

Jesus Is My Best of Friends

From the Swedish.

Julian Smyth.

Jesus is my best of friends,
None like Him 'mongst mortals born;
And shall I whom He defends,
Join the world, His goodness scorn?
Naught shall raise a parting line
To hold me from His tenderest love;
One shall be His will and mine
Lifelong here, for aye above.

Once He suffered death for me;
In that death He conquered sin,
Him redeeming still I see;
Wondrous strength from Him I win.
Who could sullen, sit complaining,
Knowing Christ has sealed his bliss?
Who, the ransom gift disdaining,
E'er could fly such love as His?

In that well proved love I bide;
Naught from Him this heart shall sever.
Angel glory, mortal pride,
Wealth or want shall part us never.
Depth below nor heights above,
E'er shall hold my soul enticed,
Luring from a Father's love
Mine henceforth in Jesus Christ.