

Long Road to Freedom

Chorus It's a long — road to free - dom, a wind - ing steep and

high. But when you walk in love with the wind on your wing And

cov - er the earth with the songs you sing, The miles fly by.

1. I walked — one morn - ing by the sea, — And
 2. I walked — one morn - ing at the dawn, — When
 3. I walked — one morn - ing with a friend, — And
 4. I walked — one morn - ing with my King, — And

all the waves reached out to me. — I
 bits of night still lin - gered on. — I
 prayed the day would nev - er end. — The
 all my win - ters turned to spring. — Yet

took their tears, — then let them be. —
 sought my star, — but it was gone. —
 years have flown — so why pre - tend. —
 ev - ery mo - - - ment held its sting. —

Where do we find true freedom from the sting of winter's experience?
 In nature? In our friends?
 Only Christ can turn our winters into spring.

"All my springs of joy are in you." Psalm 87:7