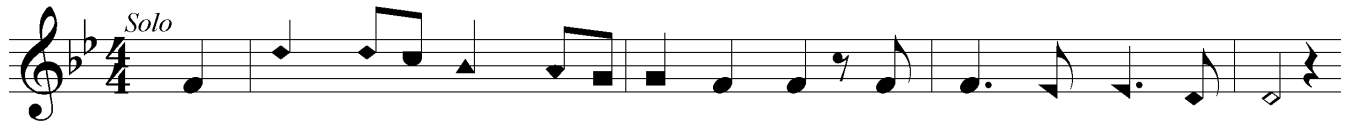
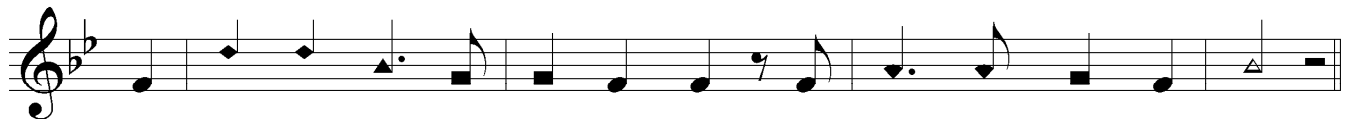


Give Me The Wings Of Faith



1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, With - in the veil, and see
2. Once they were mourn - ers here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears;
3. I asked them whence their vic - t'ry came: They, with u - nit - ed breath,



The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
They wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
As - crite their con - quest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to His death.

Chorus



Man - y are the friends who are wait - ing to - day, Hap - py on the gold - en strand,



Man - y are the voic - es call - ing us a - way, To join their glo - rious band.



Repeat *pp*



Call - ing us a - way, Call - ing us a - way, Call - ing to the bet - ter land.

