

Wings Of A Dove

Libera

If I had wings of a dove,
Far, far away would I fly and hide away
To be at rest

If I could wing above,
So far on high and be free to steal away
And be at rest

Dona nobis Domine perpetua in saecula
Dona nobis pacem

For everything above
Acroos the sky, can be free to soar on high,
And be at rest

Exaudi orationem dona Domine
Exaudo orationem dona nobis pacem