The Lily of the Valley

1. I have found a friend in Jesus, He's ev'rything to me,
2. He's all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
3. He will never, never leave me, nor yet for-sake me here,

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;
In temptation he's my strong and mighty tower;
While I live by faith and do His blessed will

The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see
I have all for Him forsaken, and all my idols torn
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear,

DS—Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star;

All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
From my heart and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay;
Though all the world for-sake me, and Satan tempt me sore,
Then sweeping up to glory to see His blessed face,

He tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll:
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal:
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll:

D.S. al Fine

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