

Awake, glad soul! awake, awake!

W. A. Smith

1. A - wake, glad soul! a - wake, a-wake! Thy Lord hath ris - en long; Go to His grave, and

8 with thee take Both tune - ful heart and song. Where life is wak - ing all a - round, Where

14 love's sweet voi - ces sing, The first bright blos - som may be found Of an e - ter - nal spring.

2. The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection day;
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey.
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise;
And the sad tears death makes up weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.

3. Then wake, glad heart! awake, awake!
And seek thy risen Lord;
Joy in His resurrection take
And comfort in His word.
And let thy life, through all its ways,
One long thanksgiving be;
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
"Christ died and rose for me."

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)