Awake, Our Souls, Away, Our Fears

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
A- wake, our souls, a- way, our fears, Let

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
every trembling thought be gone; A-

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
wake and run the heavenly race, And

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
put a cheerful courage on.

The other verses

2 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.

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

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

5 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 heavenly road.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.