

# A Song from Solomon

Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? Sng. 8:5

My dove, my undefiled is but one. 6:9-10

1. Who is this that com-eth from the wil - der-ness, Lean-ing on her well - be-lov-ed's arm,  
2. Who is she that look-eth as the morn - ing, Clear-er than the moon's ce - les - tial light,  
3. Who is she that stand-eth on the moun - tain, Sing-ing to our hearts a song of joy,  
4. Who is she, the fair - est of ten thou - sand, Shin-ing with the bright-ness of the sun,

Sweet-er than the fra - grant rose of Shar - on, Win-ning all our hearts by her charm?  
Bright-er than the sun's ef - ful - gent glo - ry, Ban - ish - ing the dark - ness of night?  
Fair - er than the li - lies of the val - ley, Pure as gold re - fined from al - loy?  
Queen of love, and choice one of her moth - er? She, my un - de - filed, is but one.

*Refrain*

Bless-ed bride of Christ, we now a - dore thee; Treas-ure of our hearts, we hymn thy praise;

Church of God, we love thee and no oth - er; In thy courts we'll wor-ship all our days.