

METRE 1 Isaac Watts

HEBRON L.M.

Lowell Mason

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos-pel ar - mor on; March to the gate of endless joys, Where thy great Cap-tain Sa-vior's gone.

2. Hell and thy sins re - sist thy course, But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Je-sus nail'd them to the cross, And sung the tri-umph when he rose.

3. What tho' the prince of darkness rage, And waste the fu - ry of his spite, E - ter-nal chains confine him down To fie - ry deeps and end - less night.

4. Then let my soul march bold-ly on, Press for - ward to the heaven - ly gate; There peace and joy e - ter-nal reign, And glitt'ring robes for conq'-rors wait.