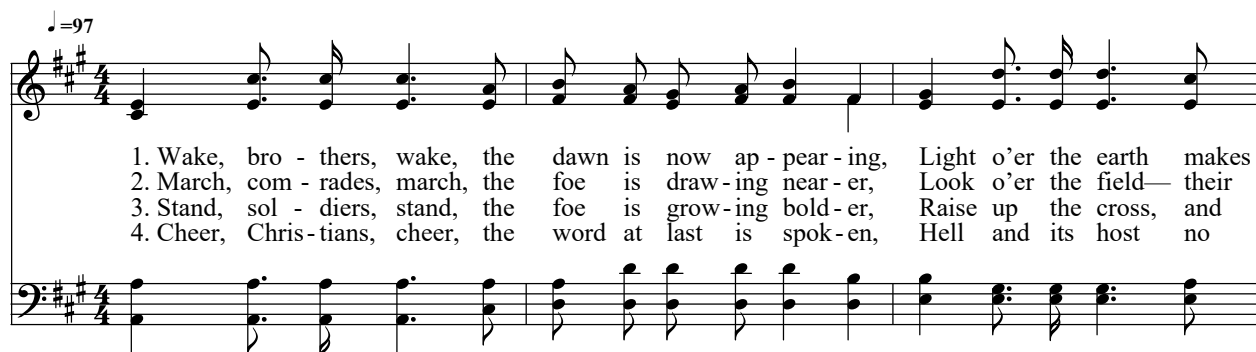


# Wake, Brothers, Wake

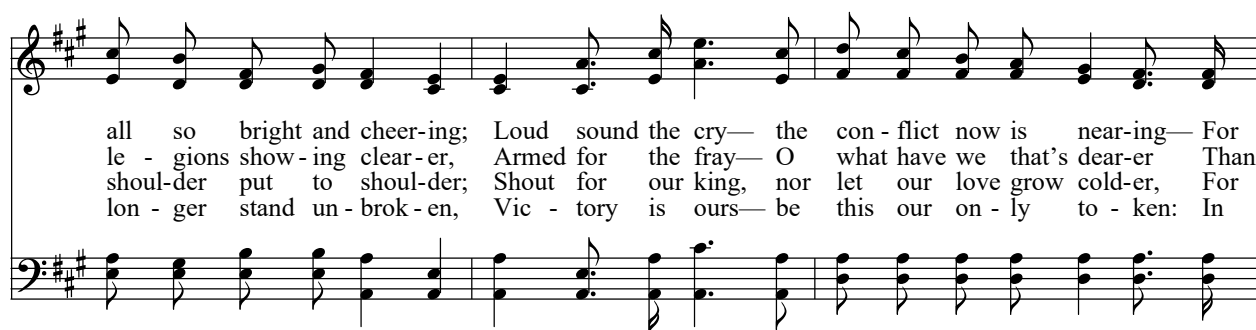
Thomas Loyd Baily, 1881

John Robson Sweney

♩ = 97

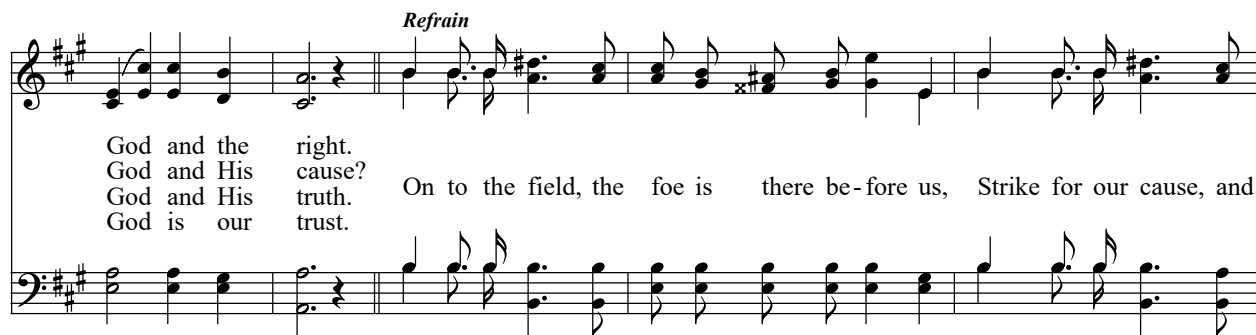


1. Wake, bro - thers, wake, the dawn is now ap - pear - ing, Light o'er the earth makes  
2. March, com - rades, march, the foe is draw - ing near - er, Look o'er the field— their  
3. Stand, sol - diers, stand, the foe is grow - ing bold - er, Raise up the cross, and  
4. Cheer, Chris - tians, cheer, the word at last is spok - en, Hell and its host no

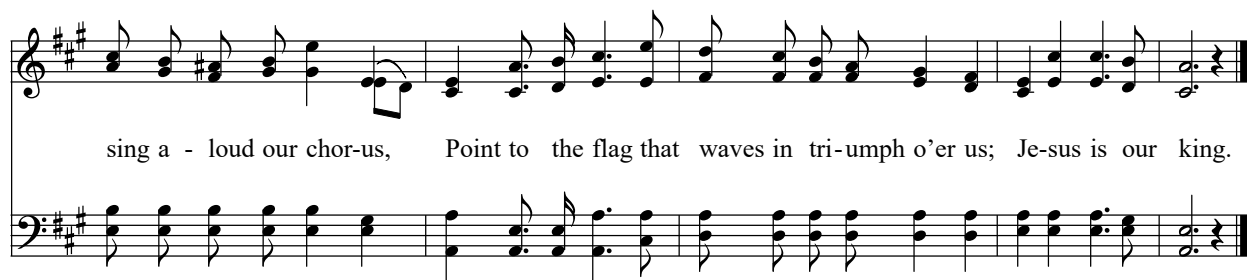


all so bright and cheer-ing; Loud sound the cry— the con - flict now is near-ing— For  
le - gions show - ing clear - er, Armed for the fray— O what have we that's dear - er Than  
shoul - der put to shoul - der; Shout for our king, nor let our love grow cold - er, For  
lon - ger stand un - brok - en, Vic - tory is ours— be this our on - ly to - ken: In

*Refrain*



God and the right.  
God and His cause?  
God and His truth. On to the field, the foe is there be - fore us, Strike for our cause, and  
God is our trust.



sing a - loud our chor - us, Point to the flag that waves in tri - umph o'er us; Je - sus is our king.