

RISE, MY SOUL, AND STRETCH THY WINGS

Robert Seagrave (1693–1764)

James Nares (1715–1783)

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. Fly me rich - es, fly me cares; While I that coast ex - plore;
 4. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Towards heav'n, thy na - tive place;
 Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun, Both speed them to their source;
 Flat - t'ring world, with all thy snares, So - li - cit me no more.
 Soon our Sav - ior will re - turn, Tri - um - phant in the skies:

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
 To a soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glo - rious face;
 Pil - grims fix not here their home; Stran - gers tar - ry but a night,
 Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be giv'en,

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.
 Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.
 When the last dear morn is come, They'll rise to joy - ful light.
 All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heav'n.