Assake, Assake! good people all!
Assake and you shall bear
The Lord our God, died on the cross
For us he loved so duer.

The moon shines bright and the stars give light
 A little before the day
 Our Loed, Our God, he called on us
 And bid us awake and reav!

Ansake, Ansake! good people all!

O fair, O fair Jerusalem,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,
 Thy for that I may see?

Assake, Assake! good people all!

My song is done, I must be gone,
I can stay no longer here;
God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a happy new year!

Text adapted from The Bellman's Song, traditional

December 2 2 minutes



- wake



## Awake, Awake!

Text adapted from The Bullman's Sane, traditional Alexander Camelcin Lively Jec. 72 REFRAIN