

Joseph Swain

Freeman Lewis



1. O, Thou in whose pres-ence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-flic-tion I call, My com-fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal va-tion, my all.



2. Where dost Thou in noon-tide re-sort with Thy sheep, To feed on the pas-tures of love? For why in the val-ley of death should I weep, A-lone in the wil-der-ness rove?



3. O why should I wan-der an a-lien from Thee? Or cry in the des-ert for bread? My foes would re-joice when my sor-rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

