

Awake, Ye Saints of God, Awake

Eliza R. Snow (1804 -1887)

Awake, ye Saints of God, awake!
Call on the Lord in mighty prayer
That he will Zion's bondage break
And bring to naught the tempter's snare,

He will regard his people's cry,
The widow's tear, the orphan's moan.
The blood of those that slaughtered lie
Pleads not in vain before his throne.

Tho Zion's foes have counseled deep,
Although they bind with fetters strong,
The God of Jacob does not sleep;
His vengeance will not slumber long;

Then let your souls be stayed on God,
A glorious scene is drawing nigh;
Though tempests gather like a flood,
The storm, though fierce, will soon pass by.

With constant faith and fervent prayer,
With deep humility of soul,
With steadfast mind and heart, prepare
To see th' eternal purpose roll,

Our God in judgement will come near;
His mighty arm he will make bare.
For Zion's sake he will appear;
Then, O ye Saints, awake, prepare!

Awake to righteousness; be one,
Or, saith the Lord, "Ye are not mine!"
Yea, like the Father and the Son,
Let all the Saints in union join.