

Christians, Awake

Ancient English Christmas Hymn

Arr. : Bernard Dewagtere

Firmly

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Organ



9 *a tempo*

S

A

T

Org.

8

Chris - tians, a - wake! sa - lute the hap - py morn, Where - on the Sav - iour of man - kind was born, Rise to a -



Christians, Awake

2

18

S

dore the mys-ter - y of love Which hosts of an-gels chant-ed from a - bove, With them the

A

dore the mys-ter - y of love Which hosts of an-gels chant-ed from a - bove, With them the

T

8 dore the mys-ter - y of love Which hosts of an-gels chant-ed from a - bove, With them the

Org.

18

18

26

S

joy - ful tid - ings first be - gun Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's Son.

A

joy - ful tid - ings first be - gun Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's Son.

T

8 joy - ful tid - ings first be - gun Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's Son.

Org.

26

26

2. Then to the watchful shepherds it was told
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3. He spake, and straightaway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire
The praises of redeeming love they sang
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang
God's highest glory was their anthem still
Peace upon earth and unto men goodwill

4. To Bethlehem straight the shepherds ran
To see the wonder God had wrought for man
And found, with Joseph and the blessed Maid
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name

5. Let us, like these good shepherds, them employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss
From His poor manger to His bitter cross
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place

6. Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King

Author: John Byrom (1749)