

Hymn Lyrics

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Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
towards heaven, thy destined place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
to seats prepared above.

2. Rivers to the ocean run,
nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
longs to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
to rest in His embrace.

3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Savior will return,
to take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
and crowns of joy be given.

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