

# RIDE THE MORNING WINDS

Words: Grace Hawthorne

Music: Tom Fettke

Freely (♩ = ca. 72)

*p* *mp* *cresc. poco a poco*

Oo- I A fright-ning place this world of ours; The  
search me now and know my heart; Then

fran-tic pace of chang-ing, Where no one plays fa-mil-iar roles. But  
show me how to do my part, to walk the way You'd have me go. And

In tempo, faster  
*mf*

in these days one prom-ise holds. I can ride the morn-ing winds and You are  
if I stray, Lord, I still know.

31 there- *cresc.*  
there, Lord, You are there. I can sail the wid-est seas and You are

there. Lord, You are there. I can find the dark-est night and You are  
there. You are there. I can find the dark-est, dark-est night and You are  
You are there.

19 *decresc. and rit.* *mp D.S.*  
there. O Lord, I can nev-er be lost from You. 2. Please  
nev-er be lost from You.

25 *cresc.*  
nev-er be lost  
nev-er, I can nev-er, I can nev-er be lost, nev-er lost from You.