Awake, My Soul! Stretch Every Nerve

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
A- wake, my soul! stretch every nerve, And

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
press with vigor on; A

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
heavenly race de- mands thy zeal, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
an immortal crown.

The other verses

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

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

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

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by Philip Doddridge (1702–1751). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing.
Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.