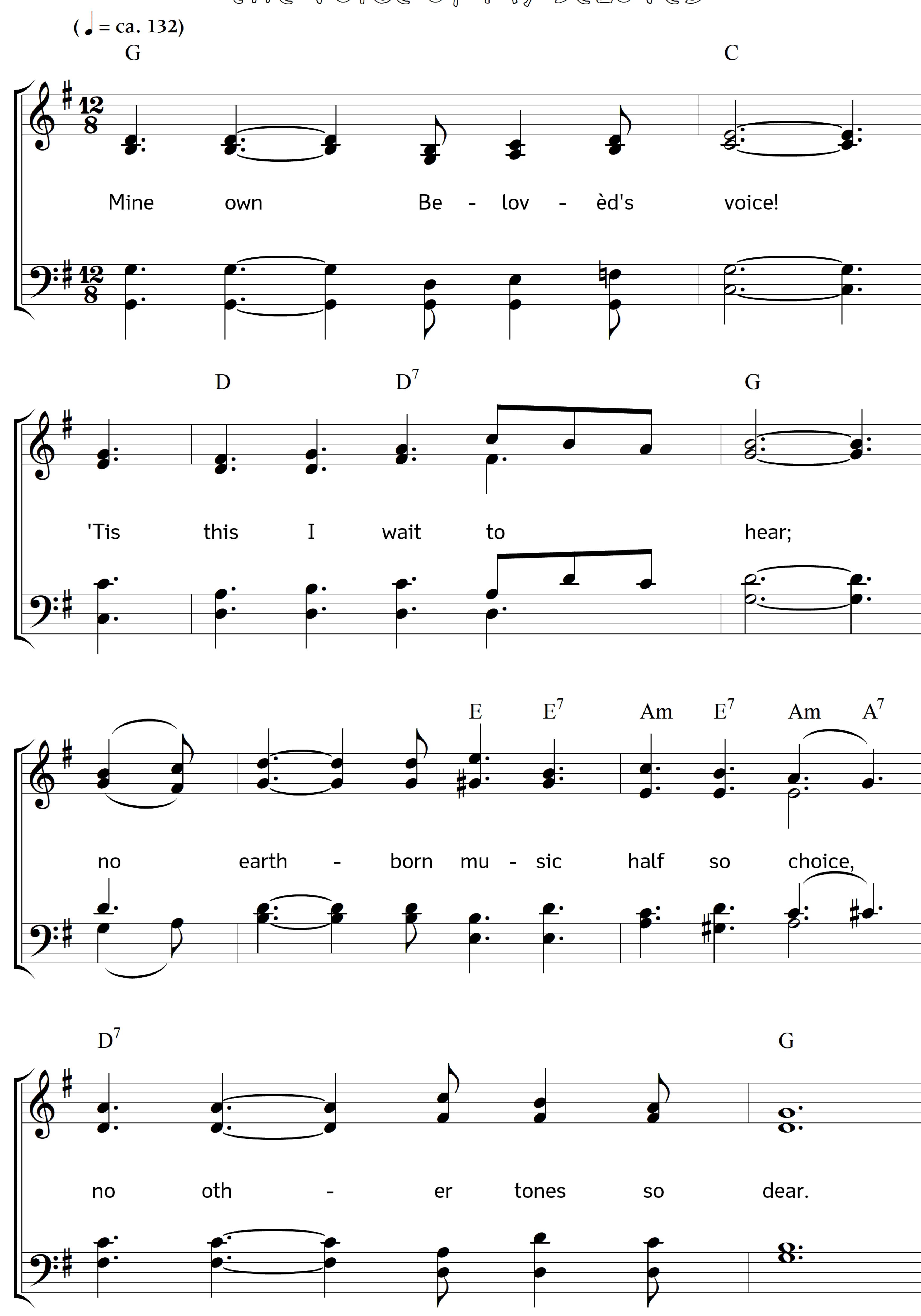
"THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED"



2. He soon will come again!I shall his glory see.He came long since in grief and pain, to seek and ransom me.

6. Far more his heart doth yearn to call his exile home; a few short hours he will return, and I no more shall roam.

3. He left his royal throne, to free the captive slave; he found me – marked me for his own: oh what a price he gave!

7. Within his garden fair,the milk-white lilies grow;"a little while" he tarries where yon living waters flow.

4. The costly price of blood delivered me from hell; and made my title clear and good, with him on high to dwell.

8. Make haste, Beloved, make haste!
Desire my spirit thrills:
apart from thee the world's a waste,
come quickly o'er the hills!

5. His love as death is strong, like ocean's rolling tide; and loving him I pant and long to shelter at his side.

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