

Like a Bird to Thee
Howard Doane, 1875.

Savior, like a bird to Thee,
Weary and wounded my soul would flee;
O let me fold my wings and rest
Peacefully, trustingly, on Thy breast.

Refrain

Like a bird let me fly to Thee,
In Thine arms kindly shelter me;
Then my soul no more shall roam
Far, far away from home.

Savior, Thou my grief hast borne,
Thou hast a balm for the hearts that mourn;
One gentle word, and I shall rest
Hopefully, lovingly, on Thy breast.

Refrain

I was lost till found by Thee;
Thine, blessed Savior, the glory be;
Gladly I fold my wings and rest,
Lovingly, tenderly, on Thy breast.

Refrain