His Voice, as the Sound of the Dulcimer Sweet

Southern Harmony, 1855

1. His voice, as the sound of the dul-cimer sweet, is

2. O! Thou in whose presence my soul takes de-light, on

3. O! why should I wander an al-ien from Thee, and

4. “What is thy be-loved, 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

cry in af-flic-tion I call; My com-fort by day, and 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

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voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet is heard through the shadows of
dost Thou at noon-tide resort with Thy sheep, to feed on the pastures of
doughters of Zion, declare, have you seen the star that on Israel
is my Beloved, His form is divine; His vestments shed odor a-

grace, From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know, and
love? Say, why in the valley of death should I weep, or
round; The locks on His head are as grapes on the vine, when
dead; The cedars of Lebanon bow at His feet, the

bask in the smiles of His face.
'lone in the wilderness rove?
where, with His flock, is He gone?
autumn with plenty is crowned.
air is perfumed with His breath.