

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

- 2 Once they were mourners here below,  
And poured out cries and tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins and doubts and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came:  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For His own pattern given;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to Heaven.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*