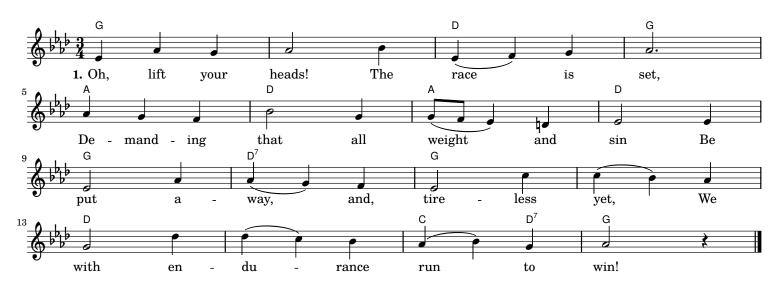
## Oh, lift your heads! The race is set

## (Guitar: Capo 1)

## **Encouragement** — For Running the Race



- 2. And yet this race is set in grace, The very Christ whom we enjoy. For mortal strength there is no place; We must the Spirit's power employ.
- 3. The prize to gain, ahead it lies: How precious! 'Tis, the very Christ! Laid hold by Him, we e'er would rise And run by His supporting might.
- 4. Our running's not for selfish pride, Nor for our boast in crown or throne. 'Tis duty ours, self-choice aside. We run for Christ and Christ alone!
- 5. For this we give our life and all, Our might, our strength, our days withal. To Him we live—the upward call. To Him we die—the gain of all!

- 6. And when we fall, we quickly rise! An all-sufficient grace outpoured, And varied still, with stores untried, Exhaustless grace He doth afford.
- 7. His partners dear, His brethren true, No time is there for looking back! One thing remains: to e'er pursue The One who doth our hearts attract.
- 8. No more we hope in things of old; No more we dream of vanity! The peerless Christ is now our goal, Our prize for all eternity!