Sleep Not, Soldier Of The Cross

MONK AND

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 conqu’ring Savior’s
Ev’ry triumph thou dost gain Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

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