

Stand Up, My Soul

Isaac Watts, 1707.

John Calkin, 1872.

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the Gospel armor on,  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where thy great Captain-Savior's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;  
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when He rose.

What though the prince of darkness rage,  
And waste the fury of his spite,  
Eternal chains confine him down  
To fiery deeps and endless night.

What though thine inward lusts rebel,  
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;  
The weapons of victorious grace  
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait.

There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.