

O Voice of the Beloved

Words: Jackson Mason, 1889.

Music: Joseph Barnby (1838-1896).

O voice of the Beloved!
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.

"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!"

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.

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.