

Hymn Lyrics

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Come, my soul, thou must be waking

Come, my soul, thou must be waking;
now is breaking over the earth another day;
come to him who made this splendor;
see thou render all thy feeble powers can pay.

Thou, too, hail the light returning
ready burning be the incense of thy powers;
for the night is safely ended,
God hath tended with his care thy helpless hours.

Pray that he may prosper ever
each endeavor when thine aim is good and true;
but that he may ever thwart thee,
and convert thee, when thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that he thy ways beholdeth;
he unfoldeth every fault that lurks within;
he the hidden shame glossed over
can discover, and discern each deed of sin.

Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
free from sorrow, pass away in slumber sweet:
and, released from death's dark sadness,
rise in gladness that far brighter Sun to greet.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
light refuse not, but his Spirit's voice obey;
thou with him shalt dwell, beholding
light enfolding all things in unclouded day.

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