

Give Me the Wings of Faith to Rise

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil, and see
 2. Once they were mourn - ing here be - low, Their couch was wet with tears;
 3. *I ask them whence their vic - t'ry came: They, with u - nit - ed breath,*
 4. They marked the foot - steps that He trod, His zeal in - spired their breast,
 5. Our glo - rious Lead - er claims our praise For His own pat - tern giv'n;

The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
 They wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins and doubts and fears.
As - crite their con - quest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to His death.
 And, fol - l'wing their in - car - nate God, Pos - sess the prom - ised rest.
 While the long cloud of wit - ness - es Show the same path to Heav'n.

Music: Prys' Welsh Psalter, 1621

Text: Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

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