

Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee

(BEECHER. 8.7.8.7.D.)

$\text{♩} = 90$

1. Rise, my soul, thy God di - rects thee ; Stran-gerhands no more im - pede ;
 2. Light di - vine sur - rounds thy go - ing, God Him-self shall mark thy way ;
 3. Art thou weaned from E - gypt's pleasures ? God in se - cret thee shall keep,

Pass thou on, His hand pro-TECTS thee, Strength that has the cap - tive freed.
 Se - cret bless-ings, rich - ly flow - ing, Lead to ev - er - last - ing day.
 There un - fold His hidd-en trea-sures, There His love's ex - haust-less deep.

Is the wil-der - ness be - fore thee, De - sert lands where drought a - bides ?
 God, thine e - ver - last - ing por - tion, Feeds thee with the migh - ty's meat ;
 In the de - sert God will teach thee What the God that thou hast found,

Heaven-ly springs shall there re - store thee, Fresh from God's ex - haust - less tides.
 Price of E - gypt's hard ex - tor - tion, E - gypt's food no more to eat.
 Pa - tient, gra - cious, power-ful, ho - ly ; All His grace shall there a - bound.

4. On to Canaan's rest still wending,
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
Suited grace from high descending,
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.
Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle strength He'll still renew :
Garments fresh and foot unwearied
Tell how God hath brought thee through.
5. When to Canaan's longloved dwelling
Love divine thy foot shall bring,
There with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs in rest to sing,
There no stranger-God shall meet thee,
Stranger thou in courts above.
He who to His rest shall greet thee,
Greets thee with a well-known love.

Alternate Tunes : Hyfrydol, 18 ; Hymnd to Joy, 191.

Alternate Tune suited to the word edition : Rhineland, 16.