



# Hymn of the Week

September 8, 2019 • 13<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Pentecost

## If I Take the Wings of Morning

**Text:** Rae E. Whitney, 1981.

“As a child I saw a large poster advertising a new movie, ‘Wings of Morning.’ I became entranced by the title. I found out much later that it was a 1937 Henry Fonda movie about a horse, and still later, I discovered those three words had come from Psalm 139. Verses from this Psalm begin this text, and inspired the refrain. Then I traced the rescuing nature of God in the stories of Adam and Eve, Noah, the Tower of Babel, Peter, Judas, and ending with Paul’s assertion in Romans that nothing can separate us from the love of God.”

–Rae. E. Whitney

**Music:** LOVE’S LIGHT, Amanda Husberg, 1999.

**Topics:** Biblical Names (Adam, Eve, Judas, Noah, Tower of Babel, Paul, Peter),  
Doubt, Love (God’s)

**Scripture references:** Genesis 3, 8 11; Psalm 139:9–12; Matthew 26:69–75, 27:1–10;  
Romans 8:38–39

### Publication

*Fear Not, Little Flock: Vol. II* (Selah, 2007)

*Selah Psalter* (Selah, 2001)

*Sing to Our God New Songs of Rejoicing* (Selah, 2000)

*Selah Songs of Rejoicing* (Selah, 2011)

*Choral setting, “If I Take the Wings of Morning,”* Amanda Husberg (Selah, 420-162)



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# If I Take the Wings of Morning

*Unison*

1 If I take the wings of morn - ing, if to  
 2 If near E - den's Tree I wan - der in the  
 3 If I build an ark to bear me safe - ly  
 4 If fears bid my tongue de - ny you, if to  
 5 Nei - ther death, nor life, nor an - gels, pre - sent

for - eign lands I flee, if I force the night to  
 place where sin be - gan, where the ser - pent mocked o -  
 to a moun - tain's crown, if the tower I raise to  
 treach - er - y I yield, if re - morse and bit - ter  
 things, those yet to be, nei - ther height, nor depth, can

hide me, who will then come seek - ing me?  
 be - dience, sep - a - ra - ting God from man:  
 touch you wounds me as it tum - bles down:  
 sor - row send me to that pot - ter's field:  
 e - ver sep - a - rate God's love from me:

Text: Rae E. Whitney, 1981.

Music: Amanda Husber, 1999.

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87 87 with refrain

LOVE'S LIGHT

*Refrain*

There, O Love, I know you'll find me; there, O

Love, I know you'll be, with Love's light you'll blind the

dark - ness, with Love's life you'll res - cue me.

# If I Take the Wings of Morning



1 If I take the wings of morn - ing, if to  
 2 If near E - den's Tree I wan - der in the  
 3 If I build an ark to bear me safe - ly  
 4 If fears bid my tongue de - ny you, if to  
 5 Nei - ther death, nor life, nor an - gels, pre - sent



for - eign lands I flee, if I force the night to  
 place where sin be - gan, where the ser - pent mocked o -  
 to a moun - tain's crown, if the tower I raise to  
 treach - er - y I yield, if re - morse and bit - ter  
 things, those yet to be, nei - ther height, nor depth, can



hide me, who will then come seek - ing me?  
 be - dience, sep - a - ra - ting God from man:  
 touch you wounds me as it tum - bles down:  
 sor - row send me to that pot - ter's field:  
 e - ver sep - a - rate God's love from me:

*Refrain*



There, O Love, I know you'll find me; there, O



Love, I know you'll be, with Love's light you'll blind the



dark - ness, with Love's life you'll res - cue me.

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87 87 with refrain

LOVE'S LIGHT

# If I Take the Wings of Morning

If I take the wings of morning,  
if to foreign lands I flee,  
if I force the night to hide me,  
who will then come seeking me?

*Refrain*

There, O Love, I know you'll find me;  
there, O Love, I know you'll be,  
with Love's light you'll blind the darkness,  
with Love's life you'll rescue me.

If near Eden's Tree I wander  
in the place where sin began,  
where the serpent mocked obedience,  
separating God from man:

*Refrain*

If I build an ark to bear me  
safely to a mountain's crown,  
if the tower I raise to touch you  
wounds me as it tumbles down:

*Refrain*

If fears bid my tongue deny you,  
if to treachery I yield,  
if remorse and bitter sorrow  
send me to that potter's field:

*Refrain*

Neither death, nor life, nor angels,  
present things, those yet to be,  
neither height, nor depth, can ever  
separate God's love from me:

*Refrain*

Text: Rae E. Whitney, 1981.  
87 87 with refrain

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