

Awake, ye saints, stretch ev'ry nerve.

1. Awake, ye saints, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heav'nly race demands our zeal,
And an immortal crown!

2. What clouds of witnesses unseen
Encompass us around; Ill
Men, once, like us, with suffering tried,
Now resting till they're crown'd!

3. Behold a Witness nobler still,
Affliction's path Who trod;
Jesus, our Leader and Reward,
Our Saviour and our God.

4. He, for the joy before Him set,
(So boundless was His love,)
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame.
And now He sits above.

5. If He unnumber'd griefs and wrongs
With meekness did sustain,
O how can we, whose sins He bore,
Of lighter ills complain!