Take the Wings of the Morning

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1872

Robert Lowry

1. Take the wings of the morning; speed quickly thy flight To Jesus, thy refuge, there only thy rest; The moments are precious, the noon-tide is near; Fly home to the Savior, oh, linger not here.

2. Fly away to thy Savior, He waits to forgive; One look of his love, and thy spirit shall live; Thy faith will secure thee His blessing divine; Go plead thou His merits, and peace will be thine.

3. On the wings of the morning fly home to His breast—There only thy hope and thy light; The fount of His mercy is open for thee, Go wash and be cleaned in its waters so free. Take the wings of the morning and fly, Ere the darkness shall cover the sky; home-ward now fly shall cover the

Public Domain
Courtesy of the Cyber Hymnal™
Fly away from the shadows that over thee roll, And find in thy Savior the sky

home of thy soul.