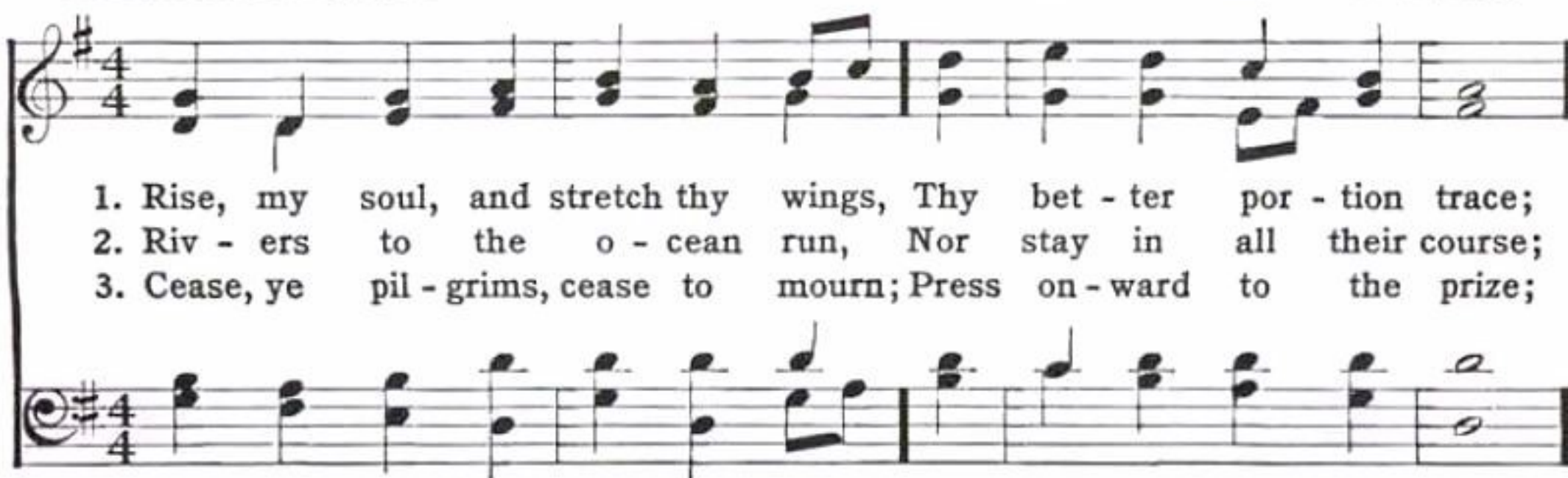


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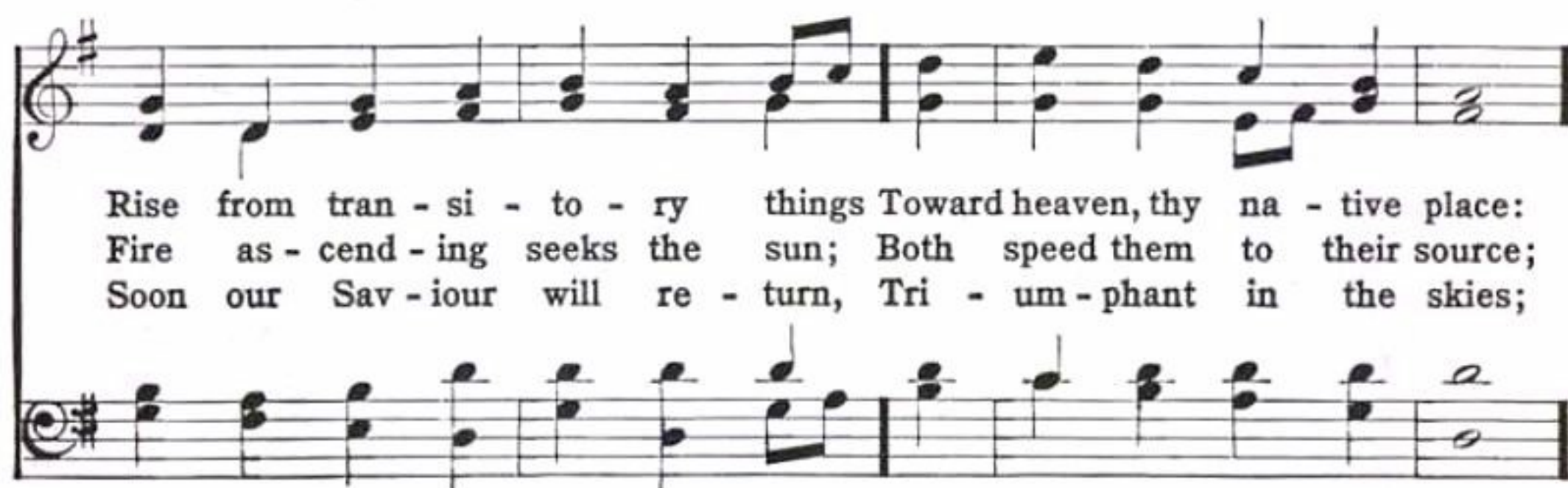
Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings

Amsterdam. 7.6.7.6.D.

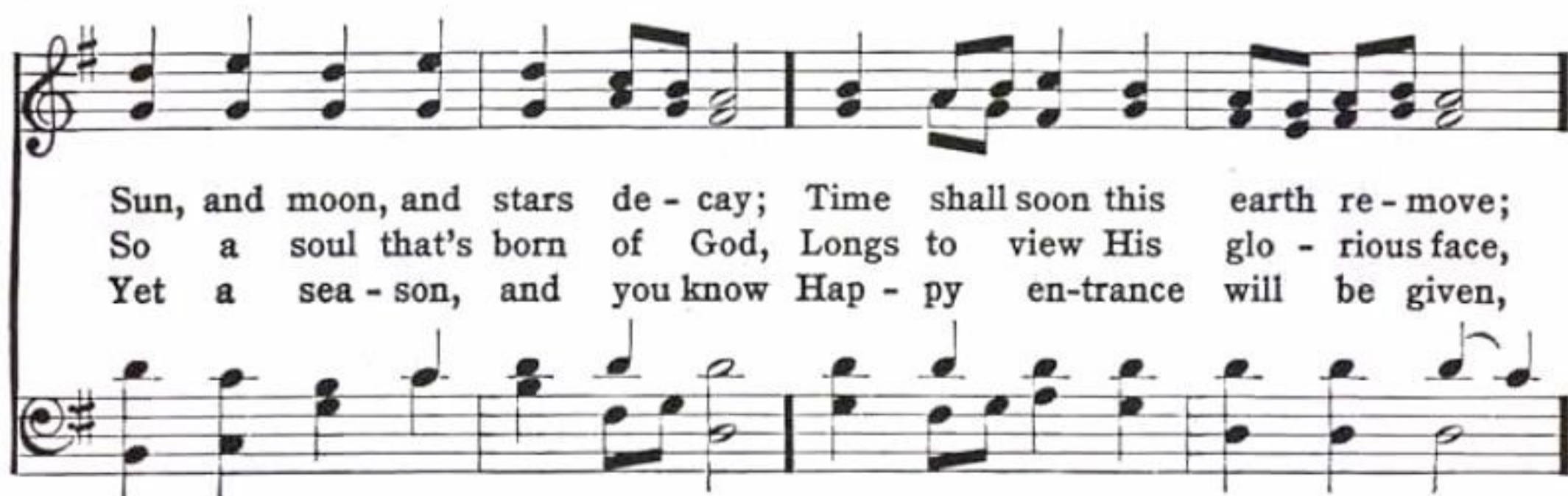
ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1742

JAMES NARES (1715-1783)
From THE FOUNDRY COLLECTION, 1742


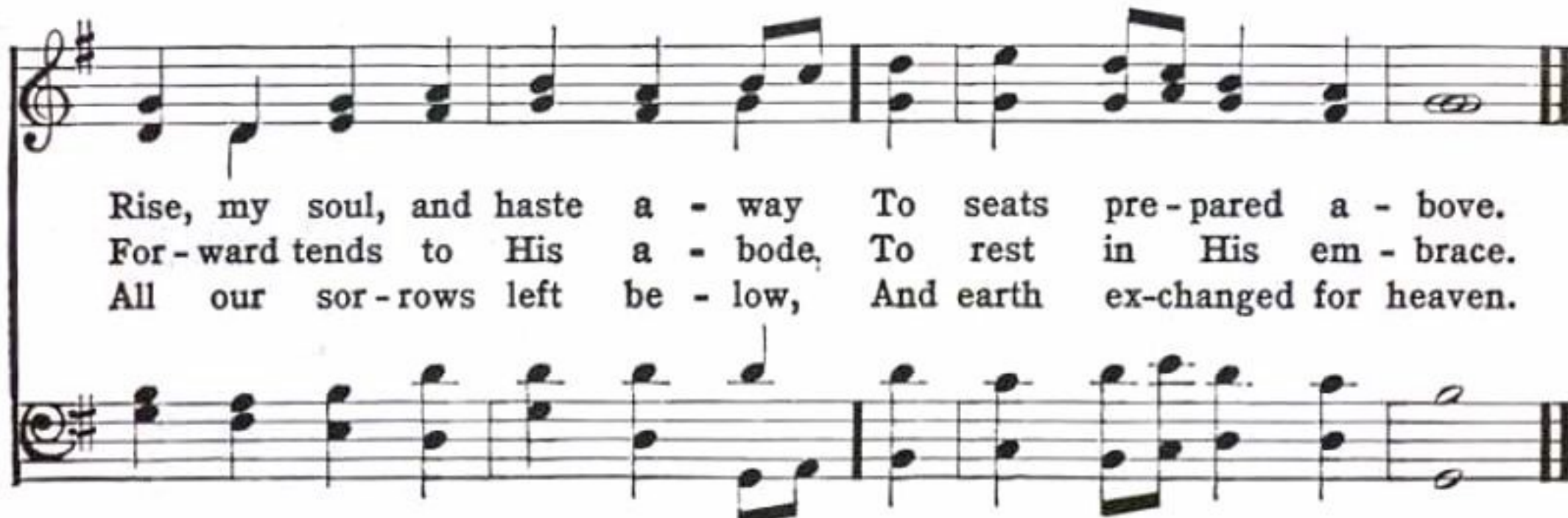
1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course;
3. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn; Press on - ward to the prize;



Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Toward heaven, thy na - tive place:
Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source;
Soon our Sav - iour will re - turn, Tri - um - phant in the skies;



Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;
So a soul that's born of God, Longs to view His glo - rious face,
Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be given,



Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.
For - ward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.
All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heaven.