

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 - ior, in - tro - duced by Thee, Our race have we be - gun;

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A heaven - 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, crow - ned with vic - tory, at Thy feet We'll lay our tro - phies down.