

It's Just Like His Great Love

Edna Randolph Worrell, 1903

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♩=112



1. A friend I have called Je - sus, whose love is strong and true, And
2. Some - times the clouds of trou - ble be - dim the sky a - bove, I
3. When sor - row's clouds o'er - take me, and break up - on my head, When
4. O, I could sing for - ev - er of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of



ne - ver fails how - e'er 'tis tried, no mat - ter what I do; I've sinned a - gainst this
can - not see my Sav - ior's face, I doubt His wond - rous love; But He, from Heav - en's
life seems worse than use - le - ss, and I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
all His care and ten - der - ness for this poor life of mine; His love is in and



love of His, but when I knelt to pray, Con - fess - ing all my guilt to Him, the
mer - cy seat, be - hold - ing my des - pair, In pi - ty bursts the clouds be - tween, and
Je - sus then, nor do I go in vain, For heav - en - y hope He gives that cheers like
o - ver all, and wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers "Peace, be still!" and



Refrain



sin clouds rolled a - way.
shows me He is there. It's just like Je - sus to roll the clouds a - way, It's just like Je - sus to
sun - shine af - ter rain.
rolls the clouds a - way.



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

