

1. This is my Beloved, his form is di - vine, His vestments shed odors around,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine, When autumn with plenty is crown'd;

2. His voice as the sound of a dulcimer sweet, Is heard thro' the shadows of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet, The air is perfumed with his breath;

3. Love sits in his eyelids and scatters delight, Thro' all the bright mansions on high,
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight, And tremble with fullness of joy;

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The ro-ses of Sha-ron, the li - lies that grow, In vales on the banks of the streams, His cheeks in the beau-ty of ex-cel-lence glow, His eyes all in - vi-ting-ly beam.

His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow, That waters the garden of grace, From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.

He looks, and ten thousands of an-gels re-joice, And my-ri-ads wait for his word; He speaks, and e-ter-ni-ty filled with his voice, Re-ech-oes the praise of the Lord.