

**Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve**

Verse 1

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

Verse 2

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

Verse 3

'Tis God's all-animating Voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own Hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.

Verse 4

Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And crown'd with victory, at Thy feet,  
I'll lay my honours down.