

Now Let Our Souls on Wings Sublime
Thomas Gibbons(1720-1785)
John Hatton, 1793.

Now let our souls on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil and see,
The glories of eternity.

Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to Heav'n's eternal joys.

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large.
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full Heav'n enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of Heav'n below.