

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

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

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:

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

2. So a 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.

3. Yet a season and you know Happy en - trance will be given; All our sor - rows cast be - low, And earth ex - changed for heaven.