

Awake, Ye Saints

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1. A - wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voices high;
2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each moment brings it near;
3. Not many years their round shall run, Not many mornings rise,

A - wake, and praise that sov - 'reign 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;

A - wake, and praise that sov - 'reign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh.
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