

## *Come My Dove*

Come my dove, there's a coy fragrance on the air  
Near the gold-gilded glow of our roses there,  
Year by year they've matured in Love's garden fair  
To bloom anew each Spring!

See their blush in the hush of the evening hours  
How their deepening gold pales Youth's passion  
flowers  
Breath in deep, feel the sweep of God's fragrant  
power  
Come dream with me!

See how soon, we both shall fly away  
With the true and faithful on that Day  
Hallelujah, we must watch and pray  
Draw close with me.

Let the world paint its false, artful ploys of charm  
Let young lover's pretend to escape lust's harm  
As we walk, freely talk, lover's arm in arm  
We'll laugh and play

Let them say "You're too straight, you're too strict,  
too prim."  
Let them scoff at the most modest dress you're in.  
But let the angels rejoice that you belong to Him  
Come dance with me.

In His Word, we'll discover life  
In His grace, we'll live free from strife  
In His Love we'll be man and wife  
As He designed.

Ever young, in a world that grows ever new,  
I still see you aglow in immortal hues.  
Precious bride, wed to Christ, still His grace imbues  
Your smile with charm.

From your lips, often slip, some new truth unveiled  
In your search through God's Word on prophetic  
trails.  
As you thrill, oft with tears, at how that truth  
dovetails  
So perfectly

Through the years, let winter trials come  
In the Spring, fresh rains announce the Sun  
Ever new, we've only just begun  
The dance of Love.

In your eyes I see humility  
In your heart—deep love for purity  
Through your lips, eternal surety  
Through you, God's loving me.

To my glorious gardener, Lady Cynthia,  
for an allegoric stroll on our  
19<sup>th</sup> Anniversary, 2004  
Knight Hanford