

Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve
Philip Doddridge(1702-1751)
George Handel, 1728.

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye,
To thine aspiring eye.

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust,
Shall blend in common dust.

Blest Savior, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry at Thy feet,
I'll lay my honors down,
I'll lay my honors down.