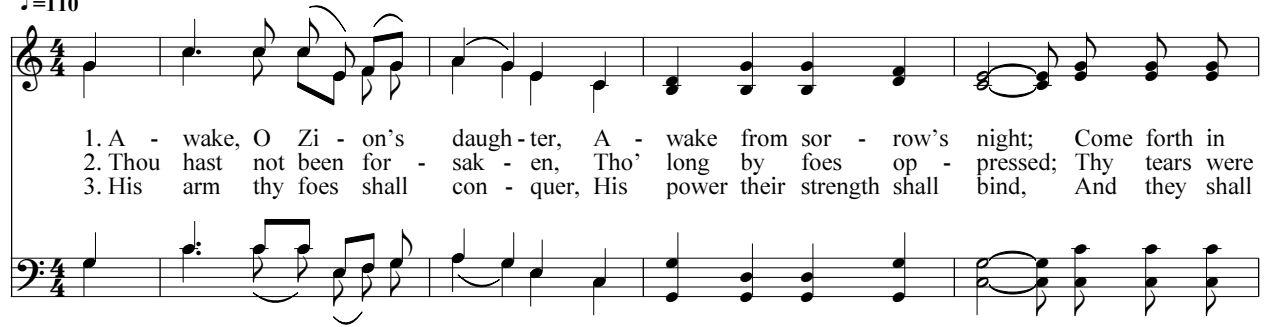


# Awake, O Zion's Daughter

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1889

John Robson Sweney

♩=110



1. A - wake, O Zi - on's daugh - ter, A - wake from sor - row's night; Come forth in  
2. Thou hast not been for - sak - en, Tho' long by foes op - pressed; Thy tears were  
3. His arm thy foes shall con - quer, His power their strength shall bind, And they shall



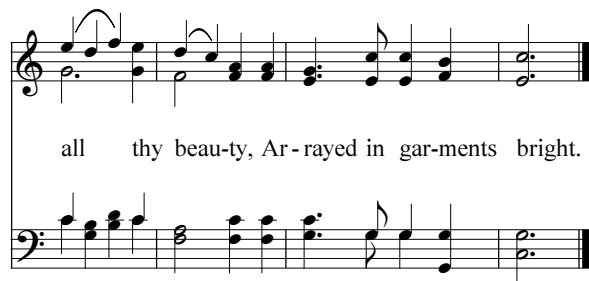
all thy beau-ty, Ar - rayed in gar - ments bright; Why should thy vales be si - lent? Why  
not un - heed-ed, By Him who loves thee best; Oh, look a - bove the sha - dows For  
fly in ter - ror, Like chaff be - fore the wind, While thou thy - self tri - umph-ant, Up-



*Refrain*  
should thy harps be still, When He, the Lord, is com-ing, Thy soul with joy to fill?  
Him who yet shall reign; Look up with eyes ex - pect-ant, Thy trust is not in vain. A-wake, a-  
- on the earth shall stand, The light of ev - ery na - tion, The pride of ev - ery land.



- wake, O Zi - on's daugh-ter, A - wake from sor-row's night; Come forth in  
A-wake, a-wake, A - wake, a-wake, from sor-row's night,



all thy beau-ty, Ar - rayed in gar - ments bright.