

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace, Rise from tran - si - to - ry
2. Ri - vers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire a - scen - ding seeks the
3. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to moun, Press on - ward to the prize; Soon our Sa - vior will re -

things, Toward heav'n, thy na - tive place; Sun and moon and stars de - cay. Time shall soon this earth re -
sun, Both speed them to their source; So a soul that's born of God Pants to view his glo - rious
tum Tri - um - phant in the skies: Yet a sea - son and you know Hap - py en - trance will be

move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats pre - pared a - bove.
face; Up - wards tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.
given; All our sor - rows cast be - low, And earth ex - changed for heaven.