My Soul, Be On Thy Guard

GAUTIER S. M. D.

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down. The work of faith will not be done, Till thou obtain the crown.

O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly ev'ry day, And help divine implore.

Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee, at thy parting breath, To His divine abode.