

Awake, My Zeal; Awake, My Love

Isaac Watts, 1707.

Thomas Southgate, 1855.

Awake, my zeal; awake, my love,
To serve my Savior here below,
In works which perfect saints above
And holy angels cannot do.

Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
In Heav'n are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.

Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy victories ever new.

The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes t'encounter there;
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

Let every flying hour confess
I gain Thy Gospel fresh renown;
And when my life and labors cease,
May I possess the promised crown!