

O my dove

come  
my dove  
out of hiding  
high and deep and safe  
from ungentle hands  
and prying eyes  
and being found  
(unlovely)

come  
my dove  
winter is past  
spring is  
bursting  
blooming  
greening  
(living)

come  
gently  
my dove  
into spring  
into arms  
wide open  
(home)

sing  
my dove  
fill the air  
swell the skies  
find yourself  
(lovely)

“O my dove, in the clefts of the rock,  
in the secret place of the steep cliff.

Let me see you.  
Let me hear your voice.  
For your voice is sweet,  
And you are lovely.”

Song of Songs 2:14