Flee as a Bird

Mary Stanley Bunce Dana Shindler, 1842

1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, thou who art weary of sin;
2. He will protect thee forever, wipe every falling tear;

Go to the clear flowing fountain Where you may wash and be clean. Haste,
He will forsake thee, O never, shelter so tenderly there. Haste,

then, the Avenger is near thee; Call, and the Savior will hear thee;
then, the hours are flying, Spend not the moments in sighing,

Cease from your sorrow and crying: The Savior will wipe every tear, The
thou who art weary of sin. Savior will wipe every tear.

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Mary Stanley Bunce Dana Shindler

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