

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears

William Perry

Text: Isaac Watts

St. Mary's

This edition by Edmund Gooch
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March 2012.

Maestoso

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel
Hell and thy sins re - sist thy course, But hell and sin are
Then let my soul march bold - ly on, Press for - ward to the
There shall I wear a star - ry crown, And tri - umph in al -

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8

ar - mour on. March to the gates of end - less joy, Where
van - quished foes: Thy Je - sus nailed them to the cross. And
heav'n - ly gate; There peace and joy e - ter - nal reign, And
migh - ty grace; While all the ar - mies of the skies. Join

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Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears - St. Mary's (William Perry)

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thy great Cap - tain Sa - viour's gone; March to the gates of
 sung the tri - umph when he rose, Thy Je - sus nailed them
 glitt - 'ring robes for con - qu'rors wait, There peace and joy e -
 in my glo - rious lea - der's praise, While all the ar - mies

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Notes: The alto part is printed in the source in the treble clef an octave above sounding pitch.

Keyboard accompaniment given in full in the original has been omitted, and a selection of verses after the first has been underlaid editorially.