

THE

# WINGS OF A DOVE

*As sung with great applause*

BY

## MRS. WOOD

Written by

## CHARLES JEFFERYS

Arranged by

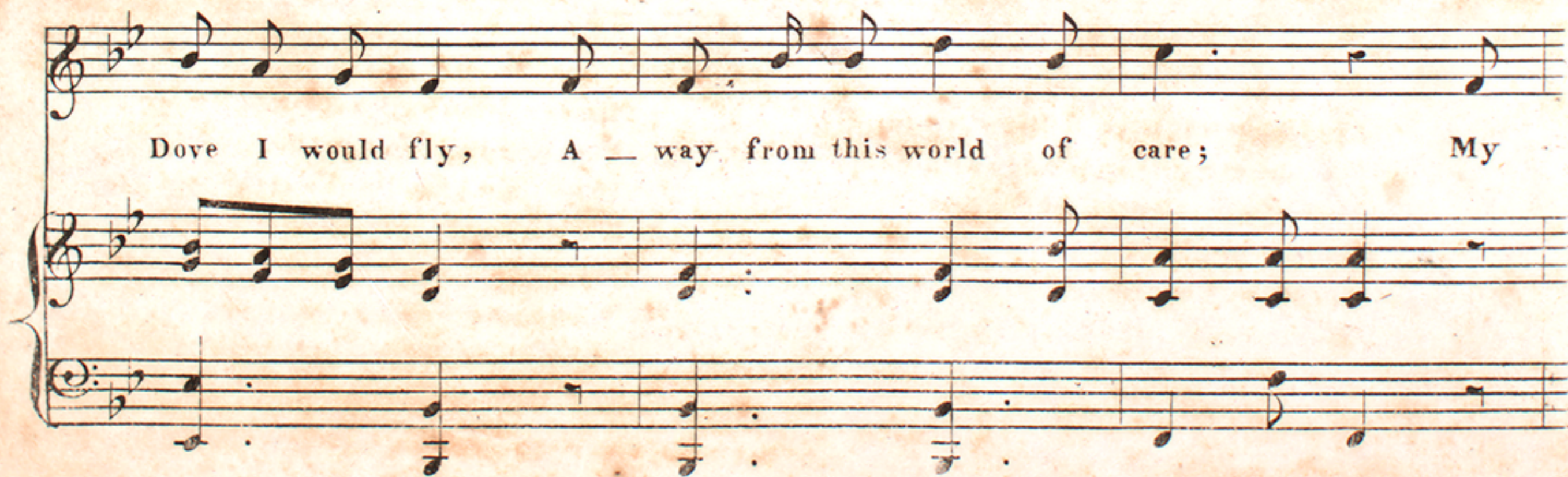
## L. DEVEREAUX.

*Philadelphia, George Willig 171 Chesnut St.*

*Larghetto.*



Oh! had I wings like a



Dove I would fly, A — way from this world of care; My

soul would mount to the realms on high, And seek for a re — fuge there; But

is there no ha — ven here on earth, No hope for the woun — ded breast; No

fa — vour'd spot where con — tent has birth, In which I may find a rest.

2

O! is it not written "believe and live?"  
 The heart by bright hope allur'd,  
 Shall find the comfort these words can give,  
 And be by its faith assur'd.  
 Then why should we fear the cold worlds frown,  
 When truth to the heart has giv'n,  
 The light of religion to guide us on,  
 In joy to the paths of heav'n.

A.F. Winnemore Eng.

3

There is! there is! in thy holy word,  
 Thy word which can n'er depart:  
 There is a promise of mercy stor'd,  
 For the lowly and meek of heart.  
 My yoke is easy, my burden light,  
 Then come unto me for rest;  
 These, these are the words of promise stor'd,  
 For the wounded and wearied breast.