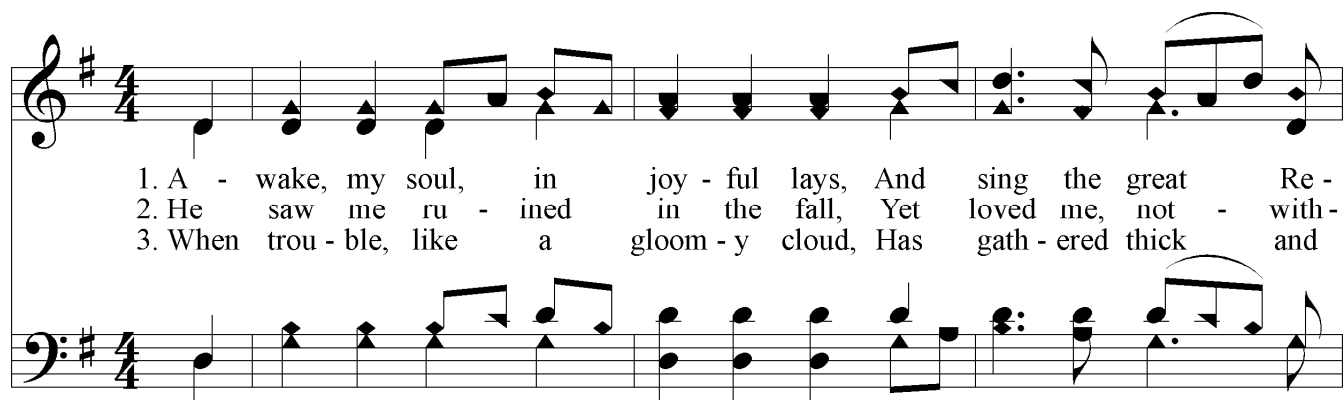
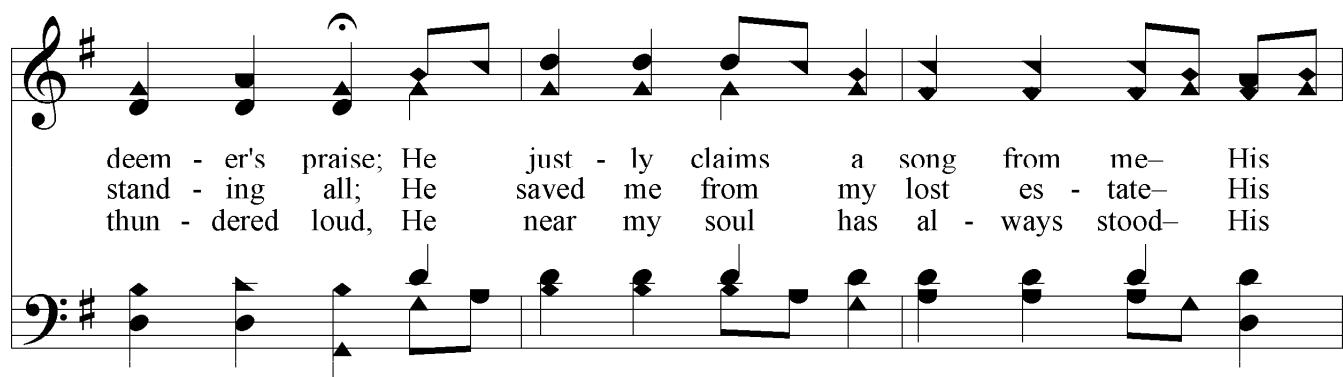


Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays



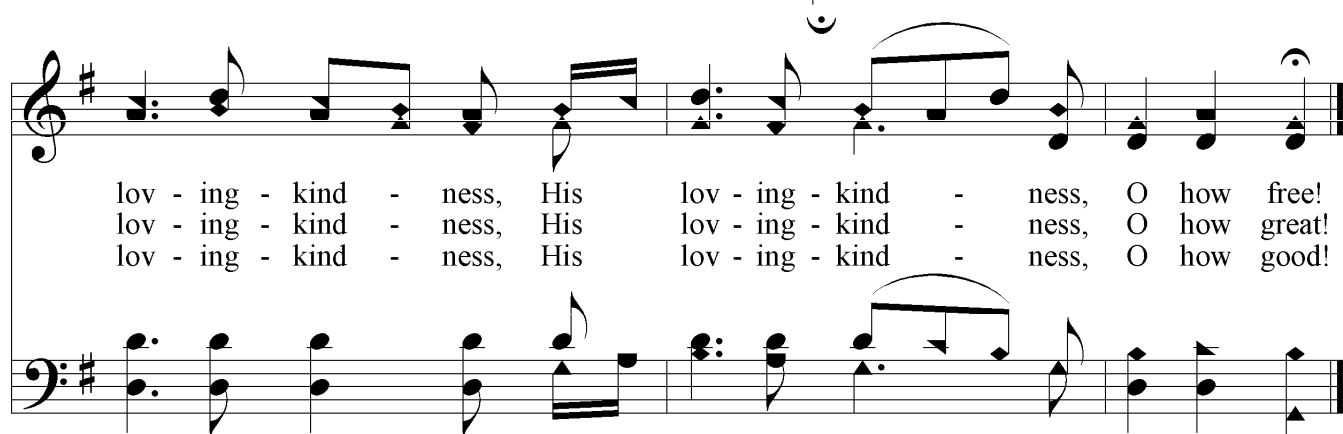
1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing the great Re -
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with -
3. When trou - ble, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gath - ered thick and



deem - er's praise; He just - ly claims a song from me - His
stand - ing all; He saved me from my lost es - tate - His
thun - dered loud, He near my soul has al - ways stood - His



lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free! Lov - ing - kind - ness,
lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great! Lov - ing - kind - ness,
lov - ing - kind - ness, O how good! Lov - ing - kind - ness,



lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free!
lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great!
lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how good!

(vs. 1) lays: song

Words: Samuel Medley
Music: Leavitt's Christian Lyre