

Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings

Robert Seagrave, 1742.

James Nares(1715-1783)

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

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, that's born of God, pants to view His glorious face,  
Upward tends to His abode, to rest in His embrace.

Fly me riches, fly me cares, whilst I that coast explore;  
Flattering world, with all thy snares, solicit me no more.  
Pilgrims fix not here their home; strangers tarry but a night;  
When the last dear morn is come, they'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn, press onward to the prize;  
Soon thy Savior will return, triumphant in the skies:  
Yet a season, and you know happy entrance will be given  
All our sorrows left below, and earth exchanged for Heaven.