

# The Dove

Out of the sunshine and out of the heat,  
Out of the dust of the grimy street,  
A song fluttered down in the form of a dove,  
And it bore me a message, the one word — Love!

Ah, I was toiling, and oh, I was sad:  
I had forgotten the way to be glad.  
Now, smiles for my sadness and for my toil, rest  
Since the dove fluttered down to its home in my breast!