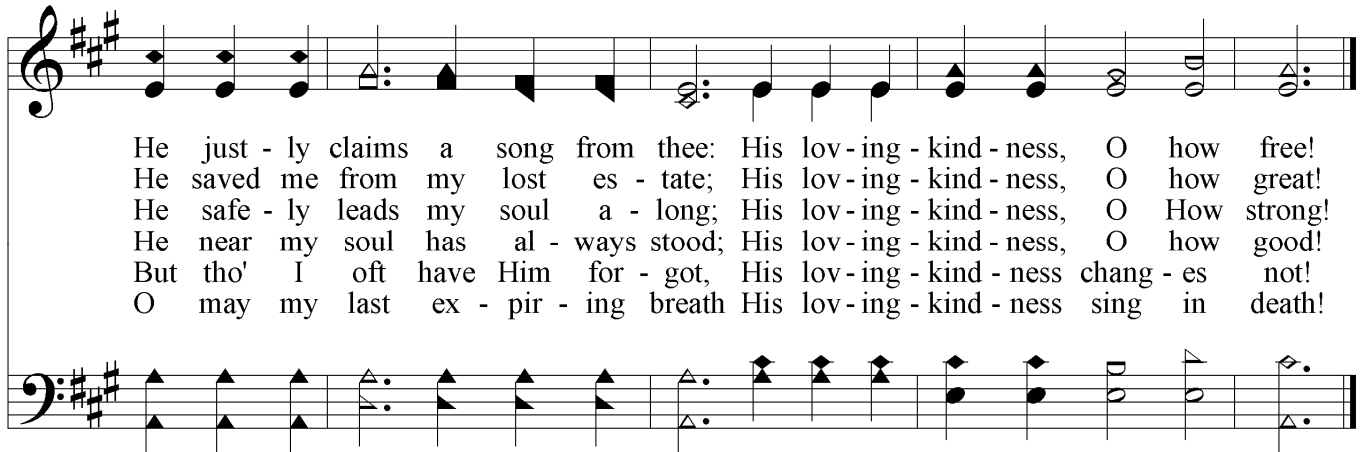


# Awake, My Soul, To Joyful Lays

MISSIONARY CHANT L M.



1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's praise:  
2. He saw me ru - in'd in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with - stand - ing all;  
3. Tho' nu - m'rous hosts of might - y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,  
4. When trou - ble, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gath - ered thick, and thun - der'd loud,  
5. Of - ten I feel my sin - ful heart Prone from my Sav - ior to de - part,  
6. Soon shall I pass the gloom - y vale, Soon all my mor - tal pow'rs must fail;



He just - ly claims a song from thee: His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free!  
He saved me from my lost es - tate; His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great!  
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long; His lov - ing - kind - ness, O How strong!  
He near my soul has al - ways stood; His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how good!  
But tho' I oft have Him for - got, His lov - ing - kind - ness chang - es not!  
O may my last ex - pir - ing breath His lov - ing - kind - ness sing in death!