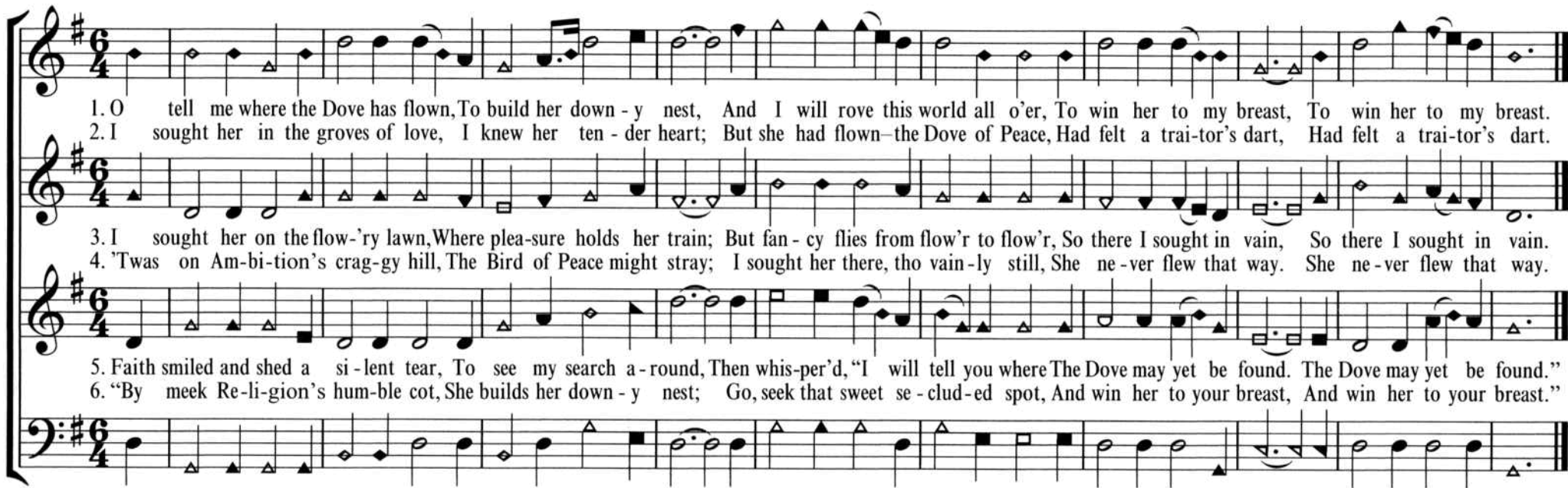


## DOVE OF PEACE. C.M.



1. O tell me where the Dove has flown, To build her down - y nest, And I will rove this world all o'er, To win her to my breast, To win her to my breast.

2. I sought her in the groves of love, I knew her ten - der heart; But she had flown—the Dove of Peace, Had felt a trai-tor's dart, Had felt a trai-tor's dart.

3. I sought her on the flow-'ry lawn, Where plea-sure holds her train; But fan-cy flies from flow'r to flow'r, So there I sought in vain, So there I sought in vain.

4. 'Twas on Am-bi-tion's crag-gy hill, The Bird of Peace might stray; I sought her there, tho vain-ly still, She ne-ver flew that way. She ne-ver flew that way.

5. Faith smiled and shed a si-lent tear, To see my search a-round, Then whis-per'd, "I will tell you where The Dove may yet be found. The Dove may yet be found."

6. "By meek Re-li-gion's hum-ble cot, She builds her down - y nest; Go, seek that sweet se-clud-ed spot, And win her to your breast, And win her to your breast."