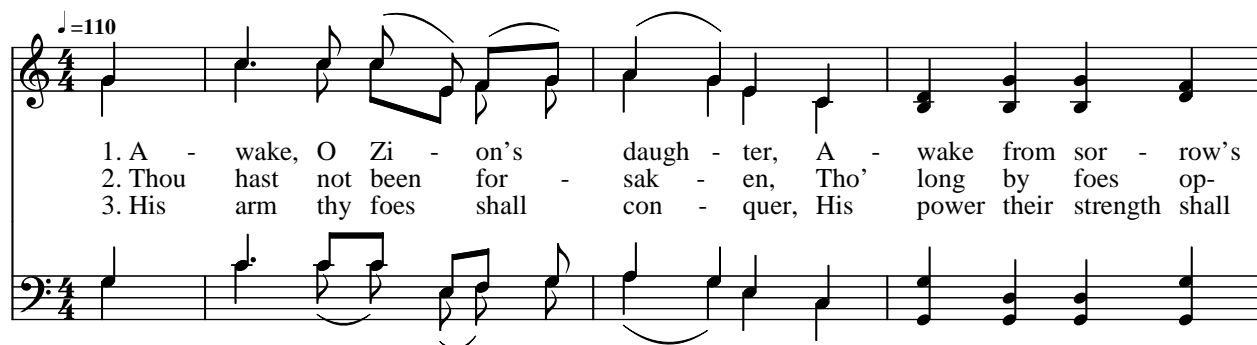


# Awake, O Zion's Daughter

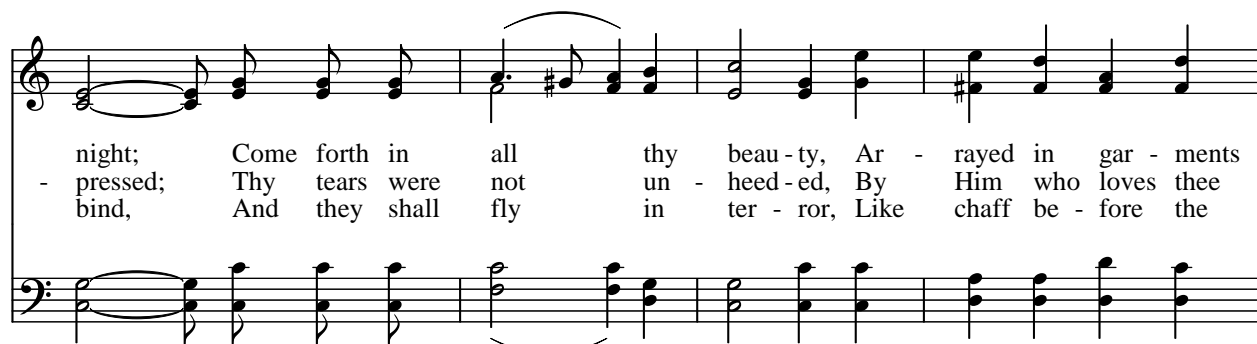
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1889

John Robson Sweney

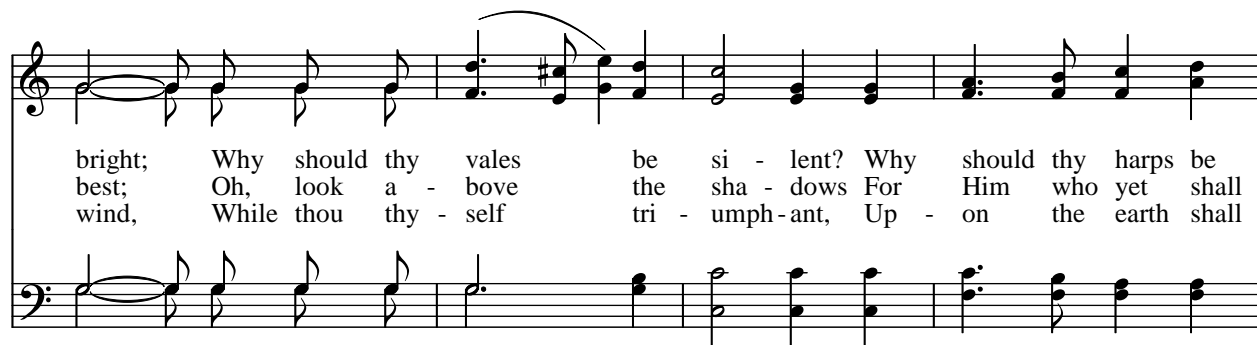
$\text{♩} = 110$



1. A - wake, O Zi - on's daugh - ter, A - wake from sor - row's  
2. Thou hast not been for - sak - en, Tho' long by foes op -  
3. His arm thy foes shall con - quer, His power their strength shall

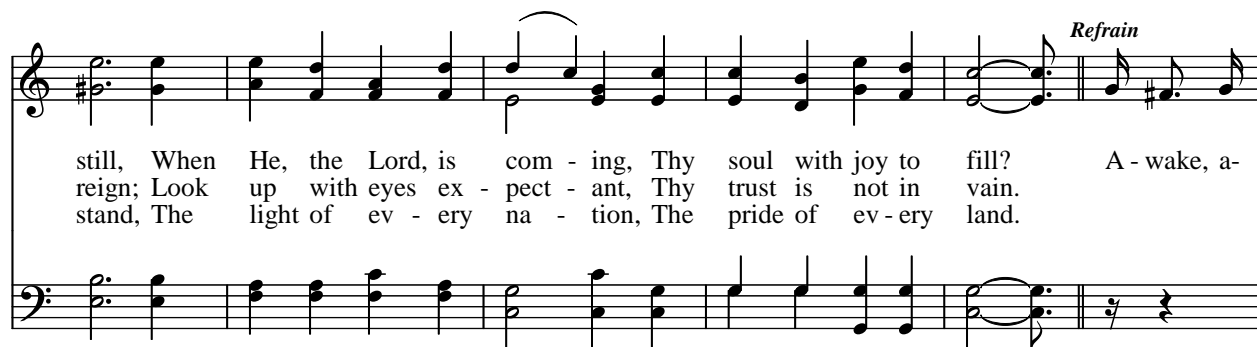


night; Come forth in all thy beau - ty, Ar - rayed in gar - ments  
- pressed; Thy tears were not un - heed - ed, By Him who loves thee  
bind, And they shall fly in ter - ror, Like chaff be - fore the



bright; Why should thy vales be si - lent? Why should thy harps be  
best; Oh, look a - bove the sha - dows For Him who yet shall  
wind, While thou thy - self tri - umph - ant, Up - on the earth shall

*Refrain*



still, When He, the Lord, is com - ing, Thy soul with joy to fill? A - wake, a -  
reign; Look up with eyes ex - pect - ant, Thy trust is not in vain.  
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  
A - wake, a - wake, A - wake, a - wake,

night; Come forth in all thy beau - ty, Ar - rayed in gar - ments  
from sor - row's night,

bright.