

## Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays

Author: Samuel Medley 1738-1799

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me, His loving kindness, oh, how free!  
Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, oh, how free!

He saw me ruined by the fall, Yet loved me not with-standing all;  
He saved me from my lost estate, His loving kindness, oh, how great!  
Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, oh, how great!

Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose  
He safely leads my soul along, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!  
Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud  
He near my soul has always stood, His loving kindness, oh, how good!  
Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, oh, how good!

Soon shall we mount and soar away, To the bright realms of endless day  
And sing, with rapture and surprise, His loving kindness, in the skies  
Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, in the skies