

Heb. 12:28; Ps. 30:4-5, 11-12

Wake, My Soul

Friedrich R. L. von Canitz (1654-1699)
Transl. Madeleine Forell Marshall, 1993

1 Wake, my soul, with all things liv - ing, thanks be giv - ing to the
2 All your hope - ful plans con - fess - ing, ask for bless - ing on that
3 Cry for help, when griefs as - sail you, good friends fail you, life is
4 Af - ter one last night of weep - ing, one last sleep - ing, you shall

Source of life and day. Sun - light comes and gone con -
good which you would do; But if you should need cor -
hope - less, death ap - pears. One whose child knew deep af -
wake to pure de - light. You at last shall know per -

fu - sion, night's il - lu - sion, like the star - light, fades a - way.
rec - tion, ask di - rec - tion, pray for pur - pose, clear and new.
flic - tion, cru - ci - fix - ion, ev - er waits to dry your tears.
fec - tion, pure af - fec - tion, bathed in God's own morn - ing light.

Baron Friedrich R. L. von Canitz was famous in his lifetime as a successful diplomat—educated, refined, and gracious to all people. He allowed none of his hymns or poetry to be published during his lifetime.

Tune: HAYDN 8.4.7.8.4.7.
Franz Joseph Haydn, 1791