

CHRISTMAS

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1728

*With spirit*

1 A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And  
2 A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold

press with vig - or on; A heav'n-ly race de-mands thy zeal,  
thee in full sur - vey; For - get the steps al - rea - dy trod,

And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.  
And on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
|| To thine aspiring eye. ||

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,  
|| And an immortal crown. ||