

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing your great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His lovingkindness, O how free!

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His lovingkindness, O how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His lovingkindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His lovingkindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But, though I have Him oft forgot,
His lovingkindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His lovingkindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me rise and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His lovingkindness in the skies.