

RISE, MY SOUL

(Amsterdam. P. M.)

Robert Seagrave

James Nares

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;

Rise from trans - it - o - ry things Tow'rd's heav'n thy na - tive place.
 Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source:
 Soon our Sav - iour will re - turn, Tri - um - phant in the skies.

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
 So my soul, de - rived from you, God, know Pants to view His glo - rious face,
 Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be giv'n,

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To joys pre - pared a - bove.
 For - ward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.
 All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heav'n.