

~BURNING DOVE~



*Oh, Spirit, Thou sweet mystery,
Oh, Thou art like the wind,
At times Thou art as a whisper,
Or strong and fierce again.*

*Art Thou a dove, or flame of fire?
Art Thou strong or gentle?
Wouldst Thou alight or burn in me
When coming to Thy temple?*

*Upon Jesus Thou did'st descend
At Jordan as a dove,
Yet 'twas as cloven tongues of fire
In the upper room above.*

*At times Thou seemest to me to be
As gentle, meek and mild;
You come with utmost tenderness
As a father to his child.*

*But other times Thou art so strong,
A burning, turning flame
That rouses me, gives me desire
To glorify His name.*

*Oh, let me know the manifold
Expressions of Thy love,
Whether strong, as flame of fire,
Or gentle, as a dove.*