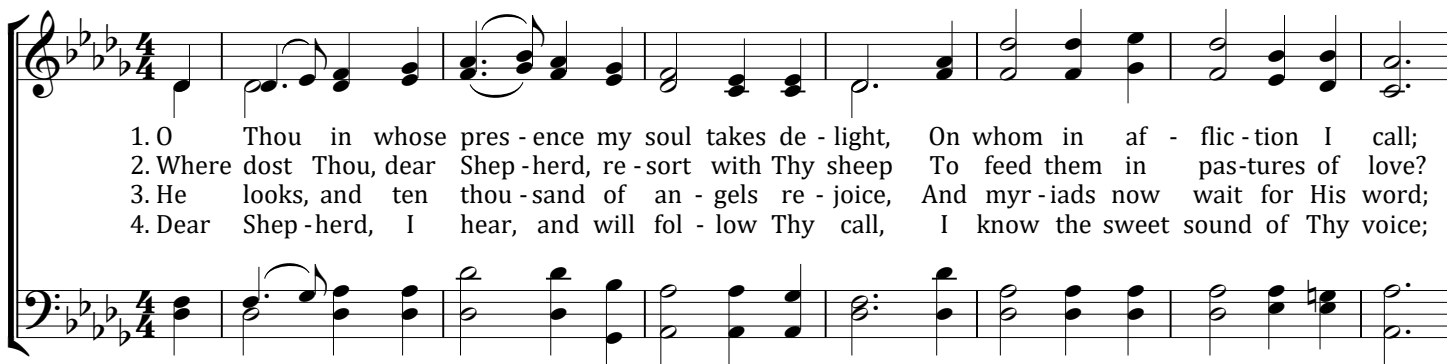
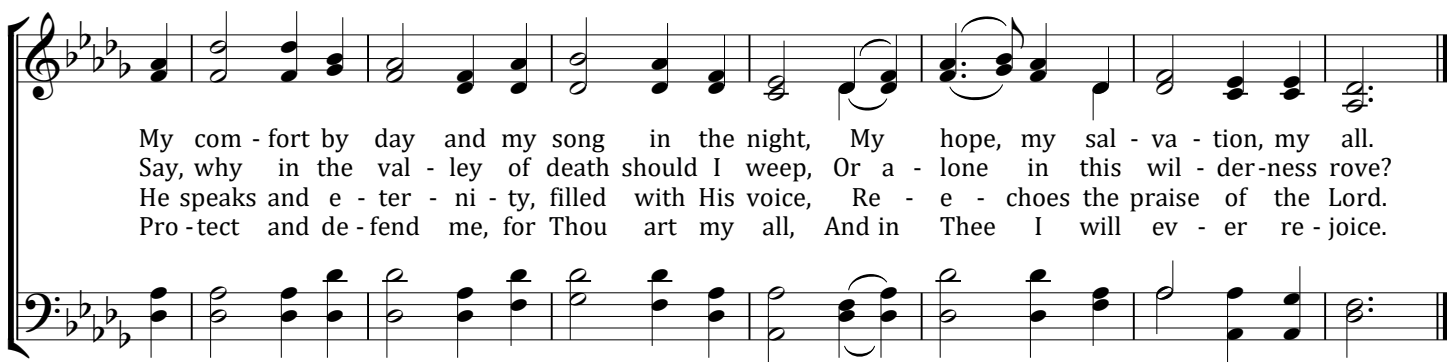


O Thou in Whose Presence

*Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. Psa. 16:11
As the apple tree among the trees... so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight. So. 2:3*



1. O Thou in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On whom in af - flic - tion I call;
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shep - herd, re - sort with Thy sheep To feed them in pas - tures of love?
3. He looks, and ten thou - sand of an - gels re - joice, And myr - iads now wait for His word;
4. Dear Shep - herd, I hear, and will fol - low Thy call, I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;



My com - fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.
Say, why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wil - der - ness rove?
He speaks and e - ter - ni - ty, filled with His voice, Re - e - choes the praise of the Lord.
Pro - tect and de - fend me, for Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ev - er re - joice.

WORDS: Joseph Swain, *pub.*1791; v. 4 Unknown. MUSIC: "Davis"; *attr.* to Freeman Lewis, *pub.*1813. Public Domain.