Courage, My Soul! Behold the Prize

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

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| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
  Courage, my   soul! be-     hold the       prize

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
  The Savior's     love pro-     vides;        Eternal

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
  life be-      yond the      skies,         For all whom

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
  here he       guides.
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The other verses

2 The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest;
Sorrow and sin, and pain and care,
No more approach the blest.

3 A wicked world and wicked heart,
With Satan now are joined;
Each acts a too successful part
In harassing my mind.

4 In conflict with this threefold troop,
How weary, Lord, am I?
Did not thy promise bear me up,
My soul must faint and die.

5 But fighting in my Savior's strength,
Though mighty are my foes,
I shall a conqu'ror be at length,
O'er all that can oppose.

6 Then why, my soul, complain or fear?
The crown of glory see!
The more I toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

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