

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;
 2. Riv-ers to the o-cean run, Nor stay in all their course;
 3. Cease, ye pil-grims, cease to mourn; Press on-ward to the prize;

5

Rise from tran-si-to-ry things Toward heaven, thy na-tive place:
 Fire as-cend-ing seeks the sun; Both spread them to their source;
 Soon our Sav-ior will re-turn, Tri-um-phant in the skies;

9

Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay; Time shall soon this earth re-move;
 So a soul that's born of God, Longs to view His glorious face,
 Yet a sea-son, and you know Hap-py en-trance will be given,

13

Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats pre-pared a-bove.
 For-ward tends to His a-bode To rest in His em-brace.