

# Heath

Thomas Flatman, 1637-1688

Transcribed from *The Singing Master's Assistant*, 1778.

C Major  
William Billings, 1778

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

Awake, and see the new-born light \_\_\_\_\_ Sprung from the darksome womb of night,  
O great Cre-a-tor, heavenly King, \_\_\_\_\_ Thy praises let me ev-er sing,

1. Awake, my soul, Awake, my eyes, Awake, my drowsy fa-cul-ties. Awake, and see the new-born light \_\_\_\_\_ Sprung from the darksome womb  
2. A-rise, my soul, and thou, my voice, In songs of praise early rejoice; O great Cre-a-tor, heavenly King, \_\_\_\_\_ Thy praises let me ev-

A - wake, and see the new-born light Sprung from the darksome womb  
O great Cre-a-tor, heavenly King, \_\_\_\_\_ Thy praises

A - wake, and see the new-born light \_\_\_\_\_ Sprung from the darksome, Sprung from the  
O great Cre-a-tor, heavenly King, \_\_\_\_\_ Thy praises let me, Thy praises

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

Sprung from the darksome. Thy praises let me, Sprung from the darksome womb of night. A-sing, O

of night, \_\_\_\_\_ Sprung from the darksome. Sprung from the darksome womb of night.  
-er sing. \_\_\_\_\_ Thy praises ev-er, Thy praises ev-er let me sing.

darksome womb of night, \_\_\_\_\_ Sprung from the darksome womb of night.  
let me ev-er sing, \_\_\_\_\_ Thy praises let me ev-er sing.

darksome womb of night, \_\_\_\_\_ Sprung from the darksome womb of night. A-  
let me ev-er sing, \_\_\_\_\_ Thy praises let me ev-er sing. O

3. Thy pow'r has made, thy goodness kept  
This fenceless body while I slept:  
Yet one day more hast given me  
From all the pow'rs of darkness free.

4. O keep my heart from sin secure,  
My life unblamable and pure,  
That when the last of days shall come,  
I cheerfully may meet my doom.