Awake, My Soul, To Joyful Lays

MISSIONARY CHANT L.M.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ruin'd in the fall, Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick, and thunder'd loud,
5. Often I feel my sinful heart Prone from my Savior to depart,
6. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;

He justly claims a song from thee: His loving-kindness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost estate; His loving-kindness, O how great!
He safely leads my soul along; His loving-kindness, O how strong!
He near my soul has always stood; His loving-kindness, O how good!
But tho' I oft have Him forgot, His loving-kindness changes not!
O may my last expiring breath His loving-kindness sing in death!

Words: Samuel Medley, 1782
Music: C. Zeuner

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