

If ye love me

Keep my commandments

John 14:15

Listen sweet Dove unto my song;
And spread thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart so long
Till it get wing and flie away with thee.

Such glorious gift thou didst bestow
That the earth did like a heav'n appear
The starres were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages and serve here.

The sunne which once did shine alone
Hung down his head and wisht for night
When he beheld twelve sunnes for one
Going about the world and giving light.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same,
The same sweet God of love and light;
Restore this day for the great name
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

“Whitsunday” by George Herbert (1593 – 1633)