

My Special Friend

Joni Green

I can call on Je - sus. He's that Spe - cial Friend who al - ways cares.
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When my soul is trou - bled, I just breathe a prayer. When Je - sus takes my
When my soul is trou - bled, I just breathe a prayer. When Je - sus takes my

9

hand, I have noth - ing left to fear. Like the clear, cool wa - ter from
hand, I have noth - ing left to fear. When my heart grows wear - y with

13

a parched and bar - ren land, I sim - ply call on Je - sus, and my Friend will un - der -
the cares a - long Life's way, I sim - ply call on Je - sus, and the sky's no long - er

My Special Friend

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stand. As I lean on His a-maz-ing grace, I feel His pre-sence near. When Je-sus takes my
gray. As I trust in His un-end-ing love and feel His pre-sence near, with Je-sus in my

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hand, I have noth-ing left to fear. When my days are o-ver,
heart, dark-est sha-dows dis-ap-pear.

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and my soul be-gins its climb, I'll sim-ply meet with Je-sus, my dear Friend

30

so true and kind. I will look up-on His lov-ing face, thank Him for His sav-ing grace.

34

I'll take His nail-scarred hand and cross in-to Glo-ry-land. I

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can call on Je - sus. He's that Spe-cial Friend who al-ways cares. When my soul is trou-

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bled, I just breathe a prayer. When Je-sus takes my hand I have noth-ing

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left to fear.