

Isaac Watts, 1707
(Hymn 69, Book 1)

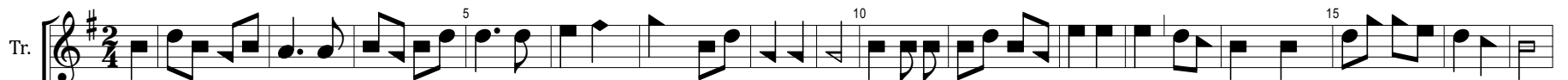
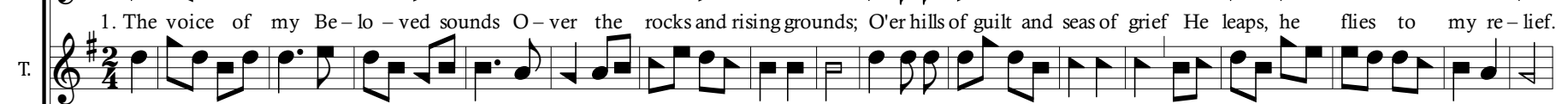
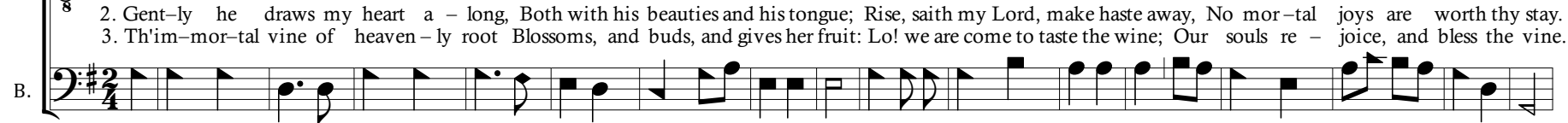
88. 88. (L. M.)

Enfield

Transcribed from *The Village Compilation*, 1806.

G Major

Daniel Belknap, 1806

Tr. 
1. The voice of my Be-lo-ved sounds O-ver the rocks and rising grounds; O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief He leaps, he flies to my re-lief.
T. 
2. Gent-ly he draws my heart a-long, Both with his beauties and his tongue; Rise, saith my Lord, make haste away, No mor-tal joys are worth thy stay.
3. Th'im-mor-tal vine of heav-en-ly root Blossoms, and buds, and gives her fruit: Lo! we are come to taste the wine; Our souls re-joice, and bless the vine.
B. 

Tr. 
1. Now through the veil of flesh I see With eyes of love he looks at me; Now in the gos-pel's clearest glass He shows the beau-ties of his face.
T. 
2. The Jewish wintry state is gone, The mists are fled, the spring comes on; The sac-red tur-tle-dove we hear Pro-claim the new, the joy-ful year.
3. And when we hear our Je-sus say, "Rise up, my love, make haste away!" Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind, And leave all earth-ly loves be-hind.
B. 