**Healing in its wings**

O, Father, I do sin,

And my heart breaks deep within;

For You have sought me,

Yet I turn away from all Your loving care.

So often do I fall,

Yet You reach out again,

Lifting my burden

That is more than I can ever bear.

Through your beloved son,

There is grace so undeserved;

How can I ever

Sin against the One Who makes my heart to sing?

So weak I need your help

So unto you I do turn

Then light of morning

Rises up with healing in its wings.

Do not delay, oh God,

Oh be gracious and forgiving;

In your compassion

Through the Son you gave in pain and selflessness

Against you do I sin

Yet through you do I live

Ever to please you

Ever praising all your righteousness.

My broken contrite heart

Is so worthless in my sight;

But You restore it,

Give it peace and joy to love and follow You.

O, may I ever strive

To live pure in Your sight,

Filled with Your goodness,

Free to glorify and honor You.

**Sus alas trae la sanación**

Yo pe - co, oh Pa - dre, sí,   
y me quie - bra el co - ra - zón;

Pues me has bus - ca - do,

más la es - pal - da doy a Tu fi - de - li - dad. Tan - to me cai - go, oh Dios,

mas Tu ma - no me das;

Lle - vas la car - ga que ja - más se - ré ca - paz de al - zar.

En Tu U - ni - gé - ni - to

el in - dig - no ha - lla bon - dad,

¿Có - mo me a - tre - vo

a o - fen - der al Go- zo de mi co - ra - zón? Lim - pia mi co - ra - zón pa - ra ser co - mo

Tú,

Co - mo el sol na - ce y en sus a - las trae la sa - na - ción.

Mi ro - to co - ra - zón   
me pa - re - ce sin va - lor.

Mas lo re - stau - ras;

le das go - zo, a - mor y paz pa - ra se - guir.

A - yu - da - me a tra - tar de ser pu - ro an - te Ti,

Lle - no de gra - cia,

lib - re a ex - al - tar y hon - rar - te a Ti.