

In sor-row he's my com-fort, in trou-ble he's my stay
Though all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tan tempts me sore
Then sweep-ing up to glo-ry, to see his bless-ed face

he tells me ev-ery care on him to roll.
through Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal.
where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll.

Hal - le - lu - ja

He's the Lil-y of the Val-ley, the bright and Morn-ing Star

he's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul.