LINGERNOT



- 2. Shake off earth's sloth!
 Go forth with staff in hand while yet 'tis day, set out with girded loins upon thy way, up, linger not!
- 3. Fold not thy hands!
 What has the pilgrim of the cross and crown to do with luxury or couch of down? –
 On, pilgrim, on!
- 4. Sheathe not the sword!
 The battle lies before thee, and the prize hangs yonder, far above these earthly skies; fight the good fight!
- 5. Life ebbs apace!
 Fast crumbles down this house of mortal clay;
 fling not, like dust, thy precious hours away:
 the end is near.
- 6. Faint not, O man! Follow the Master through the noble strife, pursue his footsteps till they end in life: be strong in him.
- 7. With his reward he comes, he tarries not, his day is near; when men look least for him will he be here: prepare for him.
- 8. Let not the flood sweep thy firm feet from the eternal rock; face calmly, solemnly, the billow's shock; nor fear the storm.
- 9. Withstand the foe; die daily, that for ever thou mayst live: be faithful unto death; thy Lord will give the crown of life.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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