

Take the Wings of the Morning

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1872. Music: Robert Lowry.

Take the wings of the morning; speed quickly thy flight  
To Jesus, thy Savior, thy hope and thy light;  
The fount of His mercy is open for thee,  
Go wash and be cleaned in its waters so free.

Refrain

Take the wings of the morning and fly,  
Ere the darkness shall cover the sky;  
Fly away from the shadows that over thee roll,  
And find in thy Savior the home of thy soul.

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.

Refrain

On the wings of the morning fly home to His breast  
There only thy refuge, there only thy rest;  
The moments are precious, the noontide is near;  
Fly home to the Savior, oh, linger not here.

Refrain