

F Major. Joseph Swain, 1791.

1. O thou in whose pre - sence my soul takes de - light, On whom in af - flic - tion I call;
Where dost thou at noon - tide re - sort with thy sheep, To feed on the pa - stures of love?

2. Oh why should I wan - der an a - lien from thee, And cry in the de - sert for bread?
Ye daugh - ters of Zi - on de - clare, have ye seen, The star that on Is - ra - el shone?

3. This is my be - lo - ved, his form is di - vine, His vest - ments shed o - dors a - round;
The ro - ses of Sha - ron, the li - lies that grow In the vales on the banks of the streams,

My com - fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.
For why in the val - ley of death shall I weep: Or a - lone in the wil - der - ness rove?

Thy foes will re - joice, when my sor - rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
Say, if in your tents my be - lo - ved has been, And where with his flocks he has gone.

The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine, When the au - tumn with plen - ty is
His cheeks in the beau - ty of ex - cel - lence glow, And his eyes all in - vi - ting - ly