

Awake, Ye Saints; to Praise Your King
Isaac Watts, 1719.
19th Century American melody.

Awake, ye saints; to praise your king
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

Great is the Lord, and works unknown
Are His divine employ;
But still His saints are near His throne,
His treasure and His joy.

Heav'n, earth, and sea confess His hand;
He bids the vapors rise;
Lightning and storm at His command
Sweep through the sounding skies.

All power that gods or kings have claimed
Is found with Him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be named
Where our Jehovah's known.

Which of the stock or stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave;
Their feet were ne'er designed to walk,
Nor hands have power to save.

Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor near when mortals pray;
Mortals that wait for their relief
Are blind and deaf as they.

O nations, know thy living God,
Serve Him with faith and fear;
He makes thy churches His abode,
And claims thine honors there.