

O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight

Comfort in Trials — By the Lord's Presence

687

(Guitar)

1. O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes de -
light, On whom in af - flic - - tion I
call, My com - fort by day and my song in the
night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!

2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love;
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?
3. Oh, why should I wander, an alien from Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
4. Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with His flocks He is gone.
5. Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow Thy call;
I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for Thou art my all,
And in Thee I'll ever rejoice.