

I'm Running for the Prize Divine.

G. M. Bills

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I once reclined in Satan's coils, Quite willing to remain;
I coveted earth's sinful spoils, I sought its golden gains;
But now its charms have passed away, Its treasures are but dross,
I'm in the Christian race today, I started at the cross.

CHORUS

I'm running for the prize divine, Joint heirship with my Lord;
Earth and its honors I resign To gain this great reward.

God called me while I wandered still, His voice my spirit charmed;
The tragic scenes on Calvry's hill My rebel will disarmed:
The Savior whispered to my soul – Believe and follow me;
Immortal heirship is thy goal, Since I have chosen Thee.

My blest election to retain, My calling to make sure,
I still must run thro' toil and pain, And to the end endure;
An earthly home may not be mine, Yet in exchange there stands
For me a building all divine – A home not made with hands.

Earth's royal palaces may fall, Her marble turn to dust,
Her sweetest pleasure change to gall, Her gold and silver rust;
But for a city I am bound Whose walls eternal shine;
Where with my dear Redeemer crowned, The kingdom shall be mine.

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