WAKE YE NUMBERS!

Words by Lewis.

Air, "Strike the Cymbals."

Wake ye numbers! from your slumbers,
Flags are waving, all tyrants brav-ing,

Chorus.

Hear the song of freedom pour! By its shaking,
Proudly, freely, o'er our plains; Let no min-ions

fierce-ly breaking, Every chain upon our shore,
check our pin-ions, While a single grief re-mains.

Solo 1mo.

Proud ob-lations, thou Queen of nations! Have been poured up-

Solo 2d.

on thy wa-ters; Af-ric's bleed-ing sons and daughters,
Chorus.

Now before us, loud implore us, Looking to Jehovah's throne,
Chains are wearing, hearts despairing,
Will ye hear a nation's moan? Soothe their sorrow,
Ere the morrow Change their aching hearts to stone: Then the light of nature's smile Freedom's realm shall bless the while; And the pleasure mercy brings Flow from all her latent springs; 

Trio. Lento.

Chorus.

Tempo.

Solo.
light shall spread, shall spread her shining wings, Re - joic - ing, Re - joic - ing, Re - joic - ing.