

MY SALVATION, MY ALL

(Beloved. 11s & 8s.)

Joseph Swain

F. Lewis

1. O Thou in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On
 2. His voice, as the sound of the dul - ci - mer sweet, Is
 3. His lips, as a fount - ain of right - eous - ness flow, To
 4. He looks, and ten thou - sands of an - gels re - joice, And

whom in af - flict - ion I call, My com - fort by day and my
 heard thro' the shad - ows of death; The ce - dars of Leb - a - non
 wa - ter the gar - dens of grace; From which their sal - va - tion the
 myr - i - ads wait for His word; He speaks, and e - ter - ni - ty,

song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
 bow at His feet, The air is per - fum'd with His breath.
 Gen - tiles shall know, And Re - bask in the smiles of His face.
 fill'd with His voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.