

My Soul, My Soul

M. Wesche

ppp

My Soul, My Soul, a-rise! Why are you sleep-ing? The end is ap-

ppp

mf

proach-ing, and you will be con-found-ed. A-wake! A-wake there-fore,

mf

p *pp*

that you may be spared by Christ God. Who is ever-y-where

p *pp*

rit. *ppp*

pre-sent and fill-est all things.

ppp