

*Wake up! The dawn is near;
no time for sleeping, this:
our God is sending us His gift,
His Son, the Lord of bliss.*

Come, Lord of all the world,
creation's source and sum;
break through these barren wintry skies
and show Your mercy – come!

Our sins are multiplied,
yet Yours alone we stand -
You shaped us as the clay is shaped
beneath the potter's hand.

See how we stray from You,
so deeply have we sinned,
swept on by wickedness; like leaves
before the autumn wind.

Yet still we trust Your word,
Your pardon precious-priced,
Your wisdom sweetly ruling all,
the chosen One, Your Christ.