

## **Awake, arise, lift up thy voice**

Awake, arise! lift up thy voice,  
which as a trumpet swell!  
Rejoice in Christ! again rejoice,  
and on his praises dwell!

Let us not doubt, as doubted some,  
when first the Lord appeared;  
but full of faith and reverence come,  
what time his voice is heard.

And even as John, who ran so well,  
confess upon our knees  
the Prince that locks up death and hell,  
and has himself the keys.

And thus through gladness and surprise  
the saints their Savior treat;  
nor will they trust their ears and eyes  
but by his hands and feet:

Those hands of liberal love indeed  
in infinite degree,  
those feet still frank to move and bleed  
for millions and for me.

O Dead, arise! O Friendless, stand  
by seraphim adored!  
O Solitude, again command  
thy host from heaven restored!

(1722-1771)