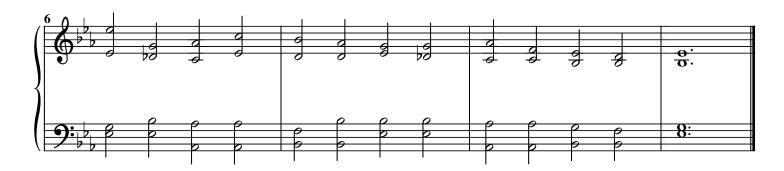
I would commune with Thee, my God





I would commune with Thee, my God; E'en to Thy seat I come; I leave my joys, I leave my sins, And seek in Thee my home.

I stand upon the mount of God, With sunlight in my soul; I see the storms in vales beneath, I hear the thunder's roll.

But I am calm with Thee, my God, Beneath these glorious skies; And to the height on which I stand Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

Oh, this is life! oh, this is joy, My God, to find Thee so; Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear, And all Thy love to know.

George B. Bubier