

Awake, Ye Saints, Awake
Thomas Cotterill(1779-1823)
John Darwall, 1770.

Awake, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Welcome the day that God hath blest,
The type of Heaven's eternal rest.

On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all His love.

All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

Great King, gird on Thy sword,
Ascend Thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain Thy glorious war:
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.