

# I've Found It, Lord, in Thee

*It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell. Col. 1:19*

1. My soul in trou - ble roamed Up - on a wea - ry plain,  
2. Op - pressed with guilt and woe, With fears of hell o'er - cast,  
3. I bore with - in my breast A deep and pain - ful void,  
4. My fool - ish soul had thought To fill it - self with mold,  
5. All in this world is dross; Its pleas - ures soon de - cay;

And ev - er rest - less, longed A per - fect bliss to gain.  
My soul no com - fort knew Un - til I came to Christ.  
I want - ed in - ward rest, And peace that would a - bide.  
From earth - ly mines, yet bought No true and last - ing gold.  
Its hon - ors prove a snare; Its treas - ures fly a - way.

*Refrain*

I have found it, Lord, in Thee An ev - er - last - ing store

Of com - fort, joy, and bliss to me: How can I wish for more?