153 - The Lily of the Valley

CHARLES W. FRY

| B>6

F

 $\perp \mathbf{F}$

C

 $\perp \mathbf{F}$

F

INTRO

Key: F major Meter: 4/4 WILLIAM S. HAYS Adapt. CHARLES W. FRY

VERSE 1 F **B**>6 F I found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me, F C He's the | fairest of ten thousand to my | soul; F F **B**₂6 F The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see F F All I | need to cleanse and make me fully | whole. **F7** B F In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay; C | roll: He I tells me every care on Him to F **B**₂6 He's the | Lily of the Valley, the | Bright and Morning Star; F C F He's the | fairest of ten thousand to my soul. TURN-F C $\perp \mathbf{F}$ AROUND VERSE 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 tempt me sore, Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal: He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star; He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul. VERSE 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:

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

153 - The Lily of the Valley

CHARLES W. FRY

LifeWayWORSHIP.com

Original Key: F major Capo 3: D major Meter: 4/4 WILLIAM S. HAYS Adapt. CHARLES W. FRY

INTRO \mathbf{D} | **G6** $\perp \mathbf{D}$ $\perp \mathbf{D}$ D VERSE 1 D **G6** D I found a friend in Jesus, He's | everything to me, I have A He's the | fairest of ten thousand to my soul: D D **G6** D The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see All I need to cleanse and make me fully | whole. **D7** D In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay; D A | roll: He I tells me every care on Him to \mathbf{D} D **G6** D He's the | Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star; D D soul. He's the | fairest of ten thousand to my TURN- $\perp \mathbf{D}$ \mathbf{D} A **AROUND** VERSE 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 tempt me sore, Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal: He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star; He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul. VERSE 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: He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star; He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

D7

G

G6

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CHARLES W. FRY

Meter: 4/4

WILLIAM S. HAYS Adapt. CHARLES W. FRY

INTRO	I	1	I	
VERSE 1	I have	found a friend in J	esus, He's	everything to me,
	He's the	fairest of ten thous	and to my	I soul;
	The	Lily of the Valley, i	n	Him alone I see
	All I	need to cleanse an	d make me fully	whole.
	In	sorrow He's my co	omfort, in	l trouble He's my stay;
	Не	tells me every care	on Him to	l roll:
	He's the	Lily of the Valley, t	he	Bright and Morning Star;
	He's the	fairest of ten thous	and to my	I soul.
TURN- AROUND		1		
VERSE 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 tempt me sore, Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal: He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star; He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.			
VERSE 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: He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star; He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.			