

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	ho - urs	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	D	G	Em	
(C)	By a touch of His	dear love,		By the sound of His	sweet voice,	Whis-pers from a-bove,		
C	D	Em	C	D ⁷	G	C	D ⁷	G
Spoken	through men of clay.		And this world	just fades a way.		(Let this world just fade	a way.)	

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!