

A Minor. Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music.

1. His voice as the sound of a dul-ci-mer sweet, Is heard thro' the sha-dows of death, His lips as a foun-tain of
The ce-dars of Le-ba-non bow at his feet, The air is per - fum'd with his breath.

2. Love sits on his eye-lids and scatters de - light Thro' all the bright man-sions on high; He looks, and ten thousands of
Their fa - ces the che - ru-bim veil in his sight, And trem - ble with full - ness of joy,

righteousness flow, That waters the gar-den of grace, From which their sal - vation the gen-tiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.

an-gels re - joice, And my-ri-ads wait for his word; He speaks, and e - ter-ni - ty fill'd with his voice, Re - e-choes the praise of her Lord.