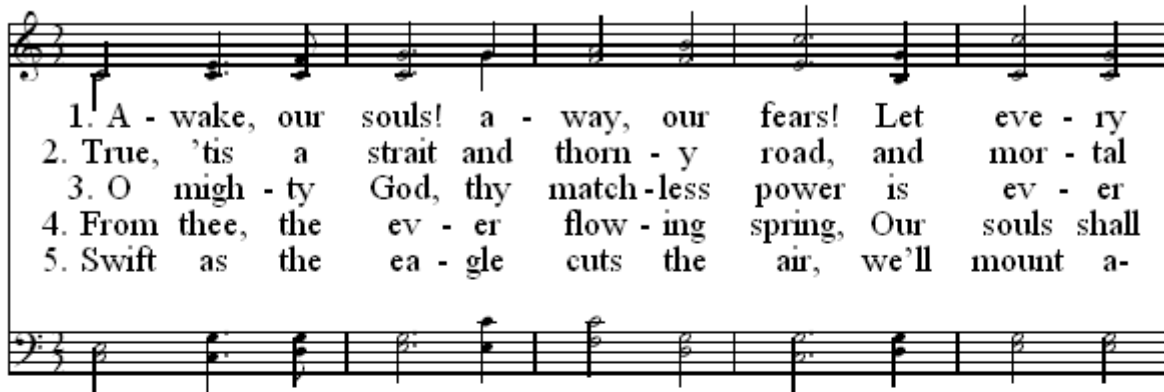
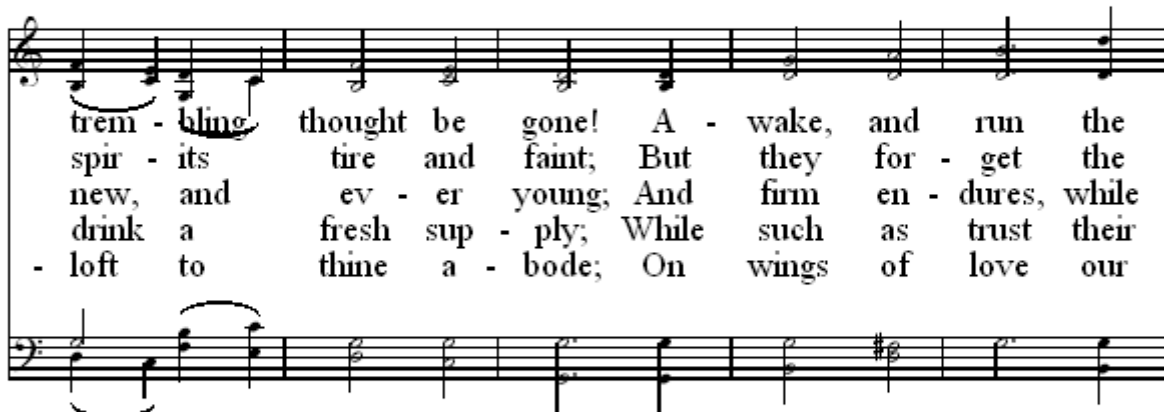


103R Awake Our Souls, Away Our Fears

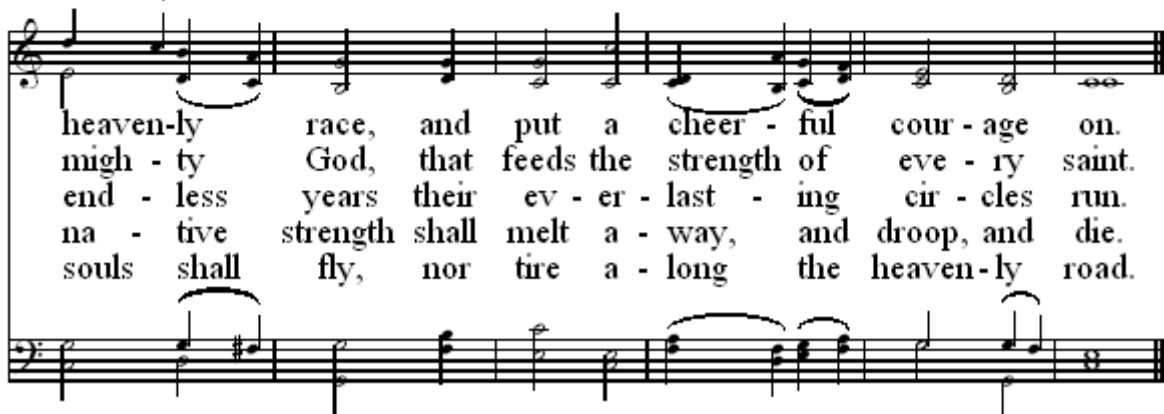
$\text{♩} = 160$



1. A - wake, our souls! a - way, our fears! Let eve - ry
2. True, 'tis a strait and thorn - y road, and mor - tal
3. O migh - ty God, thy match - less power is ev - er
4. From thee, the ev - er flow - ing spring, Our souls shall
5. Swift as the ea - gle cuts the air, we'll mount a -



trem - bling thought be gone! A - wake, and run the
spir - its tire and faint; But they for - get the
new, and ev - er young; And firm en - dures, while
drink a fresh sup - ply; While such as trust their
- loft to thine a - bode; On wings of love our



heaven - ly race, and put a cheer - ful cour - age on.
migh - ty God, that feeds the strength of eve - ry saint.
end - less years their ev - er - last - ing cir - cles run.
na - tive strength shall melt a - way, and droop, and die.
souls shall fly, nor tire a - long the heaven - ly road.

Words: Isaac Watts (1707)

Music: TRURO (L.M.), Williams' Psalmodia Evangelica (1789)