

Awake, My Soul, to Joyful Lays  
Samuel Medley, 1782.  
William Caldwell, 19th Century.

Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me  
His lovingkindness, O how free!  
Lovingkindness, lovingkindness,  
His lovingkindness, O how free!

He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate  
His lovingkindness, O how great!  
Lovingkindness, lovingkindness,  
His lovingkindness, O how great!

Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along  
His lovingkindness, O how strong!  
Lovingkindness, lovingkindness,  
His lovingkindness, O how strong!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood  
His lovingkindness, O how good!  
Lovingkindness, lovingkindness,  
His lovingkindness, O how good!

Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
But though I have him oft forgot,  
His lovingkindness changes not.  
Lovingkindness, lovingkindness,  
His lovingkindness changes not.

Soon I shall pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
O! may my last expiring breath  
His lovingkindness sing in death.  
Lovingkindness, lovingkindness,  
His lovingkindness sing in death.

Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day;  
And sing with raptures and surprise,  
His lovingkindness in the skies.  
Lovingkindness, lovingkindness,  
His lovingkindness in the skies.