

# Oh, how I love Thee dearest Lord

Comfort in Trials—By the Lord's Presence

(Guitar: Capo 1)

**G**                      **C**                      **G**                      **C**                      **A<sup>7</sup>**  
1. Oh,    how    I    love                      Thee    dear - est    Lord;    On    Thee                      a - lone                      I  
**D**    **D<sup>7</sup>**                      **G**                      **C**                      **Bm**                      **Em**                      **Am**                      **D<sup>7</sup>**  
lean.                      Though    rap - tur - ous                      with    ec - sta - sy                      Or    tears                      un - ceas -                      ing  
**G**                      **B**                      **B<sup>7</sup>**                      **Em**                      **D**                      **A<sup>7</sup>**  
stream;                      When    all    my    world                      comes    crash - ing    down    And    noth -                      ing    falls                      in  
**D**    **D<sup>7</sup>**                      **G**                      **C**                      **Bm**                      **Em**                      **Am**                      **D<sup>7</sup>**                      **C**                      **G**  
place,                      Up - hold    me    with                      Thy    love    and    strength    To    cling    to    Thine                      em - brace.

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.