

Wake up and let your strings be sounding

Vågn op og slå på dine strenge

Thomas Kingo, 1674

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Transl.: Mogens Lemvig Hansen, 2001

DIR, DIR, JEHOVA

1. Wake up and let your strings be sounding, sing me a joy-ful morn - ing
2. To Heav-en I shall be as-cend-ing far from my bod-y's earth - ly
3. The on - ly thing that I can ren-der is grat-it-ude of all my
4. I shall at-tend to my vo - ca - tion and pre-sent-ly my work be -

4
song! Dear soul, a - rise, from bed be bound - ing, leap
clay; God is His realm to me ex - tend - ing, and
heart, all oth - er works I could en - gen - der with
gin; God's grace will be my life's found - a - tion as

7
up to join the Heav'n - ly throng! Now loud - ly knock on Heav - ens
there I dai - ly make my way; laud, hon - our, praise, and thanks are
much too man - y faults are marred; but You do not dis - dain my
it in all my time has been; God holds me in His might - y

10
gate, your world - ly wor - ries all can wait!
due a thou - sand fold, God, un - to You!
sighs nor tears that well up in my eyes.
hands, His Spir - it al - ways with me stands.

5. I shall not on the world be building
however fortunate I'll be;
but as each hour to hour is yielding
I tell my soul the certainty
that time does pass like running sand,
eternity is close at hand.