

Awake, O Zion's Daughter  
Fanny Crosby, 1889.  
John Sweney.

Awake, O Zion's daughter,  
Awake from sorrow's night;  
Come forth in all thy beauty,  
Arrayed in garments bright;  
Why should thy vales be silent?  
Why should thy harps be still,  
When He, the Lord, is coming,  
Thy soul with joy to fill?

Refrain

Awake, awake, O Zion's daughter,  
Awake from sorrow's night;  
Come forth in all thy beauty,  
Arrayed in garments bright.

Thou hast not been forsaken,  
Tho' long by foes oppressed;  
Thy tears were not unheeded,  
By Him who loves thee best;  
Oh, look above the shadows  
For Him who yet shall reign;  
Look up with eyes expectant,  
Thy trust is not in vain.

Refrain

His arm thy foes shall conquer,  
His power their strength shall bind,  
And they shall fly in terror,  
Like chaff before the wind,  
While thou thyself triumphant,  
Upon the earth shall stand,  
The light of every nation,  
The pride of every land.

Refrain