

# Whispers from above

## Experience of Christ — General

*(Guitar: Capo 1)*

G	Em	C	D
1. There	are times and times	a-gain,	When my love seems far a-way;
G	Em	C	D
	The hours would stretch, the days	turn gray;	
G	Em	C	D
	All the while, I know	not how,	In my dark - est hour, He prays
G	Em	D	
	In the saints, oh, for	my sake.	
C	D	G	Em
(C) By a touch of His	dear love,	By the sound of His	sweet voice, Whispers from a - bove,
C	D	Em	C
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!