

West End

Transcribed from *The Union Harmony*, 1793.

G Major
Oliver Holden, 1793

A - wake, our souls, a - way our fears, Let eve-ry trem-bling thought be gone.

A - wake, our souls, a - way our fears, Let eve-ry trem-bling thought be gone. A - wake and run the

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A - wake, our souls, a - way our fears, Let eve-ry trem-bling thought be gone.

And put a cheer-ful cour-age on.

heav'n-ly race, and put a cheer-ful cour-age on. True, 'tis a strait and thor - ny road, And mor-tal spi-rits

heav'n-ly race, and put a cheer-ful cour-age on.

And put a cheer-ful cour-age on.

tire and faint, But they for-get the migh-ty God, Who feeds the strength of eve-ry saint, The

migh-ty God whose match - less power Is ev-er new and ev-er young,

And firm en - dures, while endless

Tr. 40
 C.
 T. 45
 B.

From thee the ev-er - flowing stream Our
 Their ev-er-last-ing cit-cles run, Their ev-er-last-ing cir-cles run.
 years From thee the ev-er - flowing stream Our

Tr. 50
 C.
 T. 55
 B.

souls shall drink a fresh sup - ply,
 While such as trust their na-tive strength shall melt a-way and droop and die,
 souls shall drink a fresh sup - ply,

Tr. 60
 C.
 T.
 B.

Shall melt a-way and droop and die. Swift as an ea-gle cuts the air, We'll mount a - loft to thy a - bode,

Tr. 70
 C.
 T.
 B.

On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire a - midst the heav'n-ly road.