

Anonymous author,  
before 1794


558. 557.

# My Dove

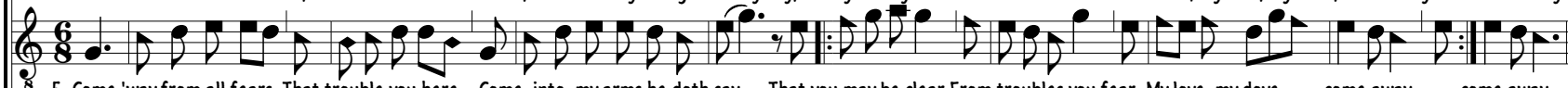
Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.

C Major


Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

Tr.  5 1. 10 2.

1. A - rise my dear love, My undefiled dove, I hear my dear Jesus to say, The winter is past, The spring's come at last, My love, my dove, \_\_\_\_ come away. come away.  
2. The earth that is green Is fair to be seen, The lit - tle birds chirping do say, That they do rejoice In each other's voice, My love, my dove, \_\_\_\_ come away. come away.  
3. All smi - ling in love, The young turtle dove, The flowers appearing in May, All speak forth the praise Of th'Ancient of Days, My love, my dove, \_\_\_\_ come away. come away.  
4. Come from the world's cares, Those troublesome snares, That follow you night and by day, That you may be free From the troubles that be; My love, my dove, come away. come away.

T. 

5. Come 'way from all fears That trouble you here, Come into my arms he doth say, That you may be clear From troubles you fear My love, my dove, \_\_\_\_ come away. come away.  
6. Come 'way from all pride, From that raging tide That makes you fall out by the way, Come learn to be meek And your Jesus seek, My love, my dove, \_\_\_\_ come away. come away.  
7. As t'you that are old, Whose hearts are grown cold, Your Jesus inviting doth say, That he's heard your cries In the north countries, My love, my dove, come away. come away.  
8. As t'you that are young, Your hearts they are strong, Your Jesus invites you away, From Antichrist's charms To Jesus' kind arms, My love, my dove, \_\_\_\_ come away. come away.

B. 

9. And as to the youth Who have known the truth, Whose hearts they have led you astray, Come hear to his voice; Your hearts shall rejoice, My love, my dove, come away. come away.  
10. My dear children all Come hear to my call, Behold I stand knocking and say, My head's wet with dew, My children for you. My love, my dove, come away. come away.  
11. My feelings are killed, My table is filled, My maidens attending doth say. There's wine on the lees, As much as you please, My love, my dove, come away. come away.  
12. Come travel the road That leads you to God, For it is a bright shining way. Come run up and down, My er - rands upon, My love, my dove, come away. come away.

Apparently based on a dance tune (Jackson 1953b, No. 125).

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2017: Measure 9, all parts: Changed from quarter-note, eighth, dotted quarter, as in measure 10, to make repeat work.