

London Gallery Quire 146

Christians awake, salute the happy morn

John Byrom (1692-1763)

Walworth, by John Wainwright (1723-68)

Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=72]

S/T [Air]

1. Chris - tians a - wake, sa - lute the hap - py morn Where - on the Sa - viour of the
 2. Then to the watch - ful shep - herds it was told Who heard th' an - ge - lic he - rald's
 3. In Da - vid's ci - ty, shep - herd, ye shall find The long for - told re - dee - mer
 4. The prai - ses of re - deem - ing love they sung, And heav'n's whole orb in hal - le -

B

S/T [Air]

world was born. Rise to a - dore the mys - te - ry of love, Which hosts of
 voice, "Be - hold! I bring good ti - dings of a Sa viour's birth To you; and
 of man - kind. Wrapt up in swadd - ling clothes the babe di - vine Laid in a
 lu - jahs rung. God's high - est glo - ry was their an - them still, Peace up - on

B

14

S/T [Air]

an - gels chant ed from a - bove. With them the joy - ful ti - dings first be - gun,
 all the na - tions of the earth. This day hath God ful - filled his pro - mised word,
 man - ger this shall be the sign." He spoke, and straight - way the ce - les - tial choir
 earhand mu - tu - al good - will. To Beth - l'hem straight th' en - ligh - tened shep - herds ran,

B

21 Noble [♩=60]

S

Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's son. son.
 This day is born a Sa - viour, Christ the Lord. Lord.
 With hymns of joy un - known be - fore con - spire. spire.
 To see the won - ders God had wrought for man. man.

A

T

B

5. And found with Joseph and the blessed maid
 Her son, the Saviour in a manger laid.
 Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
 (The first apostles of his infant fame),
 Which Mary keeps, and ponders in her heart
 |: The heavenly vision which the swains impart. :

6. They to their flocks still praising God return,
 And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.
 Let us like these good shepherds then employ
 Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy.
 Like Mary let us ponder in our mind
 |: God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind. :

7. Artless and watchful are these favoured swains,
 Whilst virgin meekness in their hearts remains.
 Trace we the Babe who has retrieved our loss
 From the poor manger to his bitter cross.
 Treading his steps, assisted by his grace
 |: Till man's first heavenly state again takes place. :

8. Then may we hope, th'angelic hosts among,
 To sing redeemed a glad triumphant song.
 He that was born upon this joyful day
 Around us all his glory shall display.
 Saved by his love incessant we shall sing,
 |: Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King. :