

# Fernando Ortega, O Thou, In Whose Presence

O Thou, in Whose presence my soul takes delight  
On Whom in affliction I call  
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,  
My hope, my salvation, my all.  
Where dost thou, dear Shepherd.  
Resort with thy sheep,  
To feed them in pastures of love?  
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,  
Or alone in this wilderness rove?  
Oh why should I wander, an alien from Thee,  
Or cry in the desert for bread?  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.  
He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for His word;  
He speaks and eternity, filled with His voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.  
Dear Shepherd, I hear and will follow Thy call,  
I know the sweet sound of Thy voice.  
Restore and defend me, for Thou art my all,  
And in Thee I will ever rejoice.