Hark! how the heavenly anthem dawns all music but its own.
and rose victorious in the strife for those he came to save;
rich wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified;
creator of the rolling spheres, ineffably sublime.

A - wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
his glories now we sing who died and rose on high,
no angels in the sky can fully bear that sight,
All hail, Redeemer, hail! for thou hast died for me;

and hail him as thy matchless King through all eternity.
who died eternal life to bring, and lives that death may die.
but downward bends their burning eye at mysteries so bright.
thy praise shall never, never fail throughout eternity.