

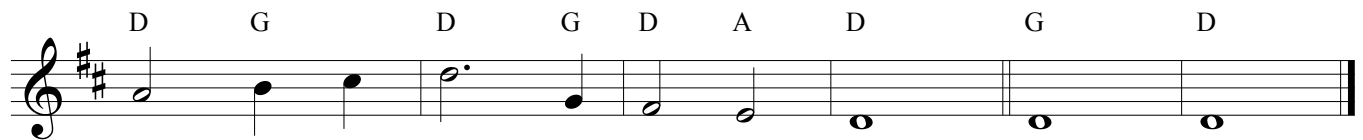
Awake! Ye Saints of God, Awake



1. A - wake! Ye saints of God, a - wake! Call on the Lord in
 2. He will re - gard his peo - ple's cry, The wid - ow's tear, the
 3. Then let your souls be stayed on God; A glo - rious scene is
 4. A - wake to un - ion and be one, Or, saith the Lord, "Ye



might - y prayer, That he will Zi - on's bon - dage break,
 or - phan's moan. The blood of those that slaugh - tered lie
 draw - ing nigh; Though tem - pests gath - er like a flood,
 are not mine!" Yea, like the Fa - ther and the Son,



And bring to naught the fowl - er's snare.
 Pleads not in vain be - fore his throne.
 The storm, though fierce, will soon pass by.
 Let all the saints in un - ion join. A - men.

Text: Eliza R. Snow, 1804-1887.

Tune: John C. Hatton, (?) - 1793.