Servants of God, awake

Servants of God, awake
to hail this sacred day,
and in glad songs of praise
your grateful homage pay;
come, bless the day that God hath blessed,
the type of heaven's eternal rest.

Upon this happy morn
the Lord of life arose;
he burst the bonds of death,
and vanquished all our foes;
and now he pleads our cause above,
and reaps the fruit of all his love.

All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosanna rings,
and earth in humbler strains
thy praise responsive sings;
worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
through endless years to live and reign!