

The Wings of a Dove

Caroline L. Goodenough, 1914

Caroline L. Goodenough

$\text{♩} = 112$

1. Had I the pi - nions of a dove, How would I fly a - way,
2. Tho' thru this wea - ry world I tread, At morn, to God my friend,
3. O cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Whose good - ness doth sus - tain;
4. So thou un - moved shalt pass a - long, Thru life's short fleet - ing day,

Refrain
To realms of light and joy and love, In por - tals of the day!
At noon, and e'er I seek my bed, My prayer shall still a - scend. O
The ten - der mer - cies of thy God Shall ease thy load of pain.
And car - ry in thy heart a song, Un - til the sun - set ray.

give me the wings of a dove, To fly and be at rest, To seek the

bliss of Heav'n a - bove Which those who find are blest.