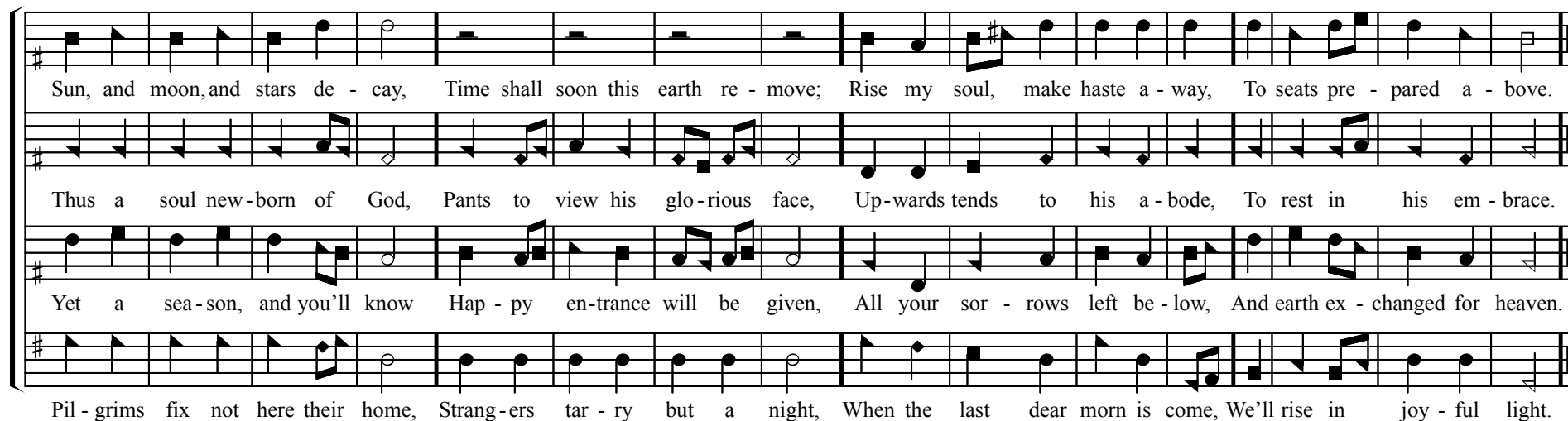


1. Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; Rise from tran-si-to-ry things, T'wards heav'n thy na-tive place;

2. Riv-ers to the o-cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fires as-cend-ing seek the sun, Both speed them to their source,

3. Cease, ye pil-grims, cease to mourn, Press on-ward to the prize; Soon the Sa-vior will re-turn, Tri-umph-ant to the skies.

4. Fly me rich-es! fly me cares! While I that coast ex-plore; Flat-tering world, with all your snares, So-li-cit me no more;



Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay, Time shall soon this earth re-move; Rise my soul, make haste a-way, To seats pre-pared a-bove.

Thus a soul new-born of God, Pants to view his glo-rious face, Up-wards tends to his a-bode, To rest in his em-brace.

Yet a sea-son, and you'll know Hap-py en-trance will be given, All your sor-rows left be-low, And earth ex-changed for heaven.

Pil-grims fix not here their home, Strang-ers tar-ry but a night, When the last dear morn is come, We'll rise in joy-ful light.