

Lynn

Transcribed from *The Psalmodist's Assistant*, 1806.

1. The voice of my Be-lov-ed sounds Over the rocks and ri-sing grounds; O'er hills of guilt and
2. Gent-ly he draws my heart a-long, Both with his beauties and his tongue; "Rise" saith my Lord, "make
3. Th'im-mort-al vine of heav'n-ly root Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit: Lo! we are come to

1. seas of grief He leaps, he flies to my re-lief. Now through the veil of flesh I see With eyes of love he
2. haste a-way, No mortal joys are worth thy stay. The Jewish wintry state is gone, The mists are fled, the
3. taste the wine; Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine. And when we hear our Je-sus say, "Rise up, my love, make

1. looks at me; Now in the gospel's clearest glass He shows the beauties of his face.
2. spring comes on; The sac-red tur-tle-dove we hear Proclaim the new, the joy-ful year.
3. haste a-way!" Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind, And leave all earthly loves be-hind.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2021
Measure 14, *Treble*: last note changed from B[♮] to B[♭].