

Hymn Lyrics

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Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve

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

A cloud of witnesses around
hold thee in full survey:
forget the steps already trod,
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.

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
which shall new luster boast,
when victor's wreaths and monarchs' gems
shall blend in common dust.

Blest Savior, introduced by thee,
have I my race begun;
and, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

(1702-1751) 1755