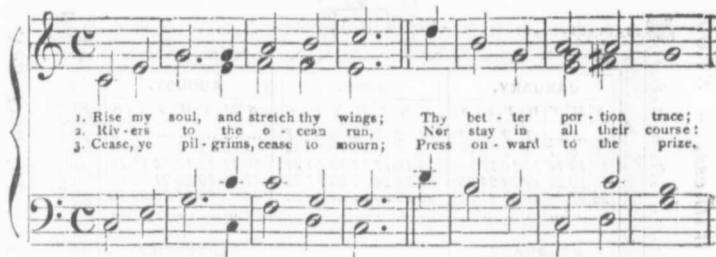


THE HOPE OF GLORY.

Music by REV. JAMES DAVIS.



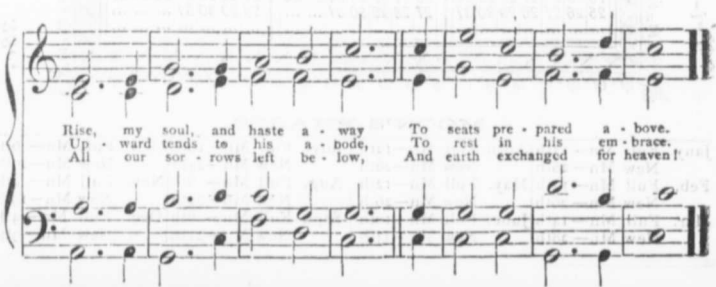
1. Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings; Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
 2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run; Nor stay in all their course;
 3. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn; Press on - ward to the prize.



Rise from trans - i - tor - y things, Towards heaven, thy na - tive place.
 Fire as a con - d - ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source.
 Soon your Sa - viour 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, Pants to view his glo - rious face;
 Yet a sea - son, and we know, Hap - py en - trance will be given;



Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.
 Up - ward tends to his a - bodé, To rest in his em - brace.
 All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth exchanged for heaven!

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