

Awake My Soul, Awake My Tongue

From *Come and Behold Him: A Christmas Cantata*

Lyric by Isaac Watts
Music by Nathan Howe
NathanHoweMusic.com

Soprano
Alto

mf A - wake, my soul, a - wake my — tongue, My glo - ry wake and sing, And
(The) care - ful shep - herds with — their flocks Were wat - ching for the morn, But

Tenor
Bass

5

S
A

ce - le - brate the ho - ly — birth, The birth of Is - rael's King! O —
bet - ter news from Heav'n — was — brought; Your Sa - vior now is born! In —

T
B

9

S
A

hap - py night that brought forth light, Which makes the blind to see, The
Beth - le - hem the In - fant lies, With - in a place ob - scure, Your

T
B

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13

S
A

Day-spring from on high — came — down to cheer and vi - sit thee. To —
Sa - vior's come, O sing — God's — praise! O praise Him e - ver - more.* O —

T
B

17

S
A

cheer and vi - sit thee. The
praise Him e - ver more. A - men.

T
B

1. 2.

* Author's original last line: *O praise his name fore'er*