

Give Me the Wings of Faith

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Anonymous.

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern giv'n;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to Heav'n.

Another arrangement, by (1834-1905)(, ,), adds this refrain:

Many are the friends who are waiting today,
Happy on the golden strand,
Many are the voices calling us away,
To join their glorious band.
Calling us away, calling us away,
Calling to the better land,
Calling us away, calling us away,
Calling to the better land.