

Thomas Flatman, 1637-1688

Anthem for the Evening

88. 88. (L. M.)

Morpheus

Transcribed from *Music In Miniature*, 1779.

A minor

William Billings, 1779

5 10 15

Treble

1. Awake my soul, awake mine eyes, Awake my drowsy faculties; Awake and see the new-born light, Sprung from the darksome womb of night.
2. Look up and see th'unwearied sun Already has his race begun: The pretty lark is mounted high, And sings her matins in the sky.

Counter

3. Arise, my soul, and thou, my voice, In songs of praise early rejoice; O great Creator, heav'nly King, Thy praises let me ev - er sing.

Tenor

8 4. 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.
5. O keep my heart from sin secure, My life unblamable and pure, That when the last of days shall come, I cheer - ful - ly may meet my doom.

Bass