Awake Ye That Slumber, Arise from the Dust!

1. A - wake ye that slum - ber, a - rise from the dust!
2. A - wake! wield the ar - mor that God hath pre - pared,
3. A - wake! for the ty - rant your home doth in - vade,
4. A - wake! and bid big - o - try flee from the world,

A - wake! gird your ar - mor, in God put your trust;
The rights of the poor and de - fence - less to guard;
And the joys of your fire - side in sad - ness are laid;
And fell su - per - sti - tion to dark - ness be hurled,

The sword of the spir - it be firm in your grasp,
Rear the stan - dard of truth, let your mot - to be love,
A - rise, and the heart of the bi - got shall fail,
Let creeds and tra - di - tion be - fore you re - cede,

The hope of sal - va - tion your brows shall in - clasp.
And show by your con - duct, the wis - dom a - bove.
And the le - gions of er - ror no lon - ger pre - vail.
And no - thing the con - quests of truth shall im - pede.

Text: Unknown, 1841
Music: Jeremiah Ingalls (1764–1838), 1805
Source: A Collection of Sacred Hymns, 1844 (no. 8)
Extra parts: Mark Hamilton Dewey (b. 1980), 2007
Tune name: Charity
Poetic meter: 11 11 11 11