

METRE 4

RECONCILEMENT 8s & 7s in Leavitt's *Christian Lyre*, 1831

1. My Be-loved, wilt thou own me, When my heart is all de-filed? Tho' thy dy-ing love has won me. Tho' thy dy-ing love has won me, Can I deem my-self a child?

2. My Be-loved, pass before me; Never from my sight re - move; Ma-ny wa-ters flowing o'er me, Ma-ny waters flowing o'er me, Cannot quench my burning love.

3. My Be-loved, now endue me, with thine own attractive charms; May thy Spi-rit sweetly woo me; May thy Spirit sweetly woo me, Fold me in thy sheltering arms.

4. My Be-loved, safe-ly hide me, In the drear and cloud-y day, Ere the windy storm has tried me, Ere the windy storm has tried me, Hide my trembling soul, I pray.

5. My Be-loved, kindly take me, To thy sym-pa-thi-zing breast; Never, ne-ver-more forsake me, Never, nevermore for-sake me, Guide me to the land of rest.