

St. Peter of the Fields Parish

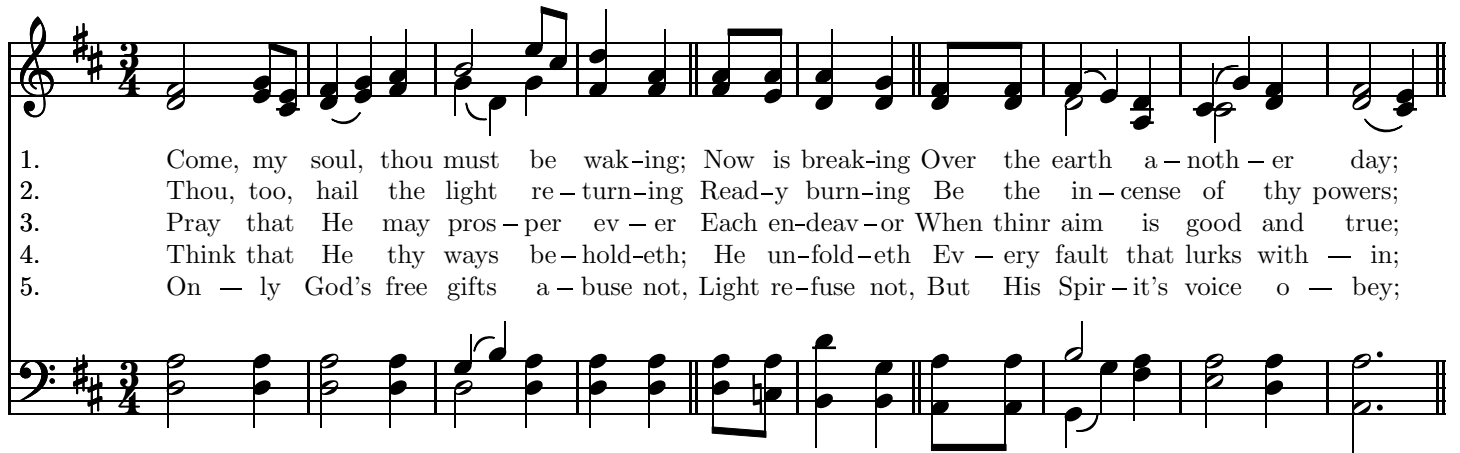
Come, My Soul, Thou Must be Waking

Haydn 8.4.7.8.4.7

F.R.L. von Canitz, 1700

Trans. Henry J. Buckoll, 1841, alt.

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1791



1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing; Now is break-ing Over the earth a - noth - er day;
 2. Thou, too, hail the light re - turn-ing Read-y burn-ing Be the in - cense of thy powers;
 3. Pray that He may pros - per ev - er Each en-deav - or When thine aim is good and true;
 4. Think that He thy ways be - hold - eth; He un - fold - eth Ev - ery fault that lurks with - in;
 5. On - ly God's free gifts a - buse not, Light re - fuse not, But His Spir - it's voice o - bey;



9
 Come to Him Who made this splen - dor; See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble powers can pay.
 For the night is safe - ly end - ed, God hath tend - ed With His care thy help - less hours.
 But that He may ev - er thwart thee, And con - vert thee, when thou e - vil wouldst pur - sue.
 He the hid - den shame glossed o - ver Can dis - cov - er, and dis - cern each deed of sin.
 Thou with Him shalt dwell, be - hold - ing Light en - fold - ing All things in un - cloud - ed day.