The Wings of a Dove

Caroline L. Goodenough, 1921

1. Had I the pinions of a dove, How would I fly away, To realms of light and joy and love, In those who find are blest.
2. Though, thru this weary world I tread, At morn, to God my friend, At noon, and e'er I seek my bed, My ease thy load of pain.
3. O cast thy burden on the Lord, Whose goodness doth sustain; The tender mercies of thy God Shall prayer, shall still ascend. O give me the wings of a dove, To fly and be at rest, To seek the bliss of Heav'n above Which.
4. So thou unmoved shalt pass a long, Thru life's short fleeting day, And carry in thy heart a song, Un-

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