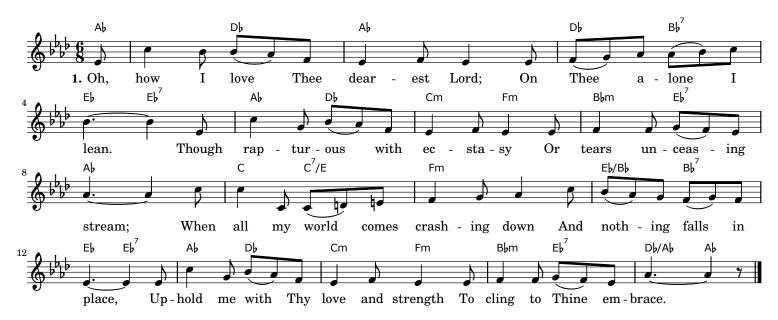
Oh, how I love Thee dearest Lord

Comfort in Trials—By the Lord's Presence



- 2. Thy person, Lord, alone can bring My jaded heart to cheer; Thy smile gladdens my heart strings Whene'er Thou dost appear. Thus gloom becomes triumphant song And darkness turns to light, My valley's shades to inundate With beams of sweet delight.
- 3. Thy presence meaneth everything; Thou art my secret, Lord.
 I welcome Thee into my boat; True rest Thou dost afford.
 Though bitterness surround my soul, Thy sweetness I can taste,
 For in life's storms in Thee I find The eye wherein I'm graced.

- 4. Thy visitation, gracious, sweet In trials comforts me. In tribulation's form to bring Thine all-sufficiency; While journeying along life's stream, Should I, by boulders, be fazed? For thornless grace I would not seek, But water's level raised.
- 5. When in the index of Thine eyes, My heart's joy is maintained; With Thee alone I'm occupied, And by Thy love constrained. There's naught on earth that can frustrate The man enjoying Thee; Now all else from my vision fades; Thou Lord, alone, I see.