Sleep Not, Soldier

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 tho' ne'er leave thy breast:

Look not here to find repose; This is but thy battle-ground.
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord; Nobly strive, as He hath striv'n.
Struggling onward, onward still, To thy conqu'ring Savior's crown.
Every triumph thou dost gain Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

Chorus

Sleep not, soldier of the cross, Foes are lurking all around;
Sleep not, sleep not,

Look not here to find repose; This is but thy battle-ground.
Look not, look not

Words: Mrs. E. C. Gaskell
Music: Theobald, King of Navarre, arr. D. B. Towner