

SPRING. P.M.

"Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains." -- Isa. 42:11.

G Major

1. The scat-tered clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the win-ter's past; The love-ly

2. The voice of my be-lov-ed sounds, While o'er the moun-tain top he bounds; He flies ex-

ver-nal flow'rs ap-pear, The war-bling choirs en-chant our ear. Now, with sweet-ly pen-sive moan,

ult-ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with trans-port fills. Gent-ly doth he chide my stay.

Coos the tur-tle-dove a-lone, Now with sweet-ly pen-sive moan; Coos the tur-tle-dove a-lone.

Coos the tur-tle-dove a-lone, Coos the tur-tle-dove a-lone.
Rise, my soul, and come a-way, Rise, my soul, and come a-way.

Rise, my soul, and come a-way, Gent-ly doth he chide my stay, Rise, my soul, and come a-way.