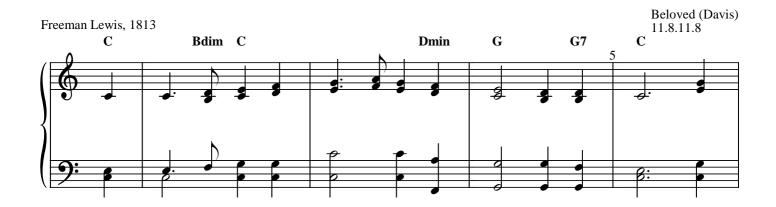
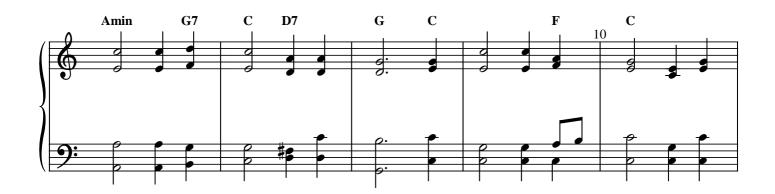
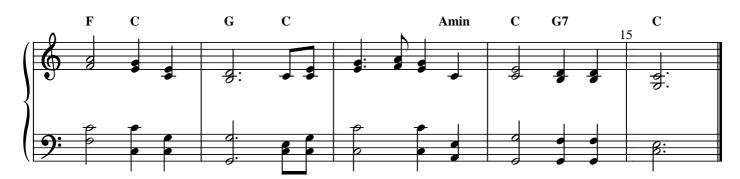
O Thou in whose presence my soul delights







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.

His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet, Is heard through the shadows of death; The cedars of Lebanon bow at His feet, The air is perfumed with His breath.

His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow, That waters the garden of grace, From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of His face.

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.