The voice of my Beloved

Hope of Glory — General

1323

(Guitar: Capo 3)

D A D G

1. The voice of my Be - lov - ed, Be - hold, He quick - ly

A A^7 D G D A^7

comes; He leaps up-on the moun - tains, And o'er the hills He

D D^7 G D G

runs. The signs of His ap - pear - ing Are seen on ev - ery

D G D A D A^7 D

side; The Bridegroom soon is com - ing To claim His lov - ing Bride.

2. How real that He is coming—
Come quickly, Lord, again!
We watch for His appearing,
His precious Word amen.
Oh, don't delay His coming,
Pray without ceasing, pray;
He's eagerly awaiting
That coming wedding day.

3. He longs to hear our voices,
He longs to see our face—
Our voices filled with sweetness,
Our countenance with grace.
"Arise, My love, My fair one,
We long to hear Him say.
The voice of our Beloved—
"Arise and come away!"

4. The winter rain is over,
The flowers appear on earth;
The rising sun of Jesus
Fills all our hearts with mirth.
It is the time of singing,
The turtle dove is heard;
For our Beloved's coming
The sweetest chords are stirred.

5. Oh, let us take the foxes
That spoil the blooming vine;
Our vineyards are in blossom,
And all, Beloved, is Thine.
The day is quickly dawning,
The shadows flee away;
Upon the mount of spices
Our Lord may come today.