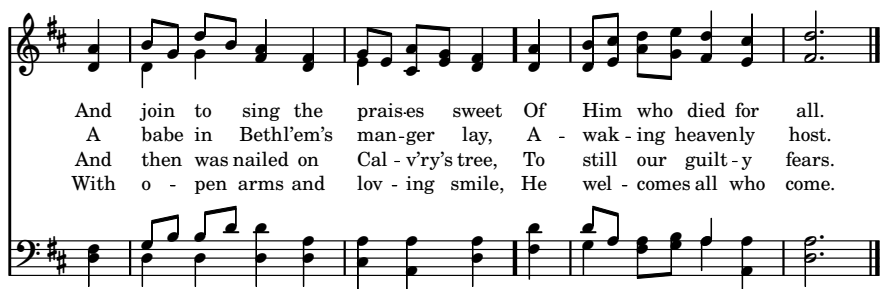


1. A - wake! a - wake! in hap - py song, Ye chil - dren great and small,  
 2. He left His bright and hap - py home To seek and save the lost,  
 3. He trod this earth, a low - ly man, For three-and - thir - ty years,  
 4. And now He's gone to heaven a - gain, And sits on glo - ry's throne—



And join to sing the praises sweet Of Him who died for all.  
 A babe in Beth'lem's man-ger lay, A - wak - ing heavenly host.  
 And then was nailed on Cal - v'ry's tree, To still our guilt - y fears.  
 With o - pen arms and lov - ing smile, He wel - comes all who come.

5 It is because the Shepherd good,  
 For sheep and lambs did die,  
 That those who trust His precious blood  
 Shall dwell with Him on high.

6 Oh! may we all, a joyous band,  
 Give praises pure and sweet,  
 To please His heart, to make Him glad,  
 Till round His throne we meet.