

1. When quiet in my house I sit, Thy book be my com-pan-ion still;
My joy thy say-ings to re-peat, Talk o'er the re-cords of thy will; } And search the o-ra-cles di-vine, Till eve-ry heart-felt word be mine.

2. O may the gracious word di-vine, Sub-ject of all my con-verse be!
So will the Lord his fol-l'wer join, And walk and talk him-self with me; } So shall my heart his pres-ence prove, And burn with ev-er-last-ing love.