Kind Is the Speech of Christ Our Lord

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
Kind is the speech of Christ our Lord, Af-

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
fection sounds in every word, "Lo,

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
thou art fair, my love, he cries, "Not

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
the young doves have sweeter eyes.

The other verses

2 "Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
"Salutes mine ear with secret joys,
"No spice so much delights the smell,
"Nor milk nor honey taste so well.

3 "Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,
"I will behold no spot in thee."
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!

4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heavenly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.

5 "My sister, and my spouse," he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties,
"Thy powerful love my heart detains
"In strong delight and pleasing chains."

6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wild world of beasts and men,
To Sion where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

7 Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

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