Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing the great Re-deemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me—His standing all; He saved me from my lost estate—His

2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me, not with-loving-kind-ness, O how free! Lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free!

3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thun-dered loud, He near my soul has al-ways stood—His lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free! lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free!

(vs. 1) lays: song

Words: Samuel Medley
Music: Leavitt’s Christian Lyre