

Mortals, awake, with angels join

Samuel Medley (1738-99)

Lyngham, by Thomas Jarman (1776-1861)
 Edited and symphony added by Francis Roads.

[♩=100] Symphony

Soprano
 Alto
 Tenor [Air]
 Bass

9

S
 A
 T
 B

1. Mor - tals a - wake, with an - gels join, And chant the so - lem
 2. In heav'n the rap - t'rous song be - gan, And sweet se - ra - phic
 3. Swift through the vast ex - panse it flew, And loud the e - cho
 4. Down from the por - tals of the sky Th'im - pe - tuous tor - rent

14

S
 A
 T
 B

lay, And chant the so - lem lay; Joy, love, and gra - ti - tude com - bine
 fire, And sweet se - ra - phic fire; Through all the shin - ing le - gions ran,
 rolled, And loud the e - cho rolled; The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 ran, Th'im - pe - tuous tor - rent ran; The an - gels flew with ea - ger joy

Mortals, awake, with angels join

22

S
A
T
B

To hail th'au - spi - cious morn, To hail th'au - spi - cious morn, To hail th'au - spi - cious morn, To hail
And strung and tuned the lyre, And strung and tuned the lyre, And strung and tuned the lyre, And strung
'Twas more than heav'n could hold, 'Twas more than heav'n could hold, 'Twas more than heav'n could hold, 'Twas
To bear the news to man, To bear the news to man, To bear the news to man, To bear

hail th'au - spi - cious morn, To hail th'au - spi - cious morn, To hail
strung and tuned the lyre, And strung and tuned the lyre, And strung
more than heav'n could hold, 'Twas more than heav'n could hold, 'Twas
bear the news to man, To bear the news to man, To bear

27

S
A
T
B

hail th'au - spi - cious morn. morn.
strung and tuned the lyre. lyre.
more than heav'n could hold, hold,
bear the news to man, man,

th'au - spi - cious morn. morn.
and tuned the lyre, lyre.
than heav'n could hold, hold,
the news to man, man,

hail th'au - spi - cious morn. morn.
strung and tuned the lyre, lyre.
more than heav'n could hold, hold,
bear the news to man, man,

th'au - spi - cious morn. morn.
and tuned the lyre, lyre.
than heav'n could hold, hold,
the news to man, man,

Symphony D.S. al Fine

5. Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the Eastern world;
|: When bursting, glorious heav'nly light
The wondrous scene unfurled. :|

6. With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on High!";
|: Goodwill and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die! :|

7. Hail prince of Life! For ever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend!
|: Though earth, and time, and life should fail
Thy praise shall never end. :|

Circled numbers correspond with lines of text;
|: and :| show the repeat in the music from bar 10.