

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
My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, 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 Zion, declare, have ye
Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows 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 around; } The ro-ses of Sha-ron, the li-lies that
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine, When autumn with plenty is crowned,}

B. 

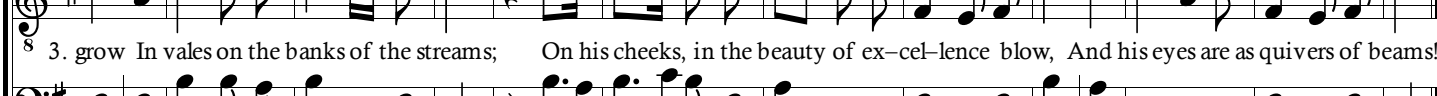
4. { His voice as the sound of a dul-ci-mer sweet, Is heard through the shadows of death; } His lips as a foun-tain of right-cous-ness
The ce-dars of Le-ba-non bow at his feet, The air is perfumed with his breath.}

Tr.  15 20

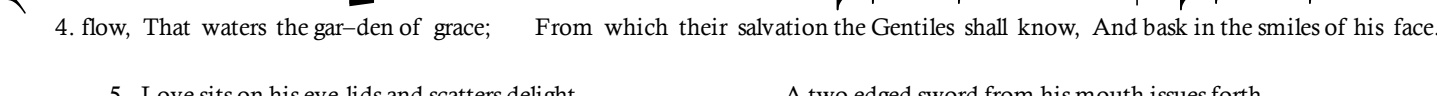
1. sheep, To feed them in pastures of love? For why in the valley of death should I weep, Or a-lone in wil-der-ness rove?

C. 

2. seen The star that on Is-ra-el shone? Say, if in your tents my be-lo-ved has been, And where with his flocks he is gone?

T.  8

3. grow In vales on the banks of the streams; On his cheeks, in the beauty of ex-cel-lence blow, And his eyes are as quivers of beams!

B. 

4. flow, That waters the 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.

7. But when armed with vengeance, in terror he comes,
The nations' rebellions to tame,
The reins of omnipotent power he assumes,
And rides in a chariot of flame.

A two edged sword from his mouth issues forth,
Bright quivers of fire are his eyes;
He speaks, the black tempests are seen in the north,
And storms from their caverns arise.

8. The thousand destructions, that wait for his word,
And ride on the wings of his breath,
Fly swift as the winds at the nod of their Lord,
And deal out his arrows of death,
His cloud-bursting thunders, their voices resound
Through all the vast regions on high;
Till from the deep center loud echoes rebound,
And meet the quick flames in the sky.

9. The portals of heaven at his bidding obey,
And expand ere his banners appear;
Earth trembles beneath, till her mountains give way,
And hell shakes her fetters with fear.
When he treads on the clouds as the dust of his feet,
And grasps the storm in his hand;
What eye the fierce glance of his anger shall meet,
Or who in his presence shall stand?