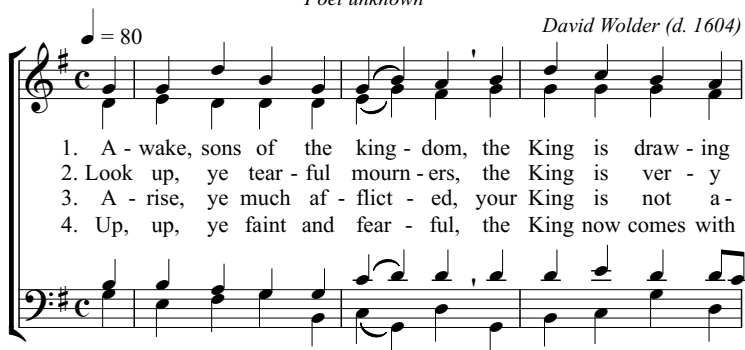


522 Awake, sons of the kingdom

Poet unknown

David Wolder (d. 1604)

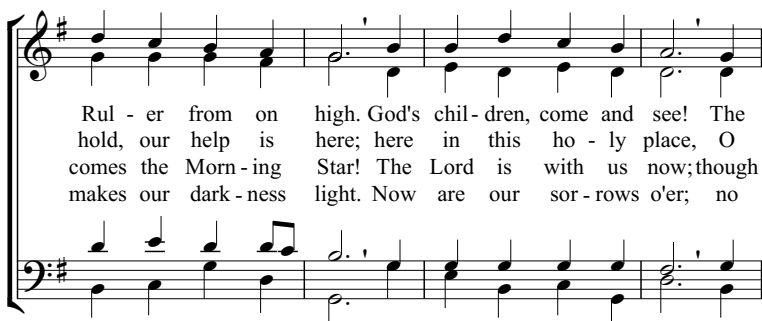
$\text{♩} = 80$



1. A - wake, sons of the king - dom, the King is draw - ing
2. Look up, ye tear - ful mourn - ers, the King is ver - y
3. A - rise, ye much af - flict - ed, your King is not a -
4. Up, up, ye faint and fear - ful, the King now comes with



nigh. A - rise and hail with glad - ness the
near. A - way with grief and sor - row; be -
far. Re - joice, ye long de - ject - ed, here
might; His heart hath long since loved us and



Rul - er from on high. God's chil - dren, come and see! The
hold, our help is here; here in this ho - ly place, O
comes the Morn - ing Star! The Lord is with us now; though
makes our dark - ness light. Now are our sor - rows o'er; no

goal we are now near - ing: our ban - ner proud - ly
bless - ed con - so - la - tion! We find here our sal -
troub - les here dis - tress you, with com - fort He will
wrath shall e'er be - fall us, since God in grace doth

bear - ing: "We're wait - ing, Lord, for Thee."
va - tion through Him who grants us grace.
bless you, ev'n death to Him shall bow.
call us His chil - dren ev - er - more.