

Awake, My Heart; Arise, My Tongue  
Isaac Watts, 1707.  
Michael Lonneke, 2005.

Awake, my heart; arise, my tongue,  
Prepare a tuneful voice;  
In God, the life of all my joys,  
Aloud will I rejoice.

'Tis He adorned my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine;  
Upon a poor polluted worm  
He makes His graces shine.

And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Savior wrought,  
And cast it all around.

How far the heav'nly robe exceeds  
What earthly princes wear!  
These ornaments, how bright they shine!  
How white the garments are!

The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,  
And hope, and every grace;  
But Jesus spent His life to work  
The robe of righteousness.

Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed  
By the great Sacred Three!  
In sweetest harmony of praise  
Let all thy powers agree.