

Thy Name is sweet as oinment

Henry J.E. Holmes



Thy name is sweet as ointment poured forth;
Better Thy love than wine, O draw Thou me!
If we the footsteps follow of the flock,
Entered Thy fellowship of love we'll be.

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;

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.

Oh, my Beloved's mine, and I am His;
I am a lily and my Shepherd He;
May daybreak come, the shadows flee away,
Him on the mountains as a hart I'd see.

Myrrh of the death with Him and frankincense,
The resurrection, permeate my heart;
North wind awake, and let the south wind blow,
Make my heart's garden pleasure to His heart.

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.

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.

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 spices mountains come ere long.

Translated from Chinese