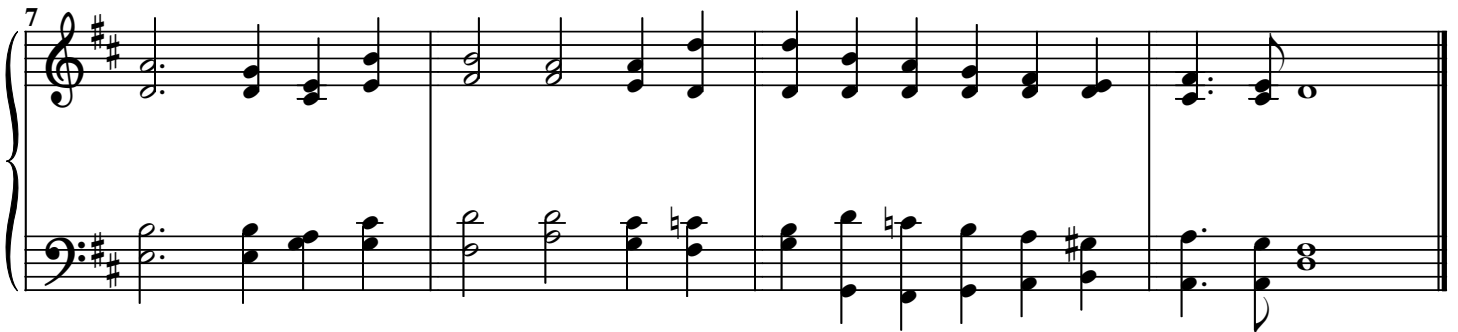


Come, my soul, thou must be waking

Peter Christian Lutkin, 1895

Carman
847.847



**Come, my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking over the earth another day;
Come to Him Who made this splendor;
See thou render all thy feeble powers can pay.**

**Thou, too, hail the light returning
Ready burning be the incense of thy powers;
For the night is safely ended,
God hath tended with His care thy helpless hours.**

**Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor when thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee, when thou evil wouldst pursue.**

**Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow, pass away in slumber sweet:
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness that far brighter Sun to greet.**

**Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not, but His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding all things in unclouded day.**

Friedrich R. L. von Canitz