The Healed Pinion

1. There's a song of a broken pin-ion, Of a bird that loved to
   sing, And the air was its domin-ion, Till it shame,
   chanced to break its wing, And it lay on a bed of
   moss-es, All helpless and faint with pain, But 'twas
   heal'd and again each morning It would soar with its same sweet strain.

2. There is man-y a life that's bro-ken, By the sin of drink or
   tempt-er their faith o'er-came, In deepest despair now
   wail-ing, With no one to soothe their pain, Go bring them to Him who heal-eth That
   store the joys de-part-ed, And will take you back a-gain.

3. 'Tis the life of the bro-ken heart-ed, That the Sav-ior doth glad-ly
   heal, To them of a con-trite spir-it, The Lord will His love re-veal, Oh, come and your sins for-
   giv-en, The Sav-ior with you will reign, He'll re-

Words and Music: John R. Bryant

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Chorus

Then come, to the Savior, No matter how great thy sin,
Then come, yes come to the Savior, No matter how great, how great thy sin,

He can heal the broken pinion Of those who would soar again.