

Awake, My Heart; Arise, My Tongue
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.
Music: 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 heavnly 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.