Awake, My Soul, And With The Sun

(see also 'Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow')

Words: Thomas Ken, 1674. Music: 'Old 100th' Genevan Psalter, attr. Louis Bourgeois, c. 1551.

Setting: Sternhold and Hopkins' Psalter, 1561. copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision. **→** = 120 Ъ wake, my soul, and 1. A with the sun Thy dail - y stage of du ty -run; 2. Thy prec-ious time mis spent, re - deem, Each pre - sent day thy last es teem, 3. By in - flu - ence of Light di - vine Let thy own light to o - thers shine. noon - tide clear; 4. In con - ver - sa - tion be sin - cere; Keep con-science as the 5. Wake, and lift up thy self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part, Γ Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful To thy morn-ing sac - - ri - fice. rise, pay tal - - ent Im - prove thy due For the thy -- self pre - pare. with care; great day Re - flect cheer - ful praise. all Heaven's pro - pit - ious In dent love, and ways ar -Think how see - - ing all God thy ways all thy thoughts sur-veys. And sec - ret Who all night High praise ter - - nal King. long un wear - ied sing the to е d

- 6. All praise to Thee, Who safe has kept And hast refreshed me while I slept Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake I may of endless light partake.
- Heav'n is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art, O never then from me depart; For to my soul 'tis hell to be But for one moment void of Thee.
- Lord, I my vows to Thee renew; Disperse my sins as morning dew. Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with Thyself my spirit fill.

- 9. Direct, control, suggest, this day, All I design, or do, or say, That all my powers, with all their might, In Thy sole glory may unite.
- I would not wake nor rise again And Heaven itself I would disdain, Wert Thou not there to be enjoyed, And I in hymns to be employed.
- Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.