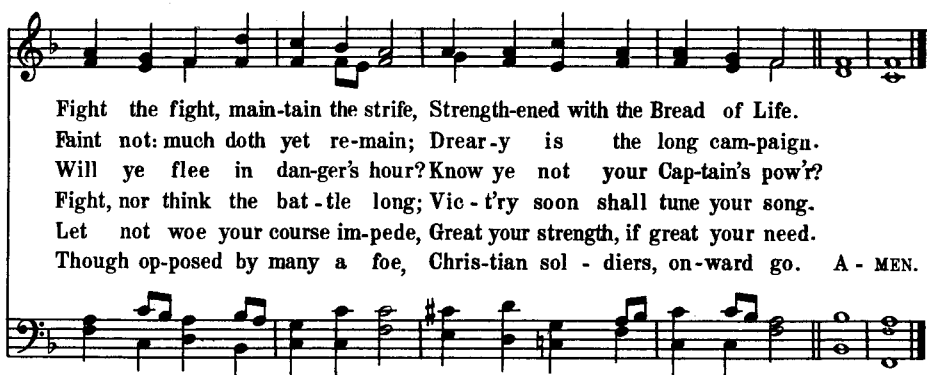


THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE



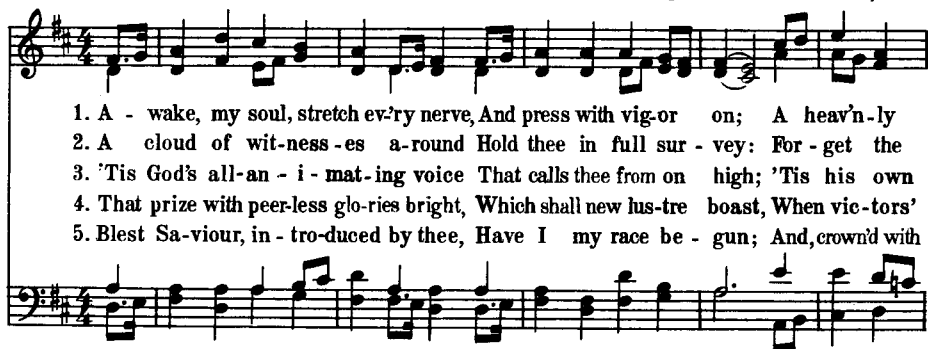
Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strength-ened with the Bread of Life.
Faint not: much doth yet re-main; Drear-y is the long cam-paign.
Will ye flee in dan-ger's hour? Know ye not your Cap-tain's pow'r?
Fight, nor think the bat-tle long; Vic-t'ry soon shall tune your song.
Let not woe your course im-pede, Great your strength, if great your need.
Though op-posed by many a foe, Chris-tian sol-diers, on-ward go. A - MEN.

480

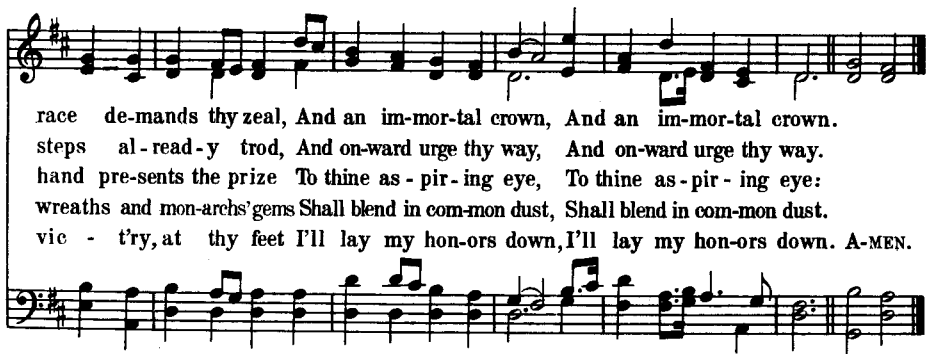
Wherefore seeing we... are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnessers... let us run with patience the race that is set before us. Heb.12:1

Philip Doddridge, 1755

CHRISTMAS C. M. with repeat
George Frederick Handel, 1728



1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heav'n-ly
2. A cloud of wit-ness-es a-round Hold thee in full sur-vey: For-get the
3. 'Tis God's all-an-i-mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own
4. That prize with peer-less glo-ries bright, Which shall new lus-tre boast, When vic-tors'
5. Blest Sa-viour, in-tro-duced by thee, Have I my race be-gun; And, crown'd with



race de-mands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.
steps al-read-y trod, And on-ward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.
hand pre-sents the prize To thine as-pir-ing eye, To thine as-pir-ing eye:
wreaths and mon-archs' gems Shall blend in com-mon dust, Shall blend in com-mon dust.
vic-t'ry, at thy feet I'll lay my hon-ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down. A-MEN.