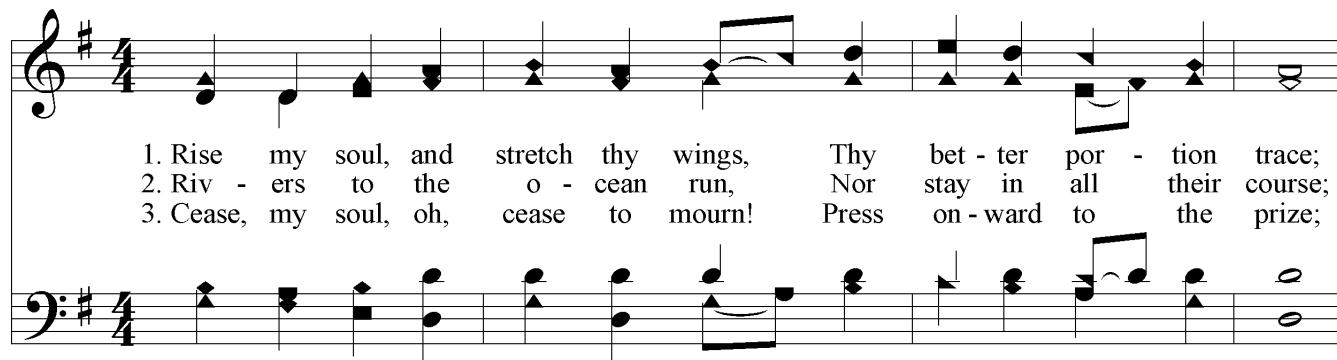
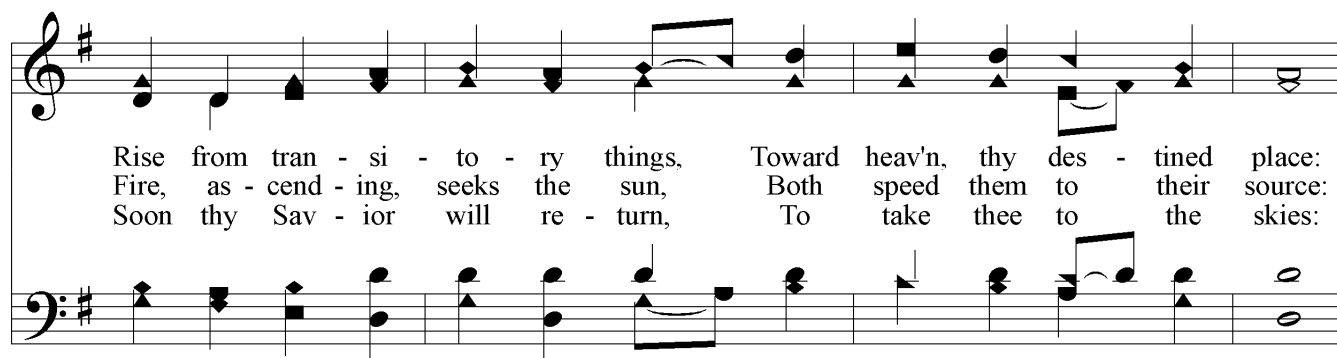


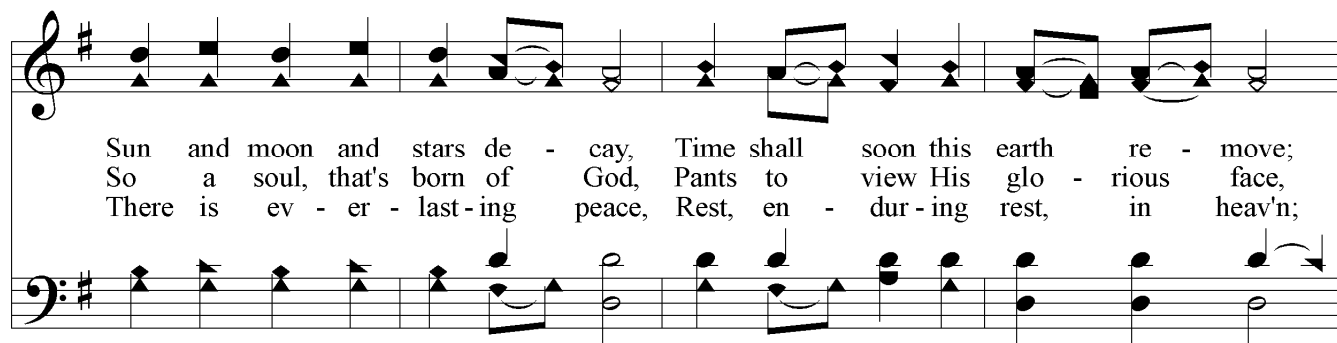
# RISE, MY SOUL, AND STRETCH THY WINGS



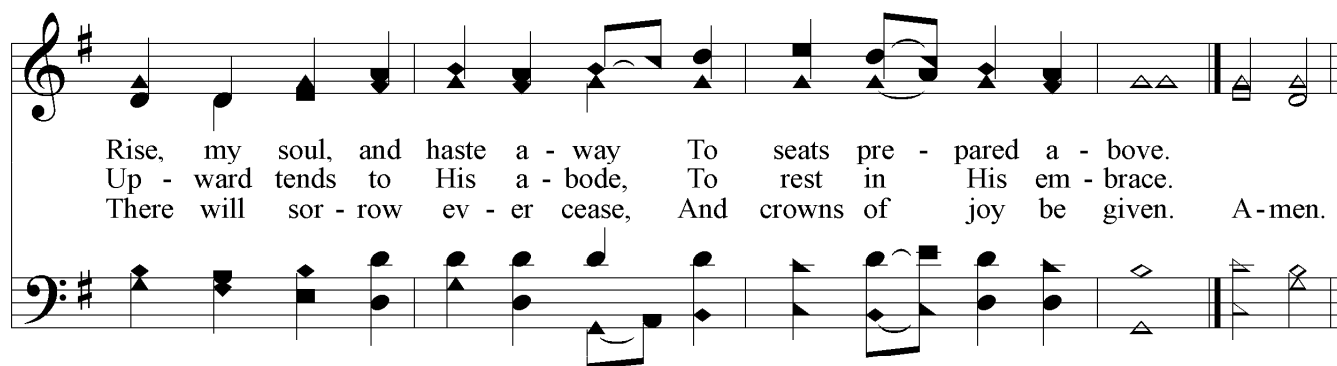
1. Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;  
2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course;  
3. Cease, my soul, oh, cease to mourn! Press on - ward to the prize;



Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Toward heav'n, thy des - tined place:  
Fire, as - cend - ing, seeks the sun, Both speed them to their source:  
Soon thy Sav - ior will re - turn, To take thee to the skies:



Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;  
So a soul, that's born of God, Pants to view His glo - rious face,  
There is ev - er - last - ing peace, Rest, en - dur - ing rest, in heav'n;



Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.  
Up - ward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.  
There will sor - row ev - er cease, And crowns of joy be given. A - men.