

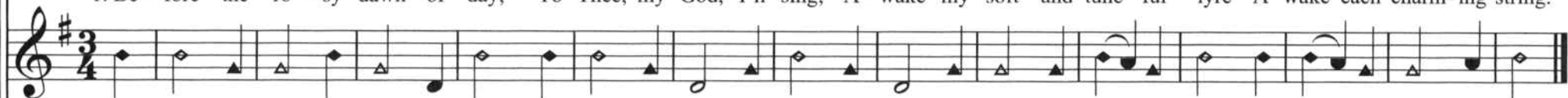
# WEST POINT. C.M.

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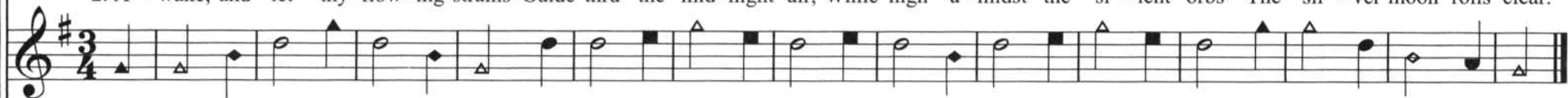
Dr. J.P. Miller



1. Be - fore the ro - sy dawn of day, To Thee, my God, I'll sing; A - wake my soft and tune - ful lyre A wake each charm - ing string.



2. A - wake, and let thy flow - ing strains Guide thru the mid - night air, While high a - midst the si - lent orbs The sil - ver moon rolls clear.



3. A - wake, ye saints and raise your eyes, And raise your voic - es high; A - wake, and praise that sov - 'reign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh.

