

O Thou In Whose Presence

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O Thou, in Whose presence my soul takes delight
On Whom in affliction I call
My comfort by day and my song in the night
My hope, my salvation, my all

Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort with thy sheep?
"To feed them in pastures of love"
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep
Or alone in this wilderness roam?

O why should I wander an alien from Thee
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see
And smile at the tears I have shed

He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice
And myriads wait for His word
He speaks and eternity, filled with His voice,
Reechoes the praise of the Lord

Dear Shepherd, I hear and will follow Thy call
I know the sweet sound of Thy voice
Restore and defend me, for Thou art my all
And in Thee I will ever rejoice