Christians, Awake, Salute the Happy Morn

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: YORKSHIRE

| d - - - d - r - | m - - - - - f - |
Christians, a- wake, sa-

| s - m - f - s - | l - - - - - - - |
lute the happy morn,

| s - - - l - t - | d' - r' - m' - r' - |
Whereon the Saviour of the

| d' - - - t - - - | d' - - - - - - - |
world was born;

| d' - - - m' - s - | l - - - - - s - |
Rise to a- dore the

| l - t - d' - r' - | t - - - - - - - |
mystery of love,

| t - - - d' - t - | l - se - l - t - |
Which hosts of Angels chanted

| d' - - - t - - - | l - - - - - - - |
from a- bove;

| l - - - s - f - | m - - - d - - - |
With them the joyful

| f - m - r - d - | s - - - - - s - |
tidings first be- gun Of

| l - - - t - - - | d' - r' - m' - r' - |
God In- carnate and the

| d' - - - t - - - | d' - - - - - - - |
Virgin's Son.

The other verses

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the Angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised Word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened
shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man,
And found, with Joseph and the Blessed Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid:
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn.

5 O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our
loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes
place.

6 Then may we hope, the Angelic hosts among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song:
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

Tune YORKSHIRE by John Wainwright (died undefined); words by John Byrom (1692–1763). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.