The Hair of My Beloved is Silver and Gold

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One day as I looked on my beloved, in labor for those with in her care,

Of silver and gold she had little, but with what she had she did clothe

As apples of gold on a platter of silver, the words that she speaks

With silver and gold and fine rubies she stores up a treasure in heav’n.

I saw in my mind’s eye a vision of the silver and gold in her hair.

the rooms of our house with re splend-ence, like the silver and gold in her hair.

Are fitted with wisdom and glisten, as the silver and gold in her hair.

The crown on her head as re splend-ent as the silver and gold of her hair.

The hair of my beloved is silver and gold, her heart burns with holy fire.