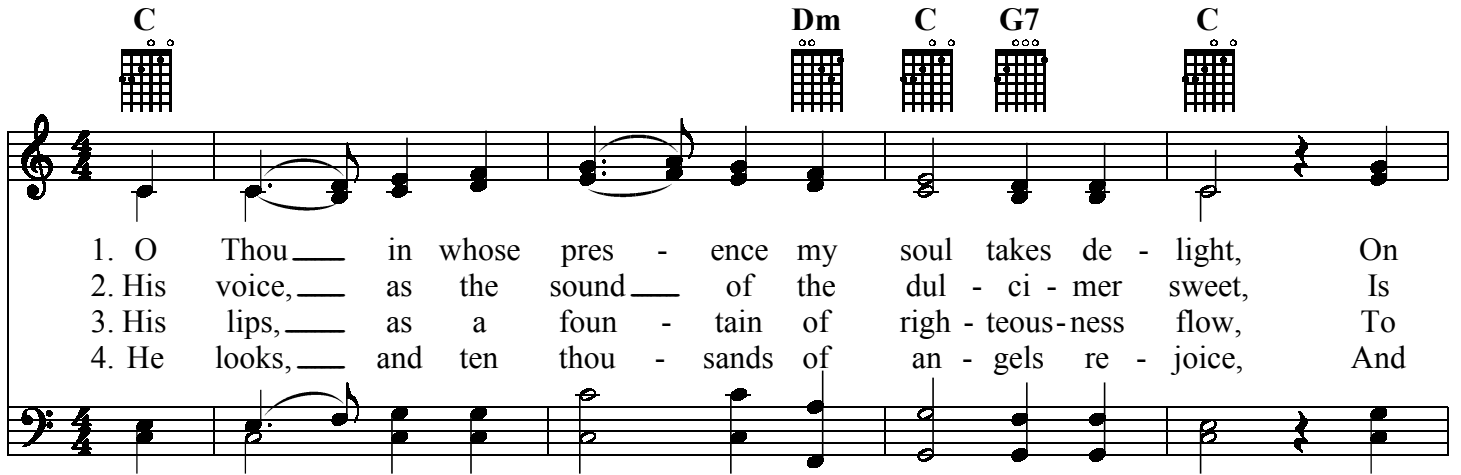


O Thou in Whose Presence

Joseph Swain

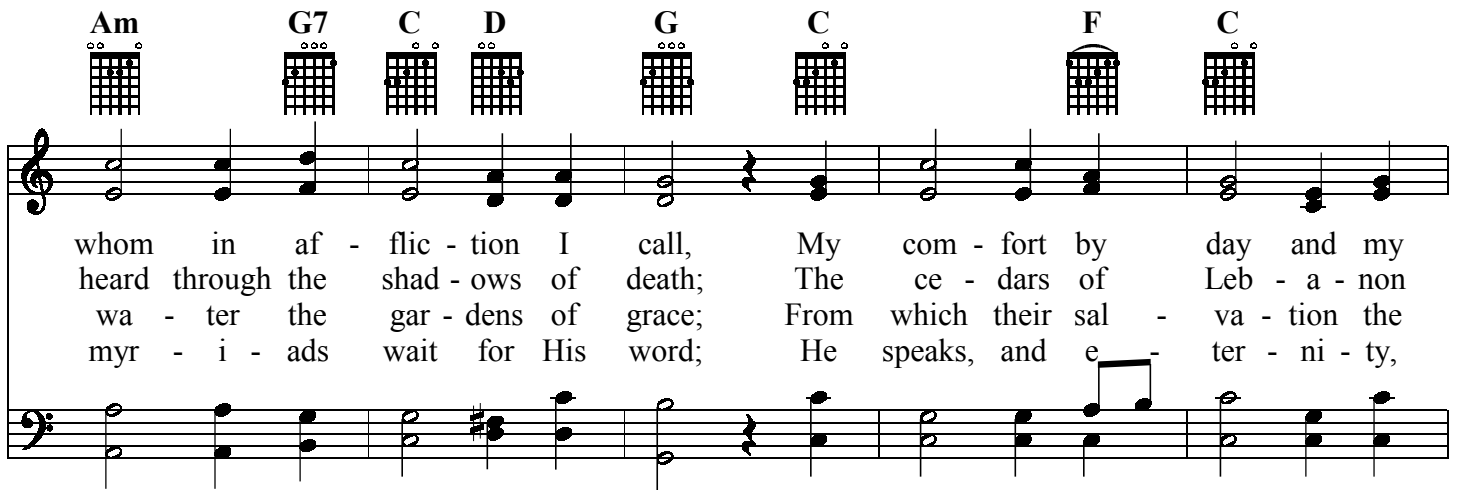
Freeman Lewis

C Dm C G7 C



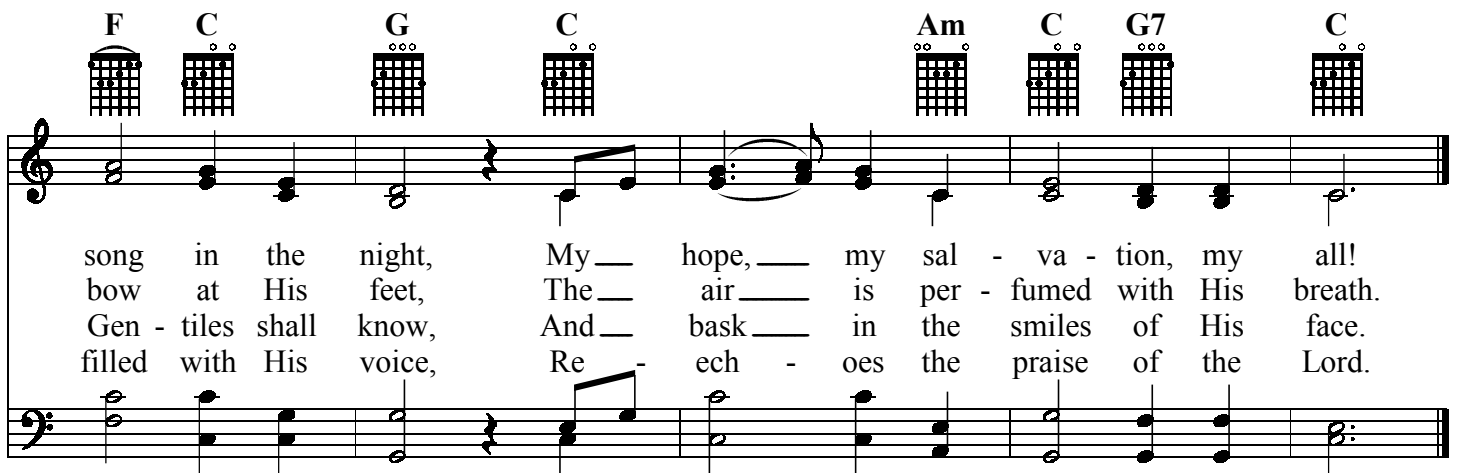
1. O Thou in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On
2. His voice, as the sound of the dul - ci - mer sweet, Is
3. His lips, as a foun - tain of righ - teous - ness flow, To
4. He looks, and ten thou - sands of an - gels re - jice, And

Am G7 C D G C F C



whom in af - flic - tion I call, My com - fort by day and my
heard through the shad - ows of death; The ce - dars of Leb - a - non
wa - ter the gar - dens of grace; From which their sal - va - tion the
myr - i - ads wait for His word; He speaks, and e - ter - ni - ty,

F C G C Am C G7 C



song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
bow at His feet, The air is per - fumed with His breath.
Gen - tiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of His face.
filled with His voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.