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, 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.

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

Philip Doddridge