Sleep Not, Soldier Of The Cross

Words by Mrs. E. C. Gaskell
Music by John P. Wilkes

1. Sleep not, soldier of the cross; Foes are lurking all around;
2. Up! and take thy shield and sword; Up! it is the call of heav’n;
3. Break thru all the force of ill; Tread the might of passion down,
4. Thru the midst of toil and pain, Let this thought ne’er leave thy breast:

Look not here to find repose; This is but thy battle-ground.
Shrink not faithless from the Lord; Nobly strive, as He has striv’n.
Struggling on-ward, on-ward still, To thy conquering Savior’s
Every triumph thou dost gain Makes more sweet thy coming rest.