

The Bird With The Broken Pinion

1. I walked in gate wood-land mead-ows, Where sweet the thrush - es sing,
 2. I found a young life bro - ken By sin's se - duc - tive art,
 3. But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Kept an - oth - er from the snare,

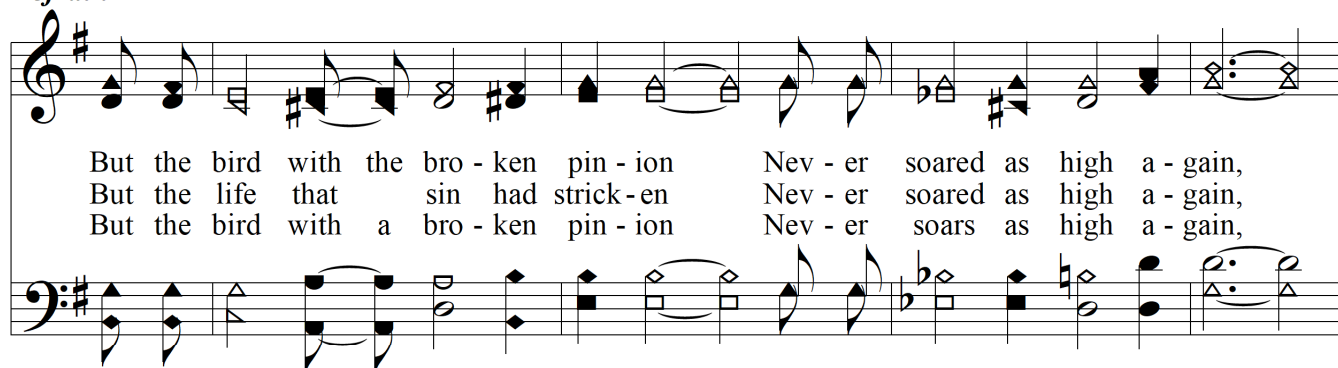
And found, on a bed of moss - es, A bird with a bro - ken wing.
 And, touched by a Christ-like pit - y, I took him to my heart.
 And the life that sin had strick - en Raised an - oth - er from de - spair.

I healed its wound, and each morn - ing It sang its old sweet strain;
 He lived with a no - ble pur - pose, And strug - gled not in vain;
 Each loss has its own com - pen - sa - tion, There are heal - ings for ev - 'ry pain;

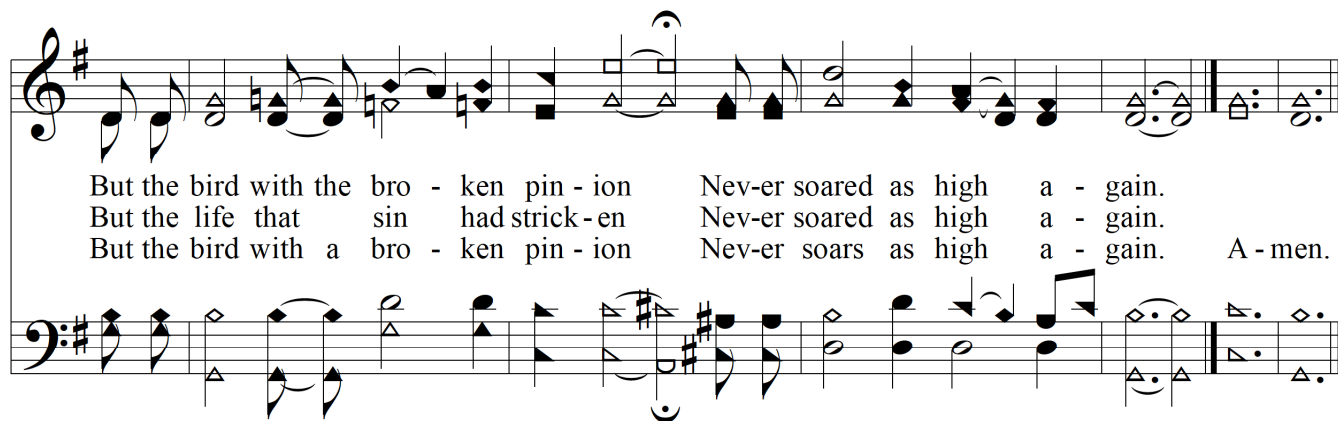
But the bird with the bro - ken pin - ion, Nev - er soared as high a - gain.
 But the life that sin had strick - en Nev - er soared as high a - gain.
 But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Nev - er soars as high a - gain.

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Refrain



But the bird with the bro - ken pin - ion Nev - er soared as high a - gain,
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But the life that sin had strick - en Nev - er soared as high a - gain.
But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Nev - er soars as high a - gain. A - men.