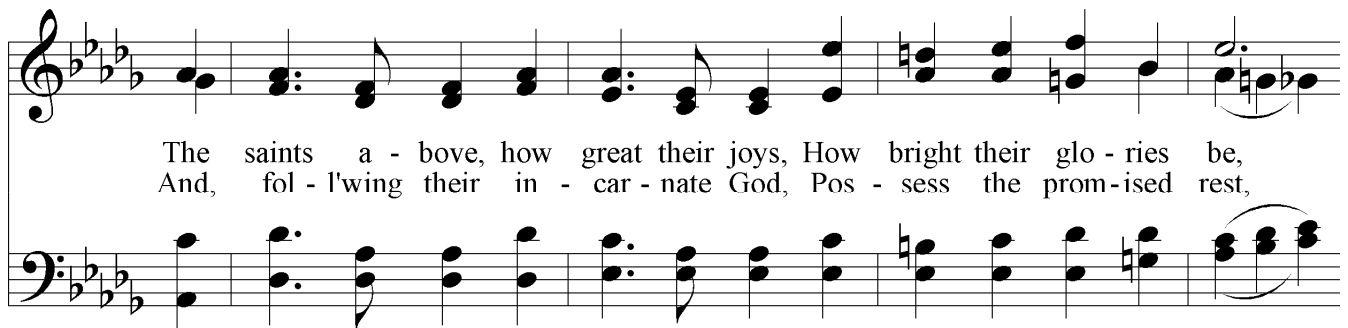


Give Me The Wings Of Faith To Rise


MATERNA



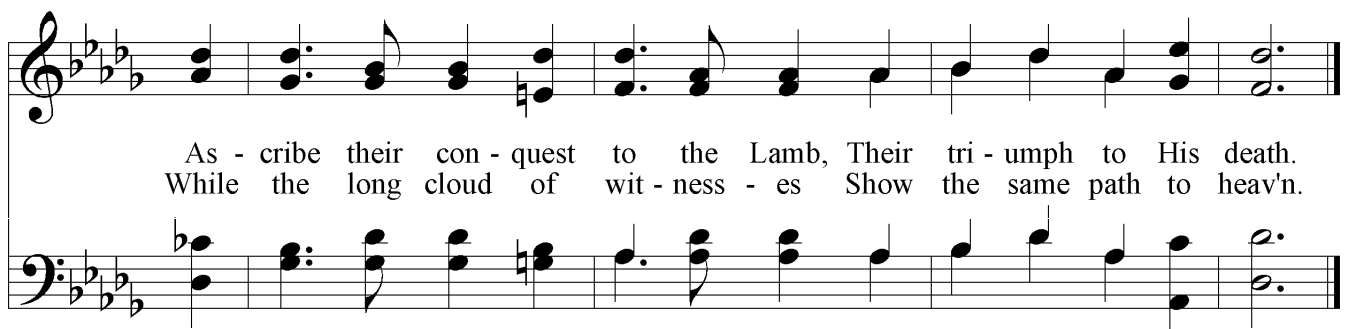
1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise With - in the veil, and see
2. They marked the foot - steps that He trod, His zeal in - spired their breast;



The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be,
And, fol - l'wing their in - car - nate God, Pos - sess the prom - ised rest,



I ask them whence their vic - t'ry came: They, with u - nit - ed breath,
Our glo - rious Lead - er claims our praise For His own pat - tern giv'n;



As - cribe their con - quest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to His death.
While the long cloud of wit - ness - es Show the same path to heav'n.