

Awake, each saint, in joyful lays

(VOM HIMMEL HOCH. L.M.)

$\text{♩} = 90$

1. A - wake, each saint, in joy - ful lays,
 2. He saw us ru - ined in the fall,
 3. Though num - erous hosts of migh - ty foes,

To sing the great Re - dee - mer's praise ;
 Yet loved us not - with - stand - ing all :
 Though earth and hell, our way op - pose,

He just - ly claims a song from thee :
 He saved us from our lost es - tate :
 He safe - ly leads His saints a - long :

His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh how free !
 His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh how great !
 His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh how strong !

4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He with His Church has always stood ;
His loving-kindness, oh how good !

5. 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.

Alternate Tunes : Duke Street, 87 ; Old Hyndredth, 368.