

# Take these wings

W: Steve Kupferschmid M: Don Besig  
(Arr. Maria Dunn, 2016)

F1.  $\text{♩} = 66$  *mf*

9 **A** MW

S. I found a spar-row ly-ing on the ground; Her life I knew would soon be at an end.

F1.

17 *poco rit* *f*

S. I knelt be-fore her as she made a sound, and lis-tened as she said, "My friend, Take these

25 **B** a tempo

S. wings and learn to fly to the high-est moun-tain in the sky; Take these

F1.

33 *poco rit.* *f* all sops

S. eyes and learn to see all the things so dear to me. Take this

F1.

41 a tempo

S. song and learn to sing, fill your voice with all the joys of Spring; Take this

F1.

49 let it fly // *rit* *mf*

S. heart and set it free, Let it fly be-yond the

F1. *tr* *rit*

57 **C** *A tempo* *mf*

65 **D** *mp*

S. I found an - oth - er spar - row on the sand, a ti - ny bird whose life had just be - gun.

F1.

73

S. I picked him up and held him in my hand; I smiled at him and said, "My son, Take these

81 **E**

S. wings and learn to fly to the high - est moun - tain in the sky; Take these

F1.

89

S. eyes and learn to see all the things so dear to me. Take this

F1.

97

S. song and learn to sing, fill your voice with all the joys of Spring; Take this

F1.

105 **F**

S. heart and set it free, Let it fly be - yond the

F1.

113 **A tempo**

S. sea."

F1.