

Sunbury

Joseph Swain, 1791

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Transcribed from *Songs of Zion*, 1821

B minor

James P. Carrell, 1821

Tr.  5 10

1. { O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in af-flic-tion I call; } Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep, To feed them in
My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all. }

C. 

2. { O why should I wander an a-lien from thee, Or cry in the de-sert for bread? } Ye daughters of Zi-on, de-clare, have ye seen The star that on
Thy foes will re-joice, when my sor-rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed; }

T.  8

3. { This is my be-lo-ved, his form is di-vine, His vestments shed odors a-round; } The ro-ses of Sha-ron, the li-lies that grow In vales on the
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine, When autumn with plenty is crowned, }

B. 

4. { His voice as the sound of a dul-ci-mer sweet, Is heard through the shadows of death; } His lips as a foun-tain of right-eous-ness flow, That waters the
The ce-dars of Le-ba-non bow at his feet, The air is perfumed with his breath. }

Tr.  15 20

1. pastures of love? For why in the valley of death should I weep, Or alone in wilderness rove?
He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks--and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the her voice.

C. 

2. Is-ra-el shone? Say, if in your tents my beloved has been, And where with his flocks he is gone?

T.  8

3. banks of the streams; On his cheeks, in the beauty of excellence blow, And his eyes are quivers of beams!

B. 

4. gar-den of grace; From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.

5. Love sits on his eye-lids and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fullness of joy.
He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks--and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the her voice.

6. His vestments of righteousness who shall describe!
Its purity words would defile;
The heavens from his presence fresh beauties imbibe,
And earth is made rich by his smile.
Such is my beloved in excellence bright,
When pleased he looks down from above;
Like the morn, when he breathes from the chamber of light,
And comforts his people with love.