Awake, Ye Saints; to Praise Your King

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
A- wake, ye saints; to praise your King, Your

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
sweetest passions raise, Your

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
pious pleasure, while you sing, In-

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
creasing with the praise.

The other verses

2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm at his command
Sweep thro' the sounding skies.

4 All power, that gods or kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.

5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

6 Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave:
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
Nor hands have power to save.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals, that wait for their relief,
Are blind, and deaf as they.

8 O Britain, know thy living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honours there.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); 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.