

London Gallery Quire 123

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Manchester, by Robert Wainwright (1748-82)

Edited and a symphony added by Francis Roads

Awake, my heart; arise, my tongue

[♩=112]

Soprano [Air]

1. A - wake, my heart; a - rise_ my tongue, Pre - pare_ a tune - ful voice;_
 2. 'Tis_ *he a - dorned my na - ked soul, And made sal - va - tion mine;*
 3. And lest the sha - dow of_ a spot Should on_ my soul_ be found,_
 4. *How_ far the heav'n - ly robe ex - ceeds What earth - ly prin - ces wear!*

Alto

Tenor

1. A - wake, my heart;_ a rise_ my tongue, Pre - pare_ a_ tune - ful voice;
 2. 'Tis_ *he a - dorned my na - ked soul, And made sal - va - tion mine;*
 3. And lest the sha - d - dow of_ a spot Should on_ my soul_ be found,
 4. *How_ far the heav'n - ly robe ex - ceeds What earth - ly prin - ces wear!*

Bass

9

S

In_ God, the life of all_ my joys,_ A - loud I will_ re - j - oice.
Up - on a poor pol - lu - ted worm Hemakes his gra - ces_ shine.
 He_ took the robe the Sa - viour wrought, And cast it all_ a - round.
These or - naments, how bright they shine! How white the gar - ments are!

A

T

In God, the life of all my joys, A - loud I will re - j - oice.
Up - on a poor pol - lu - ted worm Hemakes his gra - ces shine.
 He took the robe the Sa - viour wrought, And cast it all a round.
These or - naments, how bright they shine! How white the gar - ments are!

B

15 Symphony

S

A

T

B

5. The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
 And hope, and every grace;
 But Jesus spent his life to work
 The robe of righteousness.

6. Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
 By the great Sacred Three!
 In sweetest harmony of praise
 Let all thy powers agree.