The Dove

I
The dove let loose in eastern skies,
  When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing nor flies
  Where idle warblers roam.

II
But high she shoots through air and light,
  Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight
  Nor shadow dims her way.

III
So grant me, Lord! from every care
  And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through heaven's purer air
  To hold my course to Thee!
The Dove

"Thy Freedom in Her Wings"

1. The dove let loose in eastern skies, When hastening fondly home, Never stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where idle warblers roam. But high she shoots thro' air and light, Above all low delay, Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor shadow dims her way, Nor shadow dims her way.

2. So grant me, Lord, from ev'ry snare And stain of passion free. A-\_

No sin to cloud, no freedom in her wings. Thy sunshine on her joyful way, Thy freedom in her wings.