My Harp upon the Willows, Grave

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
My harp upon the willows, grave, In

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
weeping days is sadly hung, For,

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
Lord, the joy Thy presence gave, Is

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
from my soul in anguish wrung.

The other verses

2 I think upon the peaceful hours,
With Thy companionship to please;
But now the world is shorn of flowers,
And birds are mute among the trees.

3 Wilt Thou not come as morning light?
As spring that wakes the sleeping earth?
As zephyrs on the tuneless night,
To stir my soul to holy mirth?

4 O matchless Love! for me expressed,
O gift of Love surpassing great!
Wake love responsive in my breast,
And make my drooping soul elate.

5 My heart is strung; up heart, proclaim
In joyful strains the Love divine,
That stooped from highest heaven, and came
To earth to save this soul of mine;

6 To free my heart from carking cares,
From trusting aught to fleshly aid;
To shew me sin's seductive snares,
That for unwary feet are laid.

7 Blest Spirit of my God, return,
And o'er my life resume Thy sway,
That love within my soul may burn,
And quicken joy from day to day.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune WINCHESTER NEW (From "Musikalisches Handbuch", Hamburg, 1690); words by Traditional Greek; translated by John Brownlie (1857–1925). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.