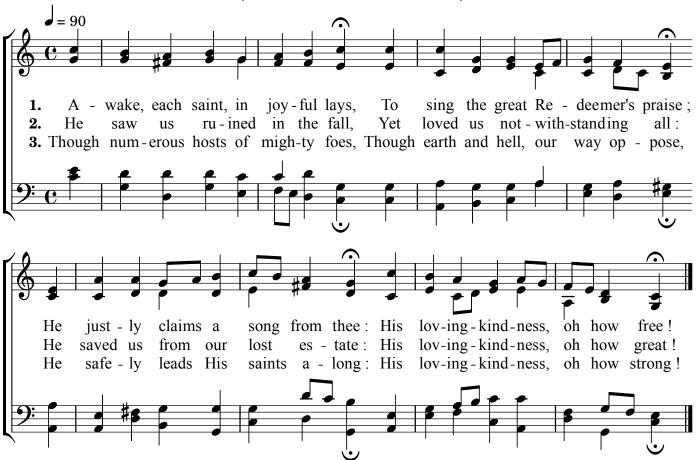
Awake, each saint, in joyful lays (VOM HIMMEL HOCH. L.M.)



- 4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick, and thundered loud, He with His Church has always stood; His loving-kindness, oh how good!
- 5. Soon shall we mount and soar away To the bright realms of endless day, And sing with rapture and surprise His loving-kindness in the skies.

Alternate Tunes: Duke Street, 87; Old Hyndredth, 368.