

London Gallery Quire 566

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Adapted from George Handel (1685-1759)
 Edited by Nicholas Markwell and Francis Roads

Awake, our souls; away our fears

[♩=100]

Soprano [Air]

1. A - wake, our souls; a - way, our fears; Let ev' - ry trem - bling thought be - gone;
 2. *True, 'tis a strait and thor - ny road, And mor - tal spi - rits tire and faint;*
 3. The migh - ty God, whose match - less pow'r Is e - ver new and e - ver young,
 4. *From thee, the o - ver - flo - wing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh sup ply,*

Alto

Tenor

1. A - wake, our souls; a - way, our fears; Let ev' - ry trem - bling thought be - gone;
 2. *True, 'tis a strait and thor - ny road, And mor - tal spi - rits tire and faint;*
 3. The migh - ty God, whose match - less pow'r Is e - ver new and e - ver young,
 4. *From thee, the o - ver - flo - wing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh sup ply,*

Bass

4

S

Symphony

A - wake and run the heav'n - ly race, And put a cheer - ful cour - age on.
But they for - get the migh - ty God Who feeds the strength of ev' - ry saint:
 And firm en - dures, while end - less years Their e - ver - las - ting cir - cles run.
While such as trust their na - tive strength Shall melt a - way, and droop, and die.

A

T

A - wake and run the heav'n - ly race, And put a cheer - ful cour - age on.
But they for - get the migh - ty God Who feeds the strength of ev' - ry saint:
 And firm en - dures, while end - less years Their e - ver - las - ting cir - cles run.
While such as trust their na - tive strength Shall melt a - way, and droop, and die.

B

5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

Adapted (anon., 1742) from the chorus "Then round about the starry throne" from the oratorio *Samson*.