

# COME, MY SOUL, THOU MUST BE WAKING

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing.  
 2. Glad - ly hail the sun re - turn - ing,  
 3. Pray that He may pros - per ev - er  
 4. May - est thou on life's last mor - row,  
 5. On - ly God's free gifts a - buse not,

Now is break - ing O'er the earth an - oth - er day:  
 Read - y burn - ing Be the in - cense of thy pow'rs;  
 Each en - deav - or, When thine aim is good and true;  
 Free from sor - row, Pass a - way in slum - ber sweet;  
 Light re - fuse not, But His Spir - it's voice o - bey;

Come, to Him Who made this splen - dor See thou  
 For the night is safe - ly end - ed, God hath  
 And that He may ev - er thwart thee And con -  
 And, re - leased from death's dark sad - ness: Rise in  
 Thou with Him shalt dwell, be - hold - ing Light en -

ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.  
 tend - ed With His care - thy help - less hours.  
 vert thee, When thou e - vil wouldst pur - sue.  
 glad - ness That far bright - er sun to greet.  
 fold - ing All things in un - cloud - ed day. A - men.

WORDS BY FRIEDRICH R. L. VON CANITZ (1654-1699)  
 MUSIC BY FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN (1732-1809)