain] Hallelujah! **what a Saviour! Hallelujah, what a friend!**
Saving, helping, keeping, loving, He is with me to the end.

Jesus! what a strength in weakness! Let me hid myself in Him:
Tempted, tired, and sometimes failing, He, my strength, my vict'ry wins.

Jesus! what a help in sorrow! *While the billows o'er me roll,*
Even when my heart is breaking, He, my comfort, helps my soul.

Jesus! what a guide and keeper! *While the tempest still is high,*
Storms about me, night o'ertakes me, He, my pilot, hears my cry.

Jesus! I do now receive You, more than all I You I find.
You have granted me forgiveness, I am Yours, and You are mine.

Jesus! I do now receive You, more than all in You I find,
You have granted me forgiveness, I am Yours, and You are mine.

Hallelujah! what a Saviour! Hallelujah, what a friend!
Saving, helping, keeping, loving, You are with me to the end.

How firm a foundation

**How firm a foundation, you saints of the Lord,
is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say then to you He has said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?**

**“Fear not, I am with you, O be not dismayed; I,
I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I’ll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.**

*“When through the deep waters I call you to go,
the rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with you your troubles to bless,
and sanctify to you your deepest distress.*

*When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be your supply;
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.*

*“E’en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.*

The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
**I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I’ll never, no, never, no, never forsake.**