

It's Just Like His Great Love

Edna Worrell, 1903.

Clarence Strouse.

A friend I have called Jesus, whose love is strong and true,  
And never fails howe'er 'tis tried, no matter what I do;  
I've sinned against this love of His, but when I knelt to pray,  
Confessing all my guilt to Him, the sin clouds rolled away.

Refrain

It's just like Jesus to roll the clouds away,  
It's just like Jesus to keep me day by day,  
It's just like Jesus all along the way,  
It's just like His great love.

Sometimes the clouds of trouble bedim the sky above,  
I cannot see my Savior's face, I doubt His wondrous love;  
But He, from Heaven's mercy seat, beholding my despair,  
In pity bursts the clouds between, and shows me He is there.

Refrain

When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, and break upon my head,  
When life seems worse than useless, and I were better dead;  
I take my grief to Jesus then, nor do I go in vain,  
For heavenly hope He gives that cheers like sunshine after rain.

Refrain

O, I could sing forever of Jesus' love divine,  
Of all His care and tenderness for this poor life of mine;  
His love is in and over all, and wind and waves obey,  
When Jesus whispers "Peace, be still!" and rolls the clouds away.

Refrain