

His Voice, as the Sound of the Dulcimer Sweet

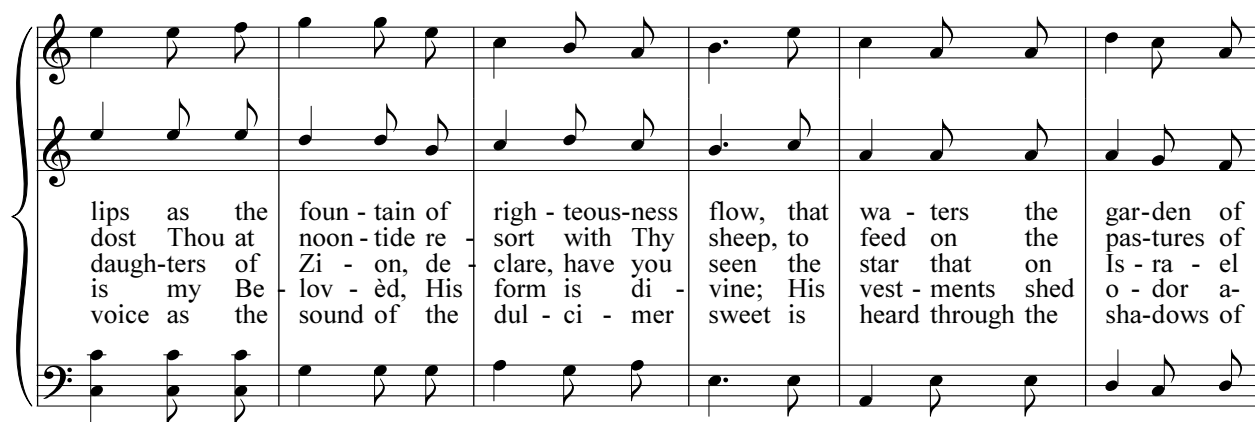
Southern Harmony, 1855

$\text{♩} = 107$

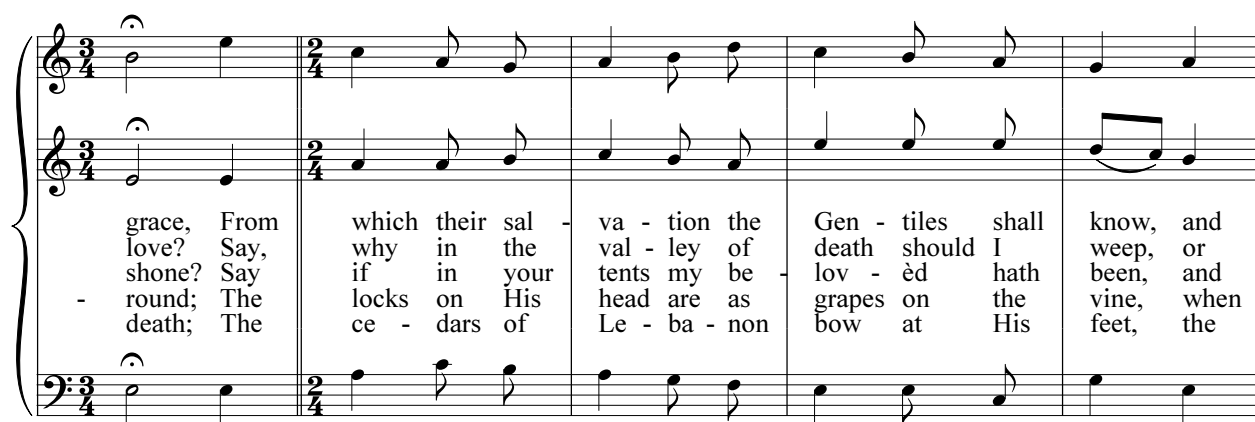
1. His voice, as the sound of the dul - ci - mer sweet, is
 2. O! Thou in whose pre - sence my soul takes de - light, on
 3. O! why should I wan - der an al - ien from Thee, and
 4. "What is thy be - lov - èd, thou dig - ni - fied fair? What
 5. The ro - ses of Sha - ron, the li - lies that grow in th'

heard through the sha - dows of death; The ce - dars of Le - ba - non
 Whom in af - flic - tion I call; My com - fort by day, and my
 cry in the de - sert for bread? Thy Thy foes will re - joice when my
 ex - cel - lent beau - ties hath He? His His charms and per - fec - tions be
 vales, on the banks of the streams On His cheeks in the beau - ty of

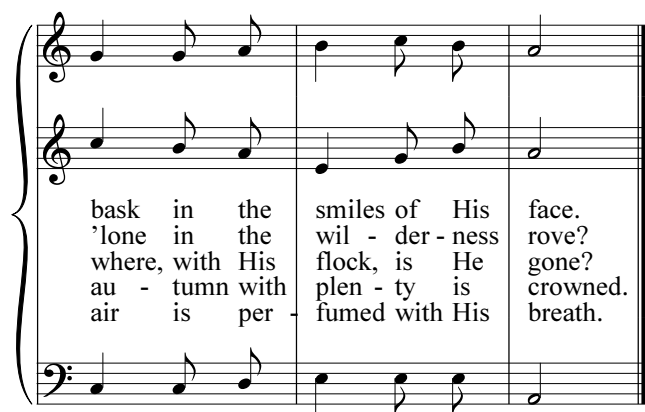
bow at His feet, the air is per - fumed with His breath. His
 song in the night, my hope, my sal - va - tion, my all— Where
 sor - rows they see, and smile at the tears I have shed. Ye
 pleased to de - clare, that we may em - brace Him with thee." This
 ex - cel - lence blow; His eyes are as qui - vers of beams. His



lips as the foun-tain of righ-teous-ness flow, that wa-ters the gar-den of
dost Thou at noon-tide re-sort with Thy sheep, to feed on the pas-tures of
daugh-ters of Zi-on, de-clare, have you seen the star that on Is-ra-el
is my Be-lov-ed, His form is di-dul-ci-mer sweet is heard through the vest-ments shed
voice as the sound of the the o-dor a-sha-dows of



grace, From which their sal-va-tion the Gen-tiles shall know, and
love? Say, why in the val-ley of death should I weep, or
shone? Say, if in your tents my be-lov-ed hath been, and
- round; The locks on His head are as grapes on the vine, when
death; The ce-dars of Le-ba-non bow at His feet, the



bask in the smiles of His face.
'lone in the wil-der-ness rove?
where, with His flock, is He gone?
au-tumn with plen-ty is crowned.
air is per-fumed with His breath.