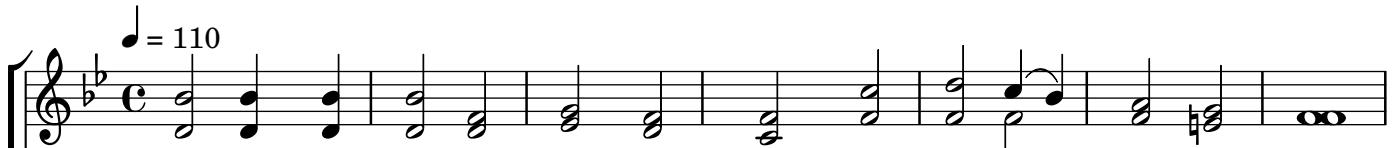
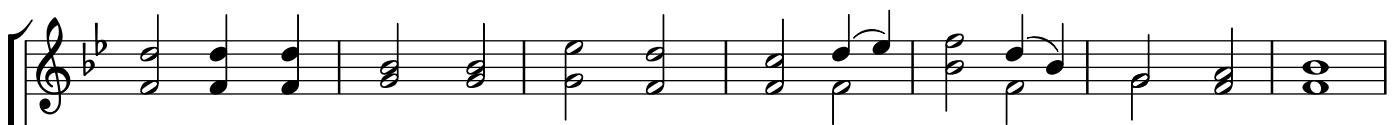


(MILTON. C.M.)



1. A-wake each soul ! a - wake each tongue ! The sub - ject is di - vine ;
2. This Sa - viour is the Migh - ty God, The God of heaven a - bove ;
3. O Lord, Thy love ex - ceeds our thought ; But this at least we see,



The Sa-viour's love de - mands our song ; Let all His peo - ple join.
Re-vealed in flesh, He shed His blood, Blest proof of end - less love.
The soul that knows Thy love is taught To va - lue nought but Thee.



4. And though Thy love be faintly seen
What's seen demands our praise ;
Without it, Lord, we still had been
Ensnared in Satan's ways.

Alternate Tunes : Warwick, 156 ; Jackson's, 176.