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### **Under His Pinions (psalm 68:13)**

Clare du Bois  
March 16, 2016

When I ventured through the dark wood  
I lost my way among the thorns  
Deafness whispered, "Follow me..  
Surely there's fruit with these thorns."

And so the darkness enfolded me  
Quenching flames that had dimmed.  
'Till you quickened my darkened soul  
Stirring faint embers within

(Chorus)

Born on wings sheathed in silver  
In feathers of shining gold.  
Under Your pinions I'm lifted  
Tenderly carried Home.

Morning comes the dark wood beckons  
Restless heart, so frail my soul.  
Draw me close in Your loving kindness  
'Till our hearts beat as One.

As we soar aloft the heights  
Snowcapped mist beneath our feet.  
Chiseled crags greeting the sunlight  
I rest in the cleft of Your Love.

Chorus

Cries echo forth from the valley  
Travelers lost among the thorns.

Broken dreams, gone are the pieces  
Like seeds scattered after the storm.

You descend with tranquility  
Restoring the hope of the dawn.  
You forgive all our offenses  
Gently urging us on

Chorus

Born on wings sheathed in silver  
In feathers of shining gold.  
Under Your pinions I'm lifted  
Tenderly carried Home.