

The Robe of Righteousness. Isa. 61. 3-10

I. Watts

1. A - wake my heart, a - rise, my tongue; Pre - pare a tune - ful voice; In
 2. 'Tis he a - dorned my nak - ed soul, And made sal - va - tion mine; U -
 3. And, lest the sha - dow of a spot Should on my soul be found, He
 4. [How far the heaven - ly robe ex - ceeds What earth - ly princ - es wear! These

God, the life of all my joys, A - loud will I re - jice.
 - pon a poor, po - llut - ed worm He makes his grac - es shine.
 took the robe the Sa - viour wrought, And cast it all a - round.
 orn - a - ments, how bright they shine! How white the gar - ments are!]

5. [The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
 And hope, and every grace;
 But Jesus spent his life to work
 The robe of righteousness.]
6. Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
 By the great sacred Three;
 In sweetest harmony of praise
 Let all thy powers agree.