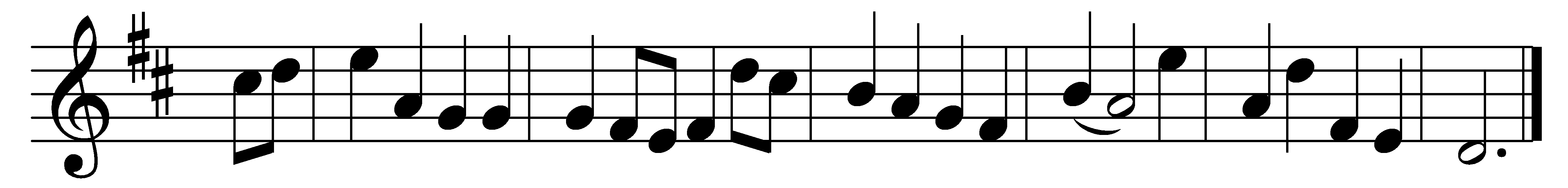
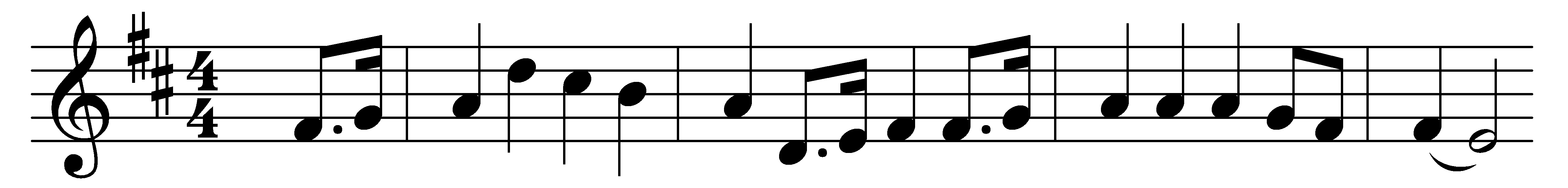
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve Hymnal 1982 no. 546 Melody: Siroë 8 6. 8 6 6.

British spelling



Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,

and press with vigour 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 vigour on;

a heavenly race demands thy zeal,

and an immortal crown,

and an immortal crown.

Words: Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)

Music: George Frideric Handel (1685-1759), adapted in *Melodia Sacra*, 1815