

Isaac Watts, 1707

Hymn 69, Book 1 (*Song of Solomon* 2:8-13) 88. 88. (L. M.) Transcribed from *The Psalmist's Assistant*, 1806.

Lynn

F Major

Abijah Forbush, 1803

Tr. C. T. B.

5 10

1. The voice of my Be - lov - ed sounds Over the rocks and ri - sing grounds; O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief He leaps, he flies to my re - lief.
 2. Gent - ly he draws my heart a - long, Both with his beauties and his tongue; "Rise" saith my Lord, "make haste a - way, No mortal joys are worth thy stay."
 3. Th'im - mort - al vine of heav'n - ly root Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit: Lo! we are come to taste the wine; Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.

Tr. C. T. B.

15 20

1. Now through the veil of flesh I see With eyes of love he looks at me; Now in the gospel's clearest glass He shows the beauties of his face.
 2. "The Jewish wintry state is gone, The mists are fled, the spring comes on; The sac - red tur - tle - dove we hear Proclaim the new, the joy - ful year.
 3. And when we hear our Je - sus say, "Rise up, my love, make 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[♭].