

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 foes will re - joice when my
 ex - cel - lent beau - ties hath He? 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 - èd, His form is di - vine; His vest - ments shed o - dor a -
 voice as the sound of the dul - ci - mer sweet is heard through the 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 - èd 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.