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Awake, My Soul!

Arlington. C.M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1775

THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762

1. A - wake, my soul! stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on;
 2. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high;
 3. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey;
 4. Blest Sav - iour, in - tro - duced by Thee, Our race have we be - gun;

A heav - en - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.
 'Tis He whose hand pre - sents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye.
 For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And on - ward urge thy way.
 And, crowned with vic - tory, at Thy feet We'll lay our tro - phies down.

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Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Arlington. C.M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1724

THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ery beds of ease?
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;
 5. Thy saints in all this glo - rious war Shall con - quer, though they die;
 6. When that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar - mies shine

And shall I fear to own His cause? Or blush to speak His name?
 Whilst oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through blood - y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend of grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll hear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
 They see the tri - umph from a - far, With faith's dis - cern - ing eye.
 In robes of vic - tory through the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.