

Enfield




Isaac Watts, 1707
(Hymn 69, Book 1)


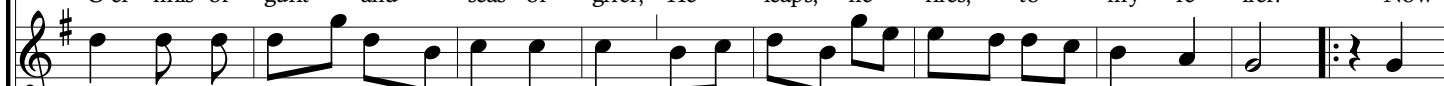

88. 88. (L. M.)


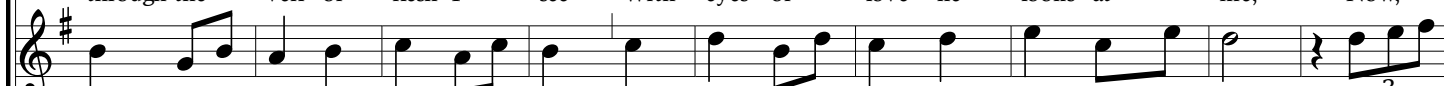
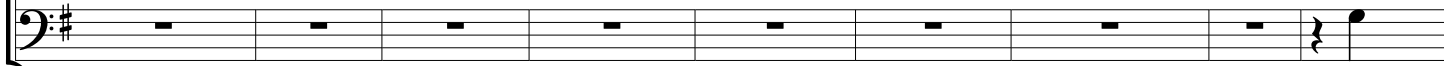
Transcribed from *The Village Compilation*, 1806.



G Major

Daniel Belknap, 1806

Tr.  5
1. The voice of my be - lo - ved sounds O - ver the rocks and ri - sing grounds;
T. 
2. Gent - ly he draws my heart a - long, Both with his beau - ties and his tongue;
3. Th' im - mor - tal vine of heav'n - ly root Bloss - oms, and buds, and gives her fruit:
B. 

Tr.  10 15
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief, He leaps, he flies, to my re - lief. Now
T. 
Rise, saith my Lord, make haste a - way, No mor - tal joys, are worth the stay. The
Lo! we are come to taste the wine; Our souls re - joice, and bless the vine. And
B. 

Tr.  20 25
through the veil of flesh I see With eyes of love he looks at me; Now,
T.  3
Jew - ish win - try state is gone, The mists are fled, the spring comes on; The
when we hear our Je - sus say, Rise up, my love, make haste a - way! Our
B. 

Tr.  30 35
in the gos - pel's clea - rest glass He shows the beau - ties of his face.
T. 
sa - cred tur - tle - dove we hear Pro - claim the new, the joy - ful year.
hearts would fain out - fly the wind, And leave all earth - ly loves be - hind.
B. 