

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.