

# London Gallery Quire 175

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Give me the wings of faith to rise

"Mylon", attrib. J A Naumann (1741-1801)

Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=72]

Soprano [Air]

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil, and see  
 2. *Once they weremour - ning here be - low, And\_ wet theircouch with tears:*  
 3. I ask them whence their vic - t'ry came: They, - with u - nit - ed breath,  
 4. *They marked the foot - steps that he trod, His\_ zeal in - spiredtheir breast;*

Alto

Tenor

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil, and see  
 2. *Once they weremour - ning here be - low, And\_ wet theircouch with tears:*  
 3. I ask them whence their vic - t'ry came: They, - with u - nit - ed breath,  
 4. *They marked the foot - steps that he trod, His\_ zeal in - spiredtheir breast;*

Bass

6

S

The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.  
*They wres - tledhard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.*  
 A - scribe their con - quest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to\_ his death.  
*Al - low - ing their in - car - nate God, Pos - sess his pro - mised rest.*

A

T

The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.  
*They wres - tledhard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.*  
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*Al - low - ing their in - car - nate God, Pos - sess his pro - mised rest.*

B

Symphony

5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
 For his own pattern given;  
 While the long cloud of witnesses  
 Show the same path to heaven.