Poem by Mary Baker Eddy

Love

Music by Katrina Wylie

Brood

With free rhythm

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that doth wound the dove
Darts not from those who watch and
love.

If

thought or word unkind,
Pray that his spirit you partake,

Who loved and healed mankind:

Seek holy thoughts and heavenly strain,

That make men one in love

Learn,
too, that wisdom's rod is given. For

faith to kiss, and know; That

greetings glorious from high heaven,

Whence

joys supernatural flow,

Come from that
Love, di-ven-ly near, Which chas-tens pride
and earth-born fear, Through
God, who gave that word of might Which swelled cre-a-tion's lay:
"Let there be light,
and there was light."

What chased the clouds away?

What chased the clouds away?

dissipating ppp

way?
'Twas Love whose finger traced a

loud A bow of

promise on the cloud.

Thou
to whose power our hope we give, Free
us from human strife. Fed
by Thy love divine we live, For
Love alone is Life; and life most

Love 8-9
sweet, as heart to heart.

Speaks kindly.

when we meet and part.

molto rit.