

Wings

C. David Hay

Carl Schroeder

Voice



Oh to catch the winds of flight and soar where ea-gles go. To
lis-ten to the song of birds and sail in end-less flight. Then

Voice



leave the woes of troubled souls be-hind me far be-low. With
chase the sun through cloud-y paths and play with stars at night. With

Voice



bound-less heav-en for my home, the breeze to lift me high. To rise a-bove my
bound-less heav-en for my home, the breeze to lift me high. To rise a-bove my

Voice



mor-tal bonds and nev-er have to die. I'd die. Interlude

Voice



Know-ing I had found the way to trails where an-gels trod, and

Voice



when my wings could fly no more I'd take the hand of God. I'd

Voice



take the hand of God. I'd take the hand of God!