

AWAKE, my soul, to God draw near,
Your Saviour's day of praise is here;
Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise,
To pay your spiritual sacrifice.

- 2 Your precious time mis-spent redeem,
Each present day your last esteem;
Improve your talent with due care;
For the great Day yourself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how all-seeing God your ways
And all your secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 By influence of the Light divine
Let your own light to others shine;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.
- 7 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.

*Thomas Ken, 1637-1710,
(from 'A Morning Hymn',
v 1 adapted for the Lord's Day.)*