



- 2. Up, then, and linger not, thou saint of God! Fling from thy shoulders each impeding load; be brave and wise, shake off earth's soil and sin, that with the Bridegroom thou mayst enter in. Oh, watch and pray!
- 3. Soon shall the voice be heard, "Behold, I come," that calls thee upward to thy glorious home, that bids thee leave these vales, and take swift wing, to meet the hosts of thy descending King; and thou must rise!
- 4. 'Tis a thick throng of foes, afar and near, all hell in front, a hating world in rear; yet flee thou canst not, victory must be won, ere fall the shadows of time's setting sun; and thou must fight!
- 5. Gird on thine armour, face each weaponed foe; deal with the sword of heaven the deadly blow; forward, still forward, in the fight divine, slack not the warfare till the field be thine. Win thou the crown!
- 6. 'Tis a fair crown, which never can grow old, a crown of heaven's own everlasting gold; wages of service rendered here below, reward of battle for the conqueror's brow. Win thou the crown!

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