

Whispers from above

Experience of Christ — General

(Guitar: Capo 1)

1. There are times and times a-gain, When my love seems far a-way;
 The ho-urs would stretch, the days turn gray;
 All the while, I know not how, In my dark - est hour, He prays
 In the saints, oh, for my sake.

Chorus
 (C) By a touch of His dear love, By the sound of His sweet voice, Whispers from a - bove,
 Spoken through men of clay. And this world just fades a way. (Let this world just fade away.)

2. Blinded soul, I cannot see
 What this world has done to me;
 My heart grows cold and life would bleed;
 Then He comes, knocks on my door,
 Through the saints—and there they stand
 With the Lord, oh, for my need!