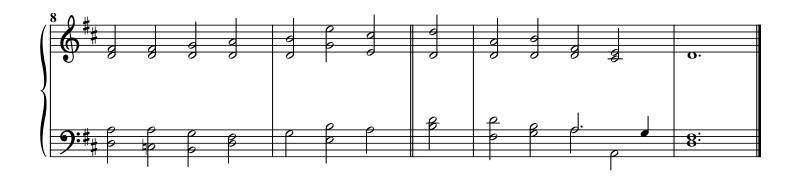
Give me the wings of faith to rise

Thomas Jackson, 1715-1781

Byzantium C.M.





Give me the wings of faith to rise Within the veil, and see The saints above, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below, And wet their couch with tears: They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came: They, with united breath, Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb, Their triumph to His death. They marked the footsteps that He trod, His zeal inspired their breast; And following their incarnate God, Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise For His own pattern giv'n; While the long cloud of witnesses Show the same path to Heav'n.

Isaac Watts

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