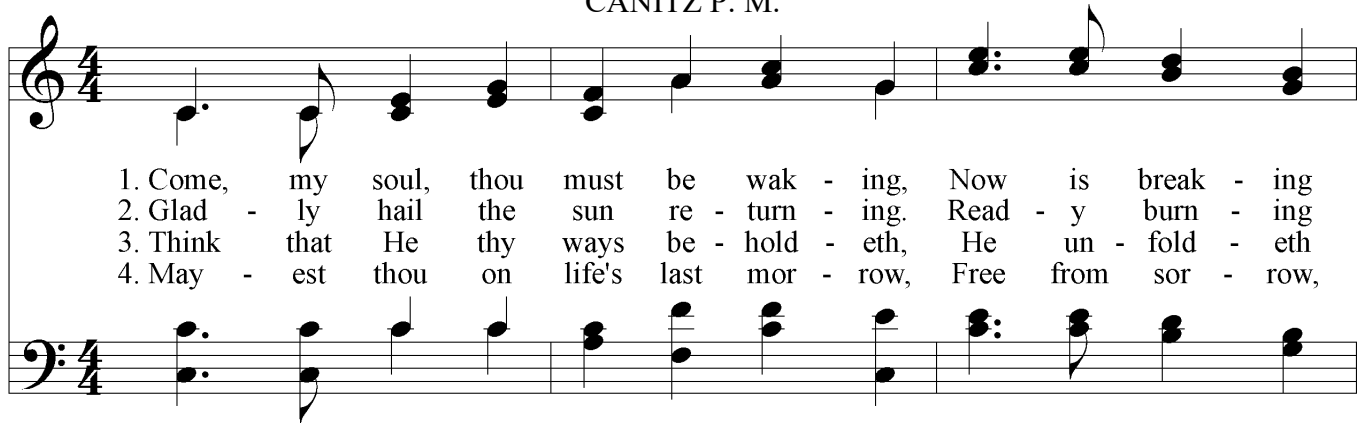


Come, My Soul, Thou Must Be Waking

CANITZ P. M.



1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing
2. Glad - ly hail the sun re - turn - ing. Read - y burn - ing
3. Think that He thy ways be - hold - eth, He un - fold - eth
4. May - est thou on life's last mor - row, Free from sor - row,



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;
Eve - ry fault that lurks with - in; He the hid - den shame glossed o - ver
Pass a - way in slum - ber sweet; And, re - leased from death's dark sad - ness,



See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.
God hath tend - ed With His care thy help - less hours.
Can dis - cov - er, And dis - cern each deed of sin.
Rise in glad - ness, That far bright - er Sun to greet.