## 祢名似膏香



- 1. Thy name is sweet as ointment poured forth; Better Thy love than wine. O draw Thou me!If we but trace the footsteps of the flock, Brought in Thy fellowship of love we'll be.
- 2. He's my Beloved, I am His own love; He draweth me, pursue I after Him. Fragrant as myrrh, I'd hide Him in my heart; Beauteous as henna, I'd be clothed with Him.
- 3. Bathe in His love, and of His fatness taste, Lie on His breast, His sweetness there enjoy; His love the banner, His affection shown Tenderly soothes my heart to purest joy.
- 4. Oh, my Beloved's mine, and I am His; I am a lily and my Shepherd He; May daybreak come, the shadow flee away, Him on the mountains as a hart I'd see.
- 5. Come Thou, with myrrh of death and frankincense Of resurrection, permeate my heart; Awake, O north wind, let the south wind come Make my heart's garden pleasant to His heart.
- 6. I'd be to Him a dove that's undefiled, As a pure lily in His presence be, His, wholly His, the joy of all His joys, He wholly mine, the Song of songs to me.
- 7. Fair as the moon, conformed to Him I'd be, Clear as the sun, unto His stature grown; For my Beloved, all to please His heart, For my Beloved, that His life be shown.
- 8. Thou art my life, and I Thine image real; Love in such union is as death most strong, Ne'er can it be destroyed or e'er replaced Till Thou on mounts of spices come ere long.