Flee As A Bird

Words by Mary S. Dana
Music: Spanish Air

1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who are weary of sin;
   Go to the clear flowing fountain Where you may wash and be clean.
   Fly, for the avenger is near thee; Call, and the Savior will hear thee;
   Thou who art weary of sin, O Savior will wipe every tear.

2. 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.

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