Raise Thee, My Soul, Fly Up, and Run

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Raise thee, my soul, fly up, and run Thro'

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
every heavenly street, And

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
say, there's nought be- low the sun That's

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
worthy of thy feet.

The other verses

2 Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above;
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things
Shall tempt our meanest love.

3 There on a high majestic throne
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright like a sun the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon,
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove,
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three One.

7 But O what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!

8 Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell amongst them there?

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.