

1. Sweet as the shepherd's tune-ful reed, From Zi - on's mount I heard the sound; Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead,

2. Peace, troubled soul, whose plain-tive moan, Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe; Cease thy complaint, sup-press thy groan,

3. Come, free-ly come, by sin op - press'd, Un - bur - den here the weight - y load, Here find thy ref - uge and thy rest,

4. As spring the win - ter, day the night, Peace, sor - row, gloom hath chased a - way, And smi-ling joy, a ser-aph bright,

And glad - den'd na - ture smil'd a - round; The voice of peace sa - lutes mine ear, Christ's love - ly voice per - fumes the air.

And let thy tears for - get to flow; Be - hold the pre - cious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

Safe on the bo - som of thy God! Thy God's thy Sa - vior, glo - rious word, That sheathes th'A - veng - er's glit - t'ring sword.

Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay; While glo - ry weaves th'im - mor - tal crown, And waits to claim thee for her own.