

Thy holy wings, dear Saviour

Swedish Melody

Holy Wings
76.76.D



Thy holy wings, dear Saviour,
spread gently over me;
and through the long night watches
I'll rest secure in Thee,
Whatever may betide me,
be Thou my hiding place,
and let me live and labour
each day, Lord, by Thy grace.

Thy pardon, Saviour, grant me,
and cleanse me in Thy blood;
give me a willing spirit,
a heart both clean and good.
O take into Thy keeping
Thy children great and small,
and while we sweetly slumber
enfold us one and all.

Lina Sandell