

**Awake, Our Souls; Away, Our Fears****Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.****Music: 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,  
Well mount aloft to Thine abode;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavnly road.