

Isaac Watts, 1709
(Hymn 77, Book 2) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Gospel Armor

No copyright. Transcribed from The Charlestown Collection, 1803.

G Major – E minor
Oliver Holden, 1803

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on! March to the gates of end - less

2. What though the prince of darkness rage, And waste the fu - ry of his spite, Et - er - nal chains con - fine him

3. Then let my soul march bold - ly on, Press for - ward to the heav'n - ly gate; There peace and joy e - ter - nal

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

1. joy __ Where the great Captain Sav - ior's gone. { Hell and thy sins re - sist thy course, But hell and sin are vaquished foes.
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross, And sung the triumph when He rose.

2. down To fiery deeps and end - less night. { What though thine inward lusts re - bel, 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of vic - tor - ious grace Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

3. reign__ And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait. { There shall I wear a star - ry crown, And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the arm - ies of the skies Join in my glorious Leader's praise.