

Su Voz como el Dulce son del Dulcimer

1.

Su voz como el dulce son del dulcimer
Se oye entre sombras de muerte
Cedros del Líbano a sus pies se inclinan,
Su aliento perfuma el aire,
Sus labios fluyen como fuente de ley,
Que riega el jardín de gracia,
De en quien Gentiles salvación hallarán,
y rostros alegres tendrán.

[Coro]

**El amor en su mirada se aprecia,
Por las regiones en lo alto,
El velo de los querubines se ve,
Y tiemblan de felicidad.
Él mira, y ángeles se regocijan
Miríadas esperan su voz
Él habla y su voz llena la eternidad
Recuerda alabar al Señor
Recuerda alabar al Señor**

2.-

En tu presencia mi alma se deleita,
a quien en aflicción clamo;
mi confort de día y cantar de noche,
mi esperanza y mi salvación,
¿En dónde alimentas a tus ovejas,
con las pasturas del amor?
¿Por qué llorar en el valle de muerte?,
¿O solo en desierto vagar?

[Coro]

3.-

¿Por qué un extranjero tendría que vagar,
y llorar en el desierto?

Enemigos gozan al ver mi dolor,
y ríen al verme llorar.

Hijas de Sión, díganme si han visto,
brillante estrella en Israel.

En sus tiendas ha estado mi amado
y a donde se ha ido él?

[Coro]

4.-

"Tu amado, ¿qué tan digno y justo es?,
¿cuán gran esplendor tiene él?

Su encanto podría motivarnos,
a abrazarlo contigo."

Este es mi amado, de forma divina;
sus ropas con dulce olor;
la corona en su cabeza es como,
uvas en la vid de otoño.

[Coro]

5.-

Rosas de sarón y lirios que crecen
cerca de ríos y en valles.

En sus mejillas un buen viento sopla,
sus ojos como rayos son.

Su voz como el dulce son del dulcimer,
Se oye entre sombras de muerte

Cedros del Líbano a sus pies se inclinan,
Su aliento perfuma el aire.

[Coro]

Medida: 11.8.11.8.11.8.11.8.

His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet

1.

His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.
His lips as the fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

[Chorus]

**Love sits in his eyelids and scatters delight,
Through(Thor') all the bright regions on high,
Their faces the Cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fullness of joy.
He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word,
He speaks, and eternity filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.**

2.

O! thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom, in affliction, I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all—
Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

[Chorus]

3.

O! why should I wander an alien from thee,

And cry in the desert for bread?

Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,

And smile at the tears I have shed.

Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen

The Star that on Israel shone?

Say if in your tents my beloved has been,

And where, with his flock, he is gone?

[Chorus]

4.

"What is thy Beloved, thou dignified fair?

What excellent beauties has he?

His charms and perfections be pleased to declare,

That we may embrace him with thee."

This is my Beloved, his form is divine;

His vestments shed odor around;

The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,

When autumn with plenty is crowned.

[Chorus]

5.

The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow

In the vales, on the banks of the streams,

On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,

And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

His voice as the sound of the dulcimer, sweet,

Is heard through the shadows of death;

The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,

The air is perfumed with his breath.

[Chorus]

Source: The Southern Harmony, and Musical Companion (New ed. thoroughly rev. and much enl.) #322

Author: Joseph Swain

Swain, Joseph, was born at Birmingham in 1761, and after being apprenticed to an engraver, removed to London. After a time he became a decided Christian, and being of an emotional poetic temperament, began to give expression to his new thoughts and feelings in hymns. In 1783 he was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Rippon, and in 1791 became minister of a Baptist congregation in East Street, Walworth. After a short but popular and very useful ministry, he died April 16, 1796 Swain published the following:— (1) A Collection of Poems on Several Occasions, London, 1781; (2) Redemption, a Poem in five Books, London, 1789; (3) Experimental Essays on Divine Subjects, London, 1791; (4) Walworth Hymns, by J. Swain, Pastor of the Baptist Church Meeting... Go to person page >

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