

# West End

Transcribed from *The Union Harmony*, 1793.

Treble  
Awake, our souls; away, our fears, Let every trembling thought be gone; \_\_\_\_\_ And put a cheerful courage on.

Counter  
Awake, our souls; away, our fears, Let every trembling thought be gone; Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful courage on.

Tenor

Bass

Tr.  
15 20 25

C.  
True, 'tis a strait and thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint; But they forget the mighty God, Who feeds the strength of

T.

B.

Tr. 30 35

C. every saint. The mighty God whose match - less power Is ever new and ev - er young, Their everlasting circles

T. And firm endures, while end - less years

B.

Tr. 40 45 50

C. run. Their ev - er - last - ing circles run. While such as trust their

T. From thee, the ov - er - flow - ing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh sup - ply,

B. From thee, the ov - er - flow - ing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh sup - ply,

Tr. <sup>55</sup> <sup>60</sup>

C. native strength Shall melt away, and droop, and die. Shall melt a - way, and droop, and die. Swift as an eagle cuts the

T.

B.

Tr. <sup>65</sup> <sup>70</sup>

C. air, We'll mount aloft to thine a - bode; On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire a - midst the heavenly road.

T.

B.