Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve

Words: Philip Doddridge
Music: George F. Handel, Arr. by Lowell Mason

1. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown.
2. A cloud of witnesses around, Hold thee in full survey: For get the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.
3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye.
4. Blest Savior, introduced by Thee, Have I my race begun; And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet I'll lay my honors down.

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