

Love

by Mary Baker Eddy

Brood o'er us with Thy shelt'ring wing,  
'Neath which our spirits blend  
Like brother birds, that soar and sing,  
And on the same branch bend.  
The arrow that doth wound the dove  
Darts not from those who watch and love.

If thou the bending reed wouldst break  
By 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 remain.

Learn, too, that wisdom's rod is given  
For faith to kiss, and know;  
That greetings glorious from high heaven,  
Whence joys supernal flow,  
Come from that Love, divinely near,  
Which chastens pride and earth-born fear,

Through God, who gave that word of might  
Which swelled creation's lay:  
"Let there be light, and there was light."  
What chased the clouds away?  
'Twas Love whose finger traced aloud  
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 sweet, as heart to heart  
Speaks kindly when we meet and part.

*(The music for Hymn 31 is not copyrighted for reproduction.)*

