

Robert Seagrave, 1742
Pilgrim's Song 76. 76. 77. 76

Pilgrim's Rest

Transcribed from *The American Compiler*, 1803.

G Major
Elijah Griswold, 1803

Tr. ⁵ ¹⁰ ³ ¹⁵

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter portion trace, Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Towards heaven, thy native place; Sun and

C. 2. Ri - vers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire a - scen - ding seeks the sun, Both speed them to their source; So a

T. ₈ 3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize; Soon our Sa - vior will re - turn Tri - um - phant in the skies: Yet a

B.

Tr. ²⁰ ²⁵ ^{1.} ³⁰ ^{2.}

1. moon and stars decay, Time shall soon this earth remove, Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats pre - pared a - bove.

C. 2. soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glorious face; Up - wards tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.

T. ₈ 3. season and you know Happy entrance will be given All our sor - rows cast be - low, And earth ex - changed for heaven.

B.