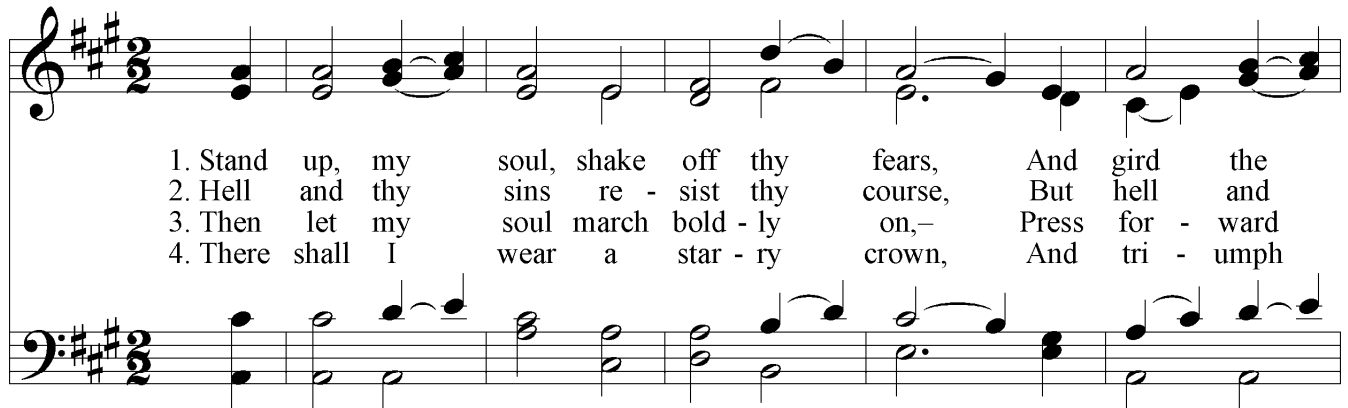
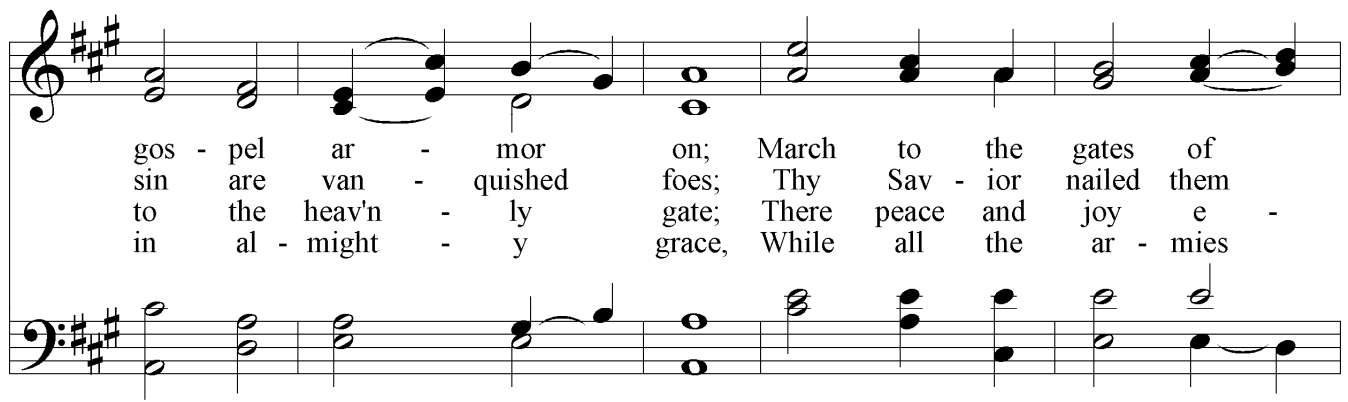


Stand Up, My Soul, Shake Off Thy Fears

WIMBORNE L. M.



1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the
2. Hell and thy sins re - sist thy course, But hell and
3. Then let my soul march bold - ly on, - Press for - ward
4. There shall I wear a star - ry crown, And tri - umph



gos - pel ar - mor on; March to the gates of
sin are van - quished foes; Thy Sav - ior nailed them
to the heav'n - ly gate; There peace and joy e -
in al - might - y grace, While all the ar - mies



end - less joy, Where Je - sus, thy great Cap - tain's gone.
to the cross, And sung the tri - umph when He rose.
ter - nal reign, And glit - t'ring robes for con - qu'rors wait.
of the skies Join in my glo - rious Lead - er's praise.