Awake, my soul, in joyful lays



Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me— His lovingkindness, O how free! Lovingkindness, lovingkindness, His lovingkindness, O how free!

He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me notwithstanding all; He saved me from my lost estate— His lovingkindness, O how great! Lovingkindness, lovingkindness, His lovingkindness, O how great!

Though numerous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along— His lovingkindness, O how strong! Lovingkindness, lovingkindness, His lovingkindness, O how strong! When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood— His lovingkindness, O how good! Lovingkindness, lovingkindness, His lovingkindness, O how good!

And when earth's rightful king shall come To take his ransomed people home, I'll sing upon that blissful shore His lovingkindness evermore. Lovingkindness, lovingkindness, His lovingkindness evermore.

Samuel Medley