My Soul, Awake

1. My soul awake, Thy rest forsake, And greet the morning light!
2. With courage dressed, Strong-hearted, blest, Ful fill thy work abroad;
3. Amid the strife Of daily life, Amid its noon tide heat,
4. In liberty Of holy glee, Accept thy childhood's part;
5. O blessed rest, With such a Guest Life's duty grows divine,
6. Eternal praise To Thee we raise, Who deign'st with men to dwell;

With song arise, Glad sacrifice For mercies of the night.
Fearless and true, Thy way pursue, A happy child of God.
Fear not to miss Thy secret bliss, The rest of sonship sweet.
And thou shalt find, By faith enshrined, The Father in thy heart.
Dross becomes gold, And, as of old, The water turns to wine.

Words: Jane Elizabeth Livock (1840-?)
Music: Josiah Booth (182-1930)