

# AMNS 436 Awake, our souls; away, our fears

Isaac Watts  
(1674-1748)

Melody: St. Petersburg

D. S. Bortnyansky  
(1752-1825)

1. A - wake, our souls; a - way, our fears; let  
2. True, 'tis a strait and thorn - y road, and  
3. the might - y God, whose match - less pow'r is  
4. From thee, the o - ver - flow - ing spring, our  
5. Swift as an ea - gle cuts the air, we'll

ev - 'ry trem - bling thought be gone; -  
mor - tal spi - rits tire and faint; -  
ev - er new and ev - er young, -  
souls shall drink a fresh sup - ply, -  
mount a - loft to thine a - bode; -

a - wake and run the heav'n - ly race, and  
but they for - get the might - y God that  
and firm en - dures, while end - less years their  
while such as trust their na - tive strength shall  
on wings of love our souls shall fly, nor

put a cheer - ful cour - age on.  
feeds the strength of ev - 'ry saint:  
ev - er - last - ing cir - cles run.  
melt a - way, and drop, and die.  
tire a - midst the heav'n - ly road.