

1. The voice of my be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the moun-tain top he bounds; He flies ex - ult - ing

2. The scat - tered clouds are fled at last— The rain is gone, the win - ter's past, The love - ly ver - nal

SLOW AND SOFT

o'er the hills, And all my soul with trans - port fills. Gent - ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a-way,"

flow'rs ap - pear,—The warb - ling choir en - chants our ear; Now with sweet-ly pen - sive moan, Coos the tur - tle - dove a - lone,

Gent - ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a-way, Rise— Rise, my love, and come a - way."

Now with sweet - ly pen - sive moan, Coos the tur - tle - dove a - lone, Coos— Coos the tur - tle - dove a - lone.