Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes

1. Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Extol the sov'reign love, that shews
Our full redemption nigh.

2. Fast on the wings of time it flies;
Its coming nought can stay:
It speeds with each revolving year,
With each declining day.

3. Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many morns shall rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4. Then let the wheels of nature roll
Yet onward to decay;
We long to hail the rising sun
That brings th' eternal day.