

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 - joice, And

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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 grae; From which their sal - va - tion the  
 myr - i - ads wait for His word; He speaks, and e - ter - ni - ty,

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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.