Awake, Ye Saints, Awake

BEVAN

1. Awake, ye saints, awake, And hail the sacred day! In loftiest songs of praise Your joyful hom-age pay: Come, bless the day that God hath blest, The type of heav'n's eternal rest.
2. On this auspicious morn The Lord of life arose, And burst the bars of death, And vanquish'd all our foes; And now He pleads our cause above And reaps the fruit of all His love, once was slain. Thru endless years to live and reign!
3. All hail, triumphant Lord! Heaven with hosannas rings, And earth, in humbler strains, Thy praise responsive sings: Worthy the Lamb that own Thy sway, And rebels cast their arms away! Amen.
4. Great King, gird on Thy sword! As-cend Thy con-q'ring car! While justice, pow'r and love Maintain the glorious war: This day let sinners