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 - ter nal reign, And glit - t'ring robes for con - qu'rors wait.

3. Then let my soul march boldly on, Press forward in al might y grace, While all the armies of the skies Join in my glo - rious Leader's praise.

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