

# Zion, Awake

William T. Hilsee, 1876

William James Kirkpatrick

$\text{♩} = 93$

1. Rouse thee, soul, the day is fleet - ing; Look, life's sands are al - most  
2. Round thee (as the walls of Zi - on, Do the ho - ly ci - ty  
3. See sal - va - tion's stand - ard flaunt - ing Proud - ly o'er the clash and

run; Twi - light shades the earth are greet - ing, And the stars shine one by  
stand,) Is - rael's Chief - tain— Ju - dah's Li - on, Stretch - es forth His sav - ing  
din, With her bul - warks round thee vaunt - ing And de - fi - ant hosts of

one. Rouse thee now, go forth to bat - tle, List, the foe - man's tramp is  
hand; Who shall harm thee— who de - feat thee, Who shall tri - umph o'er thy  
sin; Is - rael, ral - ly— ne - ver fal - ter, For - ward press in stea - dy

near; Hear ye not the war - whoop's rat - tle Mar - shal - ling both van and  
fall, While the "Lord of lords" shall greet thee, And ye an - swer to His  
line, God hath pro - mised— He'll not al - ter— "Thou shalt con - quer, thou art

*Refrain*

rear?  
call? Then a - wake, then a - wake, Then a - wake, put on thy strength, O Zi - on,  
Mine.”

Rouse thee now to arms, Fear no dread a-larms, Zi - on, a - wake.