O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight





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 at noontide resort with Thy sheep, Dear Shepherd, I hear and will follow Thy call; To feed on the pastures of love? Say, why in the valley of death should I weep, Or alone in the wilderness rove?

O, why should I wander an alien from Thee, And 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, Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

I know the sweet sound of Thy voice. Restore and defend me, for Thou art my All, And in Thee I will ever rejoice.

Joseph Swain

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