

# Come, My Soul, Thou Must Be Waking

MATINS 8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7

1. Come sing with ho - ly glad - ness, High al - le - lu - ias sing!  
2. The time of Res - ur - rec - tion, Earth sings it all a - broad,—  
3. Now let the heav'ns be joy - ful, The seas their bright waves swell;

Lift up your hearts and voic - es With new a - wak - ened Spring.  
The pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The pass - o - ver of God!  
Let the round world keep tri - umph, With all that there - in dwell!

Sing, youths and gen - tle maid - ens, Your hymn of praise to - day,  
The sign of life e - ter - nal Is writ on earth and sky,—  
Now let the seen and un - seen In one glad an - them blend;

With old men and with chil - dren, In sweet ac - cord - ing lay.  
The hope for - ev - er ver - nal, Of life the vic - to - ry.  
Let all our hearts be ris - en To life that hath no end! A - men.