Give Me The Wings Of Faith

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, With-in the vail, and see
The saints a-bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo ries be.

2. Once they were mourn-ers here be-low, And pour'd out cries and tears;
They wres-tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I asked them whence their vic-t'ry came: They, with u-nit-ed breath,
As-crive their con-quest to the Lamb, Their tri-umph to His death.

Chorus

Man-y are the friends who are wait-ing to-day, Hap-py on the gold-en strand,

Man-y are the voic-es call-ing us a-way, To join their glo-rious band.

Call-ing us a-way, Call-ing us a-way, Call-ing to the bet-ter land.

Words: Rev. I. Watts  
Music: Arr. By Walter Kittredge  
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