Stand Up, My Soul, Shake Off Thy Fears
WIMBORNE L. M.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the
gospel armor on; March to the gates of
endless joy, Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course, But hell and
sin are vanquished foes; Thy Savior nailed them
to the heav'nly gate; There peace and joy e-
to the cross, And sung the triumph when He rose.

3. Then let my soul march boldly on,— Press forward
in all mighty grace, While all the armies
in all mighty reign, And glit'ring robes for conquerors wait.
of the skies Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

4. There shall I wear a starry crown, And triumph

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: J. Whitaker