

Joseph Swain

1. His voice as the sound of the dul - ci - mer sweet, Is heard thru the shad - ows of death;  
The ce - dars of Le - ba - non bow at His feet, The air is per - fumed with His breath. His lips as the foun - tain of righ - teous - ness

2. 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. Where dost Thou at noon - tide re - sort with Thy

flow, That wa - ters the gar - den of grace; From which their sal - va - tion the Gen - tiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of His face.

sheep, To feed on the pas - tures of love? Say why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or 'lone in the wil - der - ness rove.