

Lily

O Lily of the Valley, open sweet and bright  
Your pungent smell extends the space  
Come touch my heart, my might ignite.

Fragrance sweet, my heart entreat  
O Lily of the Valley  
That You my Lord, won my reward  
And by your Sword, I am your ward.

O Lily of the Valley, arms extended wide,  
You bring your very heart to me,  
Come warm my breath, my side preside.

Presence bold, my life unfold  
O Lily of the Valley  
You my Priest, the wedding feast  
When sin is least, as west to east

O Lily of the Valley, beauty from on high  
Embrace my life and all I am,  
Come lift my spirit, my sigh satisfy.

Presence Three, You guarantee,  
O Lily of the Valley  
That harmony with You will be  
When waiting's done and life is won.

Marcia LaReau, August 2004



(Cont'd)



Song of Solomon 2 (KJV)

<sup>1</sup>I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.

<sup>2</sup>As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

The Lily of the Valley

Text: Charles W. Fry

Music: William S. Hays; adapt. by Charles W. Fry

Tune: SALVATIONIST, Meter: Irr.

1. I have found a friend in Jesus,  
he's everything to me,  
he's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;  
the Lily of the Valley, in him alone I see  
all I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.  
In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay,  
he tells me every care on him to roll.

Refrain:

He's the Lily of the Valley,  
the bright and Morning Star,  
he's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

2. He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne;  
in temptation he's my strong and mighty tower;  
I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn  
from my heart, and now he keeps me by his power.  
Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore,  
through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.

(Refrain)

3. He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,  
while I live by faith and do his blessed will;  
a wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear,  
with his manna he my hungry soul shall fill.  
Then sweeping up to glory, to see his blessed face,  
where rivers of delight shall ever roll.

(Refrain)

