

Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve

It is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. Rom. 13:11

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Php. 3:14 So run, that ye may obtain. 1 Cor. 9:24

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch eve - ry nerve, And press with vig - or on;
2. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high;
3. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey;
4. Blest Sav - ior, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my race be - gun;

A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal,
'Tis His own hand pre - sents the prize
For - get the steps al - read - y trod,
And, crowned with vic - t'ry, at Thy feet

And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
To thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.
And on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
I'll lay my hon - or down, I'll lay my hon - or down.

WORDS: Philip Doddridge, *pub.*1755. MUSIC: "Christmas"; George F. Handel, 1728; *arr., pub.*1812. Public Domain.