

# Nobleborough L.M.

H. 69 B. 1

Maxim

The voice of my be-lo-ved sounds O-ver the rocks and ri-sing grounds; O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,  
The voice of my be-lo-ved sounds O-ver the rocks and ri-sing grounds; O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,  
The voice of my be-lo-ved sounds O-ver the rocks and ri-sing grounds; O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,  
The voice of my be-lo-ved sounds O-ver the rocks and ri-sing grounds; O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,

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He leaps, he flies to my re-lief. Gent-ly he draws my heart a-long, Both with his beau-ties  
He leaps, he flies to my re-lief. Gent-ly he draws my heart a-long, Both  
He leaps, he flies to my re-lief. Gent-ly he draws my heart a-long, Both with his beau-ties and his  
He leaps, he flies to my re-lief. Gently he draws my heart a-long, Both with his beau-ties and his

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and his tongue, Rise, saith my Lord, make haste a - way, No mor-tal joys are worth thy stay.

with his beau-ties and his tongue, Rise, saith my Lord, make haste a - way, No mor-tal joys are worth thy stay.

tongue, Rise, saith my Lord, make haste a - way, No mor - tal joys, No mor-tal joys are worth thy stay.

tongue, Rise, saith my Lord, make haste a - way, No mor - tal joys, No mor-tal joys are worth thy stay.