

## Morning Song of Love

Darling, my darling, my heart is on the wing,  
It flies to thee this morning like a bird,  
Like happy birds in springtime my spirits soar and sing,  
The same sweet song thine ears have often heard.

The sun is in my window, the shadow on the lea,  
The wind is moving in the branches green,  
And all my life, my darling, is turning unto thee,  
And kneeling at thy feet, my own, my queen,

The golden bells are ringing across the distant hill,  
Their merry peals come to me soft and clear,  
But in my heart's deep chapel all incense-filled and still  
A sweeter bell is sounding for thee, dear.

The bell of love invites thee to come and seek the shrine  
Whose altar is erected unto thee,

The offerings, the sacrifice, the prayers, the chants are thine,

And I, my love, thy humble priest will be.