

Hymn Lyrics

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O voice of the beloved

1. O voice of the Belovèd!

Thy bride hath heard Thee say,

"Rise up, My love, My fair one,

Arise and come away.

For lo, 'tis past, the winter,

The winter of thy year;

The rain is past and over,

The flowers on earth appear.

2. "And now the time of singing

Is come for every bird;

And over all the country

The turtle dove is heard;

The fig her green fruit ripens,

The vines are in their bloom;

Arise and smell their fragrance;

My love, My fair one, come!"

3. Yea, Lord! Thy Passion over,

We know this life of ours

Hath passed from death and winter

To leaves and budding flowers;

No more Thy rain of weeping

In drear Gethsemane;

No more the clouds and darkness,

That veiled Thy bitter Tree.

4. Our Easter Sun is risen!

And yet we slumber long,

And need Thy Dove's sweet pleading

To waken prayer and song.

Oh breathe upon our deadness,

Oh shine upon our gloom;

Lord, let us feel Thy presence

And rise and live and bloom.