My Drowsy Powers, Why Sleep Ye So

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

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| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
  My drowsy     powers, why   sleep ye       so?

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
  Awake, my        sluggish      soul!         Nothing has

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
  half thy      work to         do,            Yet nothing's

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
  half so       dull.
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The other verses

2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive,
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We for whose sake all nature stands
And stars their courses move;
We for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith and wings of love
We'll fly and take the prize.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. AGNES by John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876); 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.