

# RISE, MY SOUL

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Robert Seagrave

James Nares, Arr. by Wayne Hooper

The musical score is written for voice and piano in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of six systems of music. The first system begins with a piano introduction marked *ff* and *f*. The lyrics are: "Rise, my soul! Rise, my soul! Rise, my soul! Rise, my soul! Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; Rise from tran-si-". The second system continues with: "to-ry things toward heaven, thy na-tive place: Sun, and moon, and". The third system continues with: "stars de-cay; Time shall soon this earth re-move;". The fourth system continues with: "Rise, my soul and haste a-way to seats pre-pared a-bove. Rise, my soul, to seats pre-pared a-bove.". The fifth system continues with: "Riv-ers to the o-cean run, nor stay in all their course; all their course;". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody.

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Fire as - cend - ing speed them to their source; —  
 Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun both speed them to their, to their source;

So a soul that's born of God, Longs to view His glo - rious face,

For - ward tends to His a - bode to rest in His em - brace.  
 For - ward tends to rest in His em - brace.

Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn; Press on - ward to the prize; —  
 to the prize;

Soon our Sav - iour will re - turn tri - um - phant in the skies; —  
 in the skies;

Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will  
 Rise, my soul, — rise, my soul, Rise, my soul, — rise,

be given, All our sor - rows left be - low and earth ex -  
my soul, *f*

changed for heaven. *ff*  
Rise, my soul, Rise, my soul!  
Rise, my soul, Rise, my soul!  
Rise, my soul, Rise, my soul!

## O FOR THAT FLAME

William H. Bathurst

German Melody, Arr. by Wayne Hooper

O for that flame of liv - ing fire Which shone so bright in saints of old;  
Is not Thy grace as might - y now As when E - li - jah felt its power;  
Re - mem - ber, Lord, the an - cient days; Re - new Thy work, Thy grace re - store;

Which bade their souls to heaven as - pire, Calm in dis - tress, in dan - ger bold!  
When glo - ry beamed from Mo - ses' brow, Or Job en - dured the try - ing hour?  
And while to Thee our hearts we raise, On us Thy Ho - ly Spir - it pour.

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