Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays

Words: Samuel Medley
Music: Leavitt’s Christian Lyre

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing the great Re-
deer's praise; He justly claims a song from me—

2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me, not with-
standing all; He saved me from my lost estate—

3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and
thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood—

lov- ing-kind - ness, O how free! Lov- ing-kind - ness,
lov- ing-kind - ness, O how great! Lov- ing-kind - ness,
lov- ing-kind - ness, O how good! Lov- ing-kind - ness,

lov- ing-kind - ness, His lov- ing-kind - ness, O how free!
lov- ing-kind - ness, His lov- ing-kind - ness, O how great!
lov- ing-kind - ness, His lov- ing-kind - ness, O how good!

(vs. 1) lays: song