

*Awake up, my glory . . . I myself will awake early. I will  
praise thee, O Lord, among the people . . . Psalm 57: 8, 9*

F. R. L. von Canitz, 1700


Tr. by Henry J. Buckoll, 1841; st. 5, alt.

HAYDN 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7.



Arr. from Franz Josef Haydn, 1791



1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing; Now is break-ing  
2. Thou too hail the light re - turn-ing; Read-y burn-ing  
3. Pray that he may pros-per ev-er Each en-deav-or,  
4. Think that he thy ways be - hold-eth; He un-fold-eth  
5. On - ly God's free gifts a - buse not, Light re-fuse not,

O'er the earth an-oth-er day: Come to him who made this splen-dor;  
Be the in-cense of thy pow'rs; For the night is safe-ly end-ed,  
When thine aim is good and true; But that he may ev-er thwart thee,  
Ev-ery fault that lurks with-in; Ev-ery stain of shame glossed o-ver  
But his Spir-it's voice o-bey; Thou with him shalt dwell, be - hold-ing

See thou ren-der All thy fee-ble powers can pay.  
God hath tend-ed With his care thy help-less hours.  
And con-vert thee, When thou e-vil wouldst pur-sue.  
Can dis-cov-er, And dis-cern each deed of sin.  
Light en-fold-ing All things in un-cloud-ed day. A - MEN.

