



Awake My Heart and Praise The Lord

Ronan Jennings

Arise my heart, my soul my all
And on my blessed Saviour call.
Come thou my tongue, extol His praise
Start now and to eternal years.

There is no higher precious theme
To preach it is a task supreme.
Extol the Lord once crucified
And tell to sinners how He died.

He on the cruel cross of shame
Stood in my place and bore the blame.
And since my spirit He renewed
I'll praise His name in gratitude.

When true repentance floods my heart
For feebly have I done my part.
Oh God, I am a real disgrace
Yet Thy Son suffered in my place.

Oh that my soul would see the price
Of Christ the Lord, my sacrifice.
Restored to me the lost estate
A blessedness to meditate.

This spurs my soul, yet grieves me sore
When musing on my sins he bore.
Then how can thou my tongue be still?
And not His praise and glory fill.

My eyes are blind, I cannot see
The price that was there paid for me.
The fullness of the pains He bore
My guilty being to restore.

Oh Father, by the Spirit guide
And none but Christ be magnified.
Oh help me bow contritiously
Thus, in contriteness bend my knee.



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Then let me hear Thy word of cheer
Fall gently, softly, on my ear.
My child thy sins are all forgiven
My hands and side, see they are riven.

Thus, now I bow and praise my God
The wonders of His grace unthought.
My tongue I'll raise, with joyful lays
I'll bless Thy name with endless praise.

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