

# Wake Ye Numbers!

Set to the tune "Strike the Cymbals"

Lewis

1. Wake ye num-bers! from your slum-bers, Hear the song of free-dom  
2. *Flags are wav-ing, all ty-rants brav-ing, Proud-ly, free-ly, o'er our*

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8 Chorus

pour! By its shak-ing, fierce-ly break-ing, Ev'-ry chain up - on our shore.  
*plains; Let no min-ions check our pin-ions, While a sin-gle grief re-mains.*

*pour!  
plains;*

17 Solo 1mo. Solo 2d.

Proud ob-la-tions, thou Queen of na-tions! Have been pour'd up - on thy wa-ters;

Proud ob - la-tions, thou Queen of na-tions! Have been pour'd up - on thy wat-ers;

25 Chorus

Africa's bleed-ing sons and daugh-ters, Now be-fore us, loud im-plore us,

Af - rica's bleed-ing sons and daugh-ters,

2  
33

Trio. Lento.

Look-ing to Je-ho-vah's throne, Chains are wear-ing, hearts de-spair-ing, Will ye

42

Chorus. Tempo.

hear a na-tions moan? Soothe their sor-row, ere the mor-row Change their ach-ing

51

Solo.

hearts to stone: Then the light of na-ture's smile Free-dom's realm shall bless the while; And the

na - ture's smile shall bless the while;

57

plea-sure mer-cy brings flow from all her lat-ent springs; De-light shall spread, shall

mer - cy brings from lat - ent springs;

64

spread her shin-ing wings, Re-joic-ing, Re-joic-ing, Re-joic-ing. 3. Dai-ly, 4. O'er the

3. Dai-ly,  
4. O'er the

75 Chorus

night - ly, burn - ing bright - ly, Glo - ry's pil - lar fills the air; Hearts are  
o - cean, in proud de - vo - tion, In - cense ri - ses to the skies; From our

night - ly, burn - ing bright - ly, Glo - ry's pil - lar fills the air;  
o - cean in proud de - vo - tion, In - cense ri - ses to the skies;

83 Solo 1mo.

wak - ing, chains are break - ing, Free - dom bids her sons pre - prepare: } What de - plor - ing im -  
mount - ains, o'er our fount - ains, See, our Eag - le proud - ly flies! }

92 Solo 2d. What de - plor - ing im -

pedes his soar - ing? Mil - lions still in bon - dage sigh - ing! Long in deep opp -

pedes his soar - ing? Mil - lions still in bon - dage sigh - ing! Long in deep opp -

100 Chorus

ress - ion ly - ing! Shall their sto - ry mar our glo - ry? Must their life in sor - row flow?

ress - ion ly - ing!

110 Chorus. Tempo.

Trio. Lento.

Tears are fal - ling! fet - ters gal - ling! Lis - ten to the cry of woe! Still opp - ress - ing!

nev-er bless-ing! Shall their grief no end-ing know? Yes! our na-tion yet shall feel; Time shall

Solo.

Yes! na - tion feel; Time

break the chain of steel; Then the slave shall nob-ly stand; Peace shall smile with lus-tre bland;

break the steel; slave shall stand; Peace smile with bland;

Glo - ry shall crown, shall crown our hap-py land For - ev - er, For - ev -

er, For - ev - er.