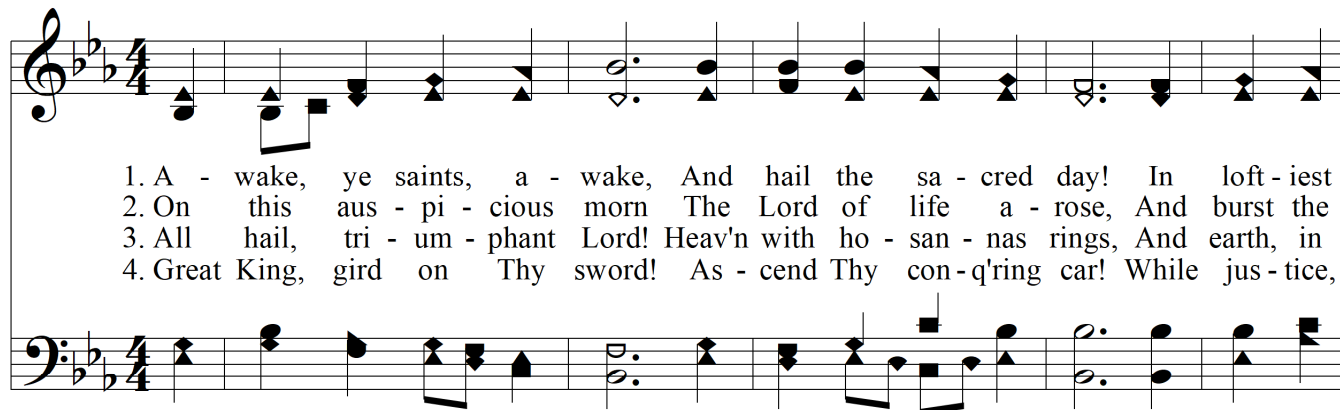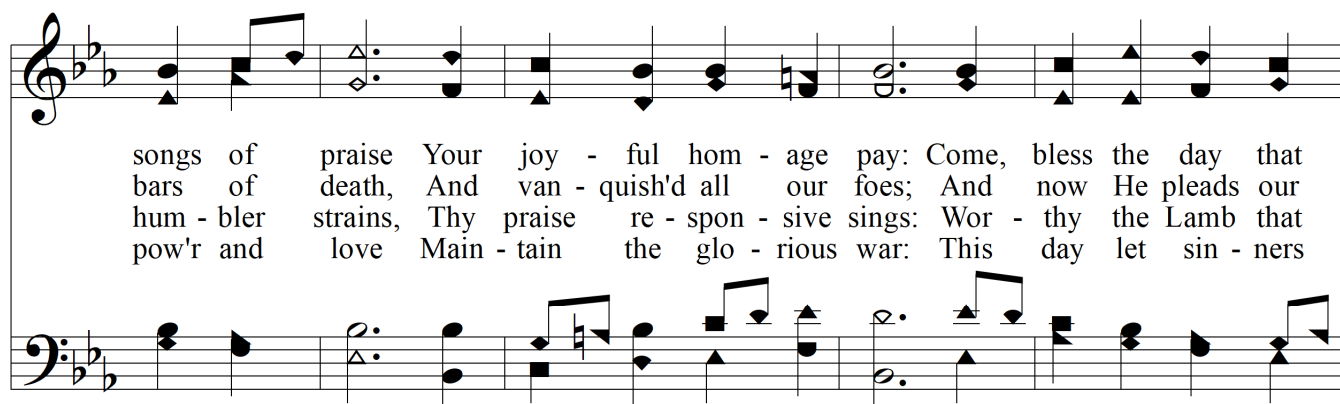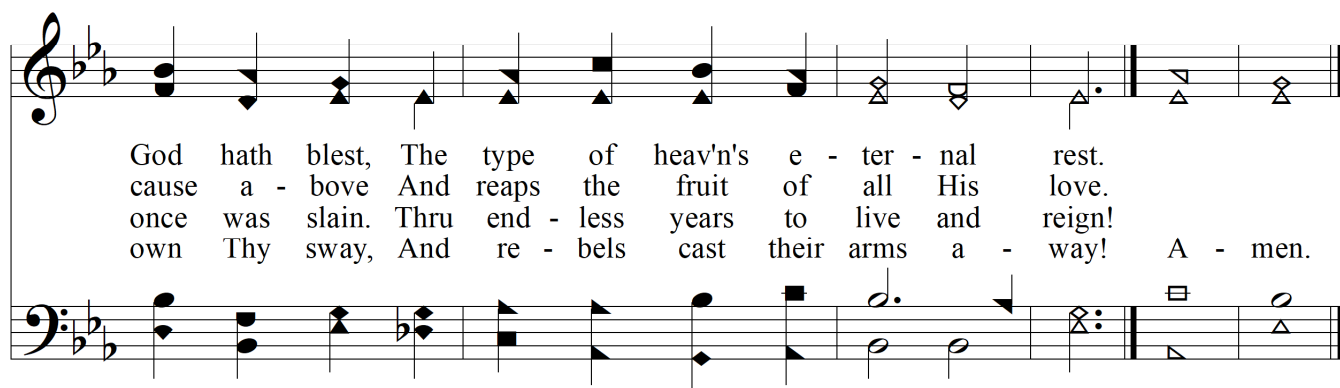# Awake, Ye Saints, Awake

BEVAN

1. A - wake, ye saints, a - wake, And hail the sa - cred day! In loft - iest
2. On this aus - pi - cious morn The Lord of life a - rose, And burst the
3. All hail, tri - um - phant Lord! Heav'n with ho - san - nas rings, And earth, in
4. Great King, gird on Thy sword! As - cend Thy con - q'ring car! While jus - tice,

songs of praise Your joy - ful hom - age pay: Come, bless the day that
bars of death, And van - quish'd all our foes; And now He pleads our
hum - bler strains, Thy praise re - spon - sive sings: Wor - thy the Lamb that
pow'r and love Main - tain the glo - rious war: This day let sin - ners

God hath blest, The type of heav'n's e - ter - nal rest.
cause a - bove And reaps the fruit of all His love.
once was slain. Thru end - less years to live and reign!
own Thy sway, And re - bels cast their arms a - way! A - men.

Words: E. Scott-T. Cotterill
Music: Sir John Goss