Come, My Soul, Thou Must Be Waking

1. Come, my soul, thou must be waking.
   Now is breaking O'er the earth another day:
   Come, to Him Who made this splendor See thou render All thy feeble strength can pay.
   tend ed With His care thy help less hours.

2. Gladly hail the sun returning.
   Read y burning Be the incense of thy pow'rs;
   For the night is safely ended, God hath vert thee, When thou evil wouldst pursue.

3. Pray that He may prosper ever.
   Each endeavor, When thine aim is good and true;
   And that He may ever thwart thee And con- glad ness That far bright er sun to greet.

4. Mayest thou on life's last morrow.
   Free from sorrow, Pass away in slumber sweet;
   And, released from death's dark sadness: Rise in fold ing All things in uncloud ed day.

5. On ly God's free gifts a buse not,
   Light refuse not, But His Spirit its voice obey;
   Thou with Him shalt dwell, behold ing Light en- Words: Friedrich R. L. von Canitz
Music: Franz Josef Haydn
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