

**Church of Christ, O Sleep No More****Words: Fanny Crosby, 1905. Music: Howard Doane.**

Church of Christ, thy Lord is calling;  
Ope thine eyes, behold and see,  
Precious souls, in chains of bondage,  
Pleading now for aid from thee.  
Up and work for those that perish,  
Haste, the time will soon be o'er;  
Fold thy arms of love around them,  
Church of Christ, O sleep no more.

Lo, again thy Lord is calling;  
Preach the Word, its truth proclaim;  
Lift thy voice and, like a trumpet,  
Sound aloud Jehovah's name.  
Boding clouds are in the distance,  
Billows foam, and surges roar,  
Dark and wild the night is coming,  
Church of Christ, O sleep no more.

Still again thy Lord is calling;  
Take the lamp that once He gave;  
Let its beams of peerless glory  
Shine afar the lost to save.  
Do His will and do it quickly,  
For the time will soon be o'er;  
He may come when least expected,  
Church of Christ, O sleep no more.