

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
Who 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 faint away, and droop, 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.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748