

Oh, lift your heads! The race is set

Encouragement — For Running the Race

(Guitar: Capo 1)

G **D** **G**
1. Oh, lift your heads! The race is set,
A **D** **A** **D**
De - mand - ing that all weight and sin Be
G **D⁷** **G**
put a - way, and, tire - less yet, We
D **C** **D⁷** **G**
with en - du - - rance run to win!

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!