

D Major. John Adam Granade, 1804.

William Walker, 1835 (arr. R.W.H. &amp; D.L.H.).

1. Hark! don't you hear the tur - tle dove, The tok - en of re - deem - ing love? O Zi - on, hear the tur - tle  
From hill to hill we hear the sound, The neigh - b'ring val - leys ech - o round.

2. The win - ter's past, the rain is o'er, We feel the chill - ing winds no more; These are the days that were fore -  
The spring is come; how sweet the view, All things ap - pear di - vine - ly new.

dove, The tok - en of your Sav - ior's love! She comes the des - ert land to cheer, And wel - come in the ju - bil year.

told, In an - cient times, by proph - ets old; They long'd to see this glo - rious light, But all have died with - out the sight.