

Hymn Lyrics

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Again the Church's year hath run its round

Again the Church's year hath run its round,
again is heard afar her warning cry,
again the echo of the trumpet-sound,
to men proclaiming that the Lord is nigh.

The night of human life is well-nigh spent;
the day-star's streaming from the eastern sky,
the herald of the coming morning, sent
to tell to fallen man, the Lord is nigh.

Awake, awake then, ye that slumber now;
rise, greet the radiance dawning from on high;
cast off the works of darkness here below,
for Christ, the Light of Light, the Lord is nigh.

Awake, awake, and walk as in the day;
awake, and now no longer fear to die,
for he who came the sting to take away,
and conquer death, — the Lord of life is nigh.

Awake, awake, and with the morning light
rise, heavenward looking with unwavering eye;
rise, put your armor on, and fight the fight,
as those who know and feel their Lord is nigh.

Awake, awake, shake off your earth-born sleep;
awake, that when at last ye come to die,
your greatest joy, when friends around you weep
may be to find your Lord, your Savior nigh.