

A Minor. Joseph Swain, 1791.

Arr. R. D. Humphreys, c.1822 (alto from *Christian Harmony*, 1866).

1. His voice as the sound of a dul-ci-mer sweet, Is heard thro' the shadows of death,  
The ce - dars of Leb - a - non bow at his feet, The air is perfum'd with his breath. His lips as a foun-tain of right-eous-ness flow,

2. 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 at noon-tide re - sort with thy sheep,

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.

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?