## THE JOY OF GOD'S PRESENCE



- Thick darkness here is spread around, and must I struggle ever for light and peace, yet all be found a fruitless, sad endeavor?
   With sin the never-ceasing strife, the burdens of this mortal life, to dust my soul are sinking.
- 3. Too weak am I, by strength of mine, where dwell thy joys, to tower; too weak, where host's of darkness join, to quell their prince's power.

  Within, around, I trouble see, where look for help? O God to thee alone is my reliance.
- 4. With humble faith upon thy word, my all in all I take thee; be thou my Rock, my shield and sword! I never will forsake thee: though sin my soul has oft defiled, through Jesus, I am yet thy child, and thou, my gracious father.
- 5. The vict'ry thou wilt guide: 't is well! the strife I'll dread no longer: of fears no more would dare to tell, the weak shall prove the stronger. Thou wilt to me thy presence grant, and, with thy smile, I nothing want for earth, or yet for heaven.

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