

Hymn Lyrics

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Awake, my soul, to joyful lays

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!

He saw me ruined in the fall,
yet loved me notwithstanding all;
he saved me from my lost estate -
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!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
has gathered thick and thundered loud,
he near my soul has always stood -
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.

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.

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.

Samuel Medley (1738-1799)

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