

# Newport

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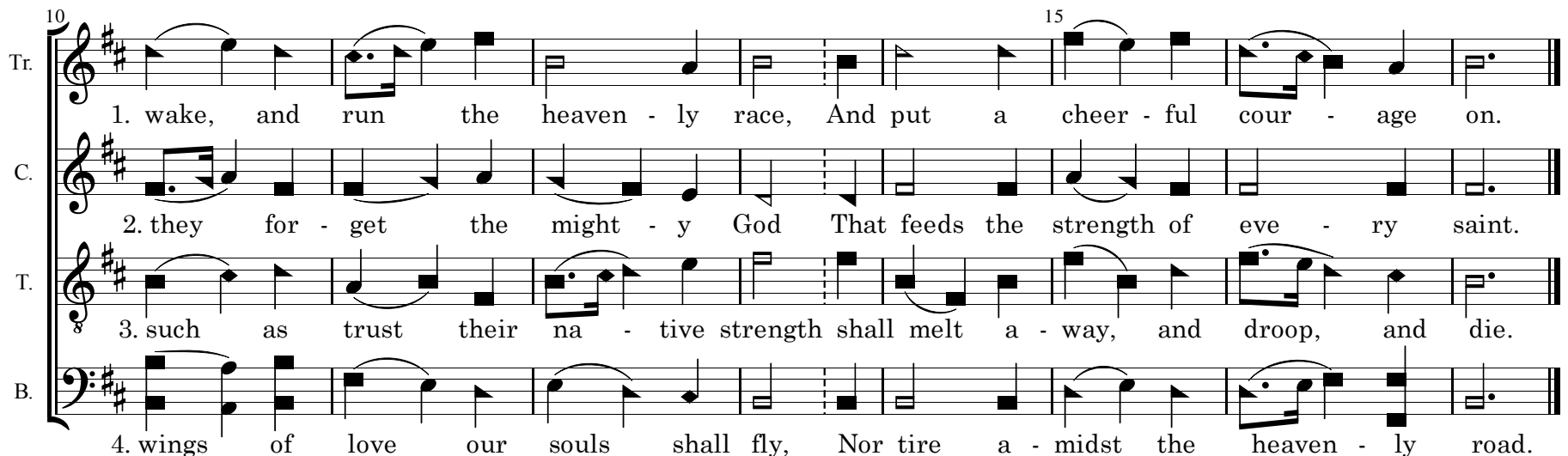
Treble  
1. A - wake, our souls; a - way, our fears, Let eve - ry trembling thought be gone; A -

Counter  
2. True, 'tis a strait and thorn - y road, And mor - tal spir - its tire and faint; But

Tenor  
3. From Thee, the ev - er - flow - ing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh sup - ply, While

Bass  
4. Swift as an ea - gle cuts the air, We'll mount a - loft to Thine a - bode On

10 15



Tr.  
1. wake, and run the heaven - ly race, And put a cheer - ful cour - age on.

C.  
2. they for - get the might - y God That feeds the strength of eve - ry saint.

T.  
3. such as trust their na - tive strength shall melt a - way, and droop, and die.

B.  
4. wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire a - midst the heaven - ly road.