

# Sparrows

## Anathallo

I awoke from a dream, I was flying home  
The wind wailed on my wings  
And my strength was waning And I knew where from rescue would come  
I scarcely called, I scarcely called  
The sun's rays fell upon me there  
Raining, raining, a sobering descent The dust I'm sure my voice was heard  
On desolate heights weeping  
Break up your fallow grounds  
Do not sow among thorns Break up your fallow grounds  
Do not sow among thorns The dust I'm sure my voice was heard  
On desolate heights weeping  
Break up your fallow grounds  
Do not sow among thorns You shall call me my father and not turn away from me  
As my father has cared for me to this end  
How much more will he care for you?  
O, Israel, return, o, Israel, return

Songwriters

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