

Awake, Our Souls; Away, Our Fears
Isaac Watts, 1707.
Lowell Mason, 1844.

Awake, our souls; away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

Thee, mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.