

Awaked from sleep we fall

Awaked from sleep we fall
before thee, God of love,
and chant the praise the angels raise,
O God of might, above:
Holy, holy, holy! Thou art God adored!
In thy pitying mercy show us mercy, Lord.

As at thy call I rise,
shine on this mind and heart,
and touch my tongue, that I among
thy choir may take my part:
Holy, holy, holy! Thou art God adored!
In thy pitying mercy show us mercy, Lord.

The Judge will come with speed,
and each man's deeds be known,
our trembling cry shall rise on high
at midnight to thy throne:
Holy, holy, holy! King of Saints adored!
In the hour of judgment show us mercy, Lord.

Words: Greek;
trans. Robert Maude Moorsom, 1889
Music: Gerrans, Veryan
Meter: 66 86 11 11