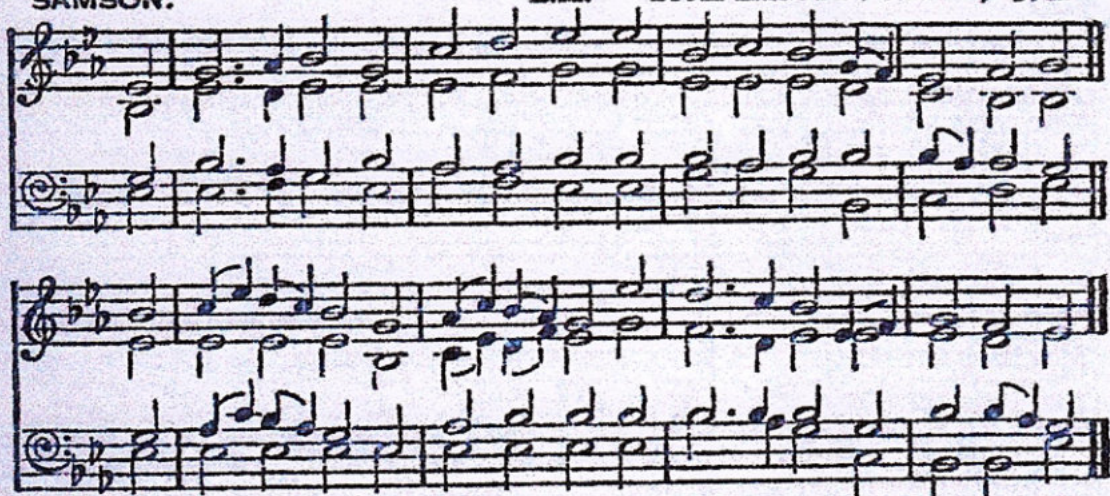




1 AWAKE, our souls ! Away, our fears !
Let every trembling thought be
gone !

Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

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 O mighty God, Thy matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,

And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the ever flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh
supply ; {strength
While such as trust their native
Shall melt away, and droop, and
die.

5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.