Flee As a Bird







Flee as a bird to your mountain, thou who art weary of sin; Go to the clear flowing fountain where you may wash and be clean. Haste, then, th'Avenger is near thee; call, and the Savior will hear thee; He on His bosom will bear thee; O thou who art weary of sin, O thou who art weary of sin.

He is the bountiful Giver, now unto Him draw near; Peace then shall flow like a river, thou shalt be saved from thy fear. Hark! 'tis the Saviour calling! Haste! for the twilight is falling! Flee, for the night is appalling! And thou shalt be saved from thy fear. And thou shalt be saved from thy fear

He will protect thee forever, wipe every falling tear; He will forsake thee, O never, sheltered so tenderly there. Haste, then, the hours are flying, spend not the moments in sighing, Cease from your sorrow and crying: The Savior will wipe every tear, The Savior will wipe every tear.

Come, then, to Jesus, Thy Saviour, He will redeem thee from sin; Blest with a sense of His favor, make thee all-glorious within! Call, for the Saviour is near thee, waiting in mercy to hear thee, He by His presence will cheer thee, O thou who art weary of sin. O thou who art weary of sin Mary Shindler

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