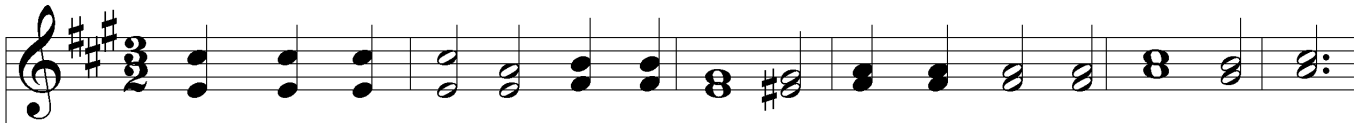
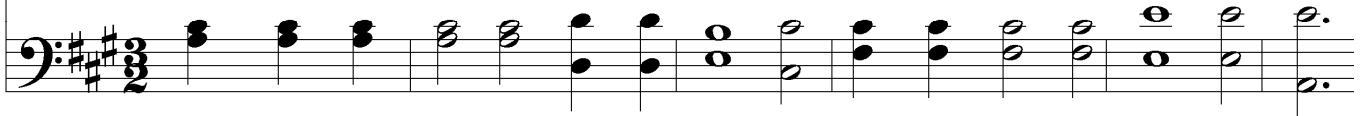


Awake, My Soul, To Joyful Lays

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!

