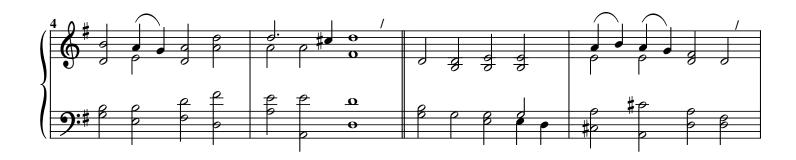
Come, my soul, thou must be waking







Come, my soul, thou must be waking; Now is breaking over the earth another day; Come to Him Who made this splendor; See thou render all thy feeble powers can pay.

Thou, too, hail the light returning Ready burning be the incense of thy powers; For the night is safely ended, God hath tended with His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever Each endeavor when thine aim is good and true; But that He may ever thwart thee, And convert thee, when thou evil wouldst pursue. Think that He thy ways beholdeth; He unfoldeth every fault that lurks within; He the hidden shame glossed over Can discover, and discern each deed of sin.

Mayest thou on life's last morrow, Free from sorrow, pass away in slumber sweet: And, released from death's dark sadness, Rise in gladness that far brighter Sun to greet.

Only God's free gifts abuse not, Light refuse not, but His Spirit's voice obey; Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding Light enfolding all things in unclouded day.

Friedrich R. L. von Canitz