THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

WORDS BY CHARLES W. FRY
MUSIC BY WILLIAM S. HAYS

1. I have found a friend in Jesus, He's ev'rything to me, He's the

2. O He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-

3. He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I

fair-est of ten-thousand to my soul; The Lily of the Valley, in
ta-tion He's my strong and might-y tow'r; I have all for Him for-saken, and
live by faith and do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire a-bout me, I've

Him a- lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole,
all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
nothing now to fear, With His man-na He my hun-gry soul shall fill.

D.S.—Bright and Morn-ing Star, He's the fair-est of ten-thousand to my soul.

In sor-row He's my com-fort, in trou-ble He's my stay, He
Tho' all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tan tempt me sore, Thru
Then sweep-ing up to glo-ry to see His bless-ed face, Where

tells me ev'-ry care on Him to roll. He's the Lily of the Valley, the
Jesus I shall safe-ly reach the goal. He's the Lily of the Valley, the
riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll. He's the Lily of the Valley, the

D.S. at Fine

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