It’s Just Like His Great Love

1. A Friend I have, called Je - sus, Whose love is strong and true,
And nev - er fails how - e’er ‘tis tried. No mat - ter what I do;
I’ve sinned a - gainst this love of His, But when I knelt to pray,
Confess - ing all my guilt to Him The sin clouds rolled a - way.

2. Some - times the clouds of trou - ble Be - dim the sky a - bove,
I can - not see my Sav - ior’s face, I doubt His won - drous love;
But He, from Heav - en’s mer - cy - seat, Be - hold - ing my de - spar - ior,
In pit - y bursts the clouds be - tween, And shows me He is there.

3. When sor - row’s clouds o’er - take me, And break up - on my head,
When life seems worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead;
I take my grief to Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain,
For heav’n - ly hope He gives that cheers Like sun - shine af - ter rain.

4. O, I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus’ love di - vine,
Of all His care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine;
His love is in and o - ver all And wind and waves o - bey
When Je - sus whis - pers “Peace, be still!” And rolls the clouds a - way.

Words: Edna H. Worrell
Music: Clarence B. Strouse
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Chorus

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.