

# Christians awake, salute the happy morn

John Byrom (1692-1763)

Walworth, by John Wainwright (1723-68)

Edited by Francis Roads

Soprano/  
Tenor  
[Air]

[♩=72]

1. Chris - tians a - wake, sa - lute the hap - py morn Where - on the Sa - viour of the  
2. Then to the watch - ful shep - herds it was told Who heard th' an - ge - lic he - rald's  
3. In Da - vid's ci - ty, shep - herd, ye shall find The long for - told re - dee - mer  
4. The prai - ses of re - deem - ing love they sung, And heav'n's whole orb in hal - le -

Bass

7

S/T

world was born. Rise to a - dore the mys - te - ry of love,  
voice, "Be - hold! I bring good ti - dings of a Sa - viour's birth  
of man - kind. Wrapt up in swadd - ling clothes the babe di - vine  
lu - jahs rung. God's high - est glo - ry was their an - them still,

B

13

S/T

Which hosts of an - gels chant - ed from a - bove. With them the joy - ful  
To you; and all the na - tions of the earth. This day hath God ful -  
Laid in a man - ger this shall be the sign." He spoke, and straight - way  
Peace up - on earth and mu - tu - al good - will. To Beth - l'hem straight th' en -

B

19

Soprano

**Noble** [♩=60]

ti - dings first be - gun, Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's son. son.  
filled his pro - mised word, This day is born a Sa - viour, Christ the Lord. Lord.  
the ce - les - tial choir With hymns of joy un - known be - fore con - spire. spire.  
ligh - tened shep - herds ran, To see the won - ders God had wrought for man. man.

1. 2.

A

T

ti - dings first be - gun, Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's son. son.  
filled his pro - mised word, This day is born a Sa - viour, Christ the Lord. Lord.  
the ce - les - tial choir With hymns of joy un - known be - fore con - spire. spire.  
ligh - tened shep - herds ran, To see the won - ders God had wrought for man. man.

B

5. And found with Joseph and the blessed maid  
Her son, the Saviour in a manger laid.  
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,  
(The first apostles of his infant fame),  
Which Mary keeps, and ponders in her heart  
|: The heavenly vision which the swains impart. :|

6. They to their flocks still praising God return,  
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.  
Let us like these good shepherds then employ  
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy.  
Like Mary let us ponder in our mind  
|: God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind. :|

7. Artless and watchful are these favoured swains,  
Whilst virgin meekness in their hearts remains.  
Trace we the Babe who has retrieved our loss  
From the poor manger to his bitter cross.  
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace  
|: Till man's first heavenly state again takes place. :|

8. Then may we hope, th'angelic hosts among,  
To sing redeemed a glad triumphant song.  
He that was born upon this joyful day  
Around us all his glory shall display.  
Saved by his love incessant we shall sing,  
|: Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King. :|