

## 668

## Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings

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ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1742

JAMES NARES (1715-1783)  
From THE FOUNDRY COLLECTION, 1742

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 tran - si - to - ry things Toward heaven, 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 a soul that's born of God, Longs to view His glo - rious face,  
Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be given,

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.  
All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heaven.