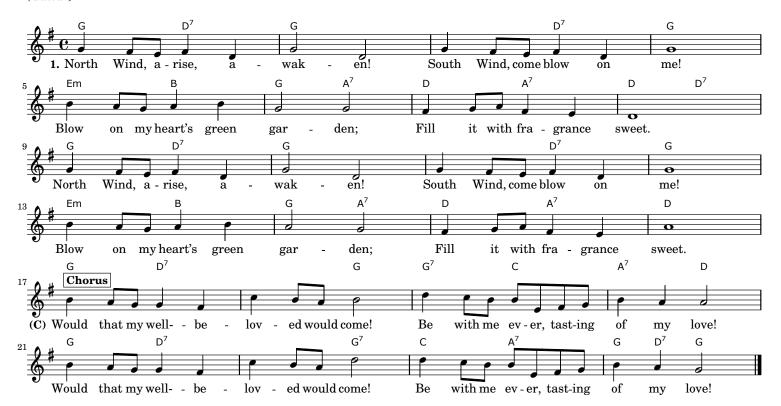
Longings — For Fellowship with Christ

(Guitar)



- 2. Pour on His head my spikenard, Rub with my hair His feet; As on His throne He's sitting, Make all His house smell sweet. (repeat)
- 3. He is of trees the Apple;
 I in His shade delight.
 Ripe is His fruit and sweet, which
 Strengthens and cheers my heart.
 (repeat)
- 4. Thou Whom I love, come hither—I'm Thine, and Thou art mine—Into the fields let's go forth,
 Tasting their fruits so fine.
 (repeat)

- 5. Lord, as a seal, do set me Firmly upon Thine heart. Stronger than death His love is; Which floods cannot drown out. (repeat)
- 6. Whom do I have in heaven?—
 None can compare with Thee.
 None on the earth I'd treasure—
 No one, dear Lord, but Thee.
 (repeat)