

Awake, Ye Saints

Zerah. C.M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE (1702-1751)

LOWELL MASON (1792-1872)



1. A - wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voic - es high;  
 2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each mo - ment brings it near;  
 3. Not man - y years their round shall run, Not man - y morn - ings rise,  
 4. Ye wheels of na - ture, speed your course! Ye mor - tal powers, de - cay!



A - wake, and praise that sov - ereign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh;  
 Then wel - come each de - clin - ing day, Wel - come each clos - ing year;  
 Ere all its glo - ries stand re - vealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes;  
 Haste! till the last glad morn - ing rise That brings e - ter - nal day;



A - wake, and praise that sov - ereign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh.  
 Then wel - come each 'e - clin - ing day, Wel - come each clos - ing year.  
 Ere all its glo - ries stand re - vealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes.  
 Haste! till the last glad morn - ing rise That brings e - ter - nal day.



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Lo! He Comes

Holywood. (St. Thomas.) 8.7.8.7.8.7.

JOHN CENNICK and CHARLES WESLEY, 1758

J. F. WADE'S "Cantus Diversi," 1751



1. Lo! He comes, with clouds descending, Once for fa - vored sin - ners slain;  
 2. Ev - ery eye shall now be - hold Him Robed in dreadful maj - es - ty!  
 3. When the sol - emn trump has sounded, Heaven and earth shall flee a - way;  
 4. Yea, a - men! let all a - dore Thee, High on Thy e - ter - nal throne!

