



LITTLE WHITE DOVE

Are you longing for me in the Sometime Land
Little white soul, little white dove?
Are you longing for me as I'm longing for you,
Awaiting the time for dreams to come true?
Little white dove!

Here o'er the heart which is yearning for you,
Dear little head, do you long to rest?
Sweet eyes are drooping, afreighted with dreams
Of drifting to me down the drowsy streams,—
Safe to my breast.

Come to me, sweet, when the years are told,
Little white dove, little white soul!
God make me wise and strong and true
When you come to me that I may keep you,—
Little white soul!