

## 62R Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Your Wing

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch your wings, your bet - ter por - tion  
 2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, nor stay in all their  
 3. Cease, O pil - grims, cease to mourn, press on - ward to the

trace. Rise from tran - si - to - ry things towards  
 course; Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun; both  
 prize; The Dawn's dai - ly sure re - turn pro -

heaven, your des - tined place! Sun and moons and stars de - cay;  
 speed them to their source: So my soul, de - rived from God,  
 - mis - es par - a - dise: There is ev - er - last - ing peace;

time might soon this earth re - move: Rise, my soul, and  
 longs to view God's glo - rious face, For - ward tends to  
 rest, may this day's rest, be heaven, There too ev - en

haste a - way to seats pre - pared a - bove.  
 that a - bode, to rest in that em - brace.  
 sor - rows cease, and crowns of joy be given.

Words: Robert Seagrave (1742), alt. REH (2005)  
 Music: AMSTERDAM (7.6.7.6.7.7.6.), James Nares, Foundery Collection (1742)

