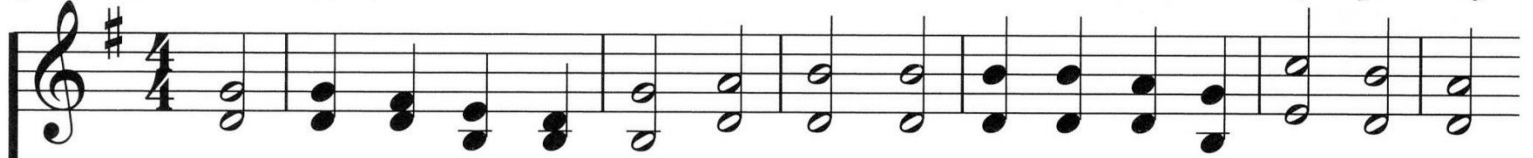


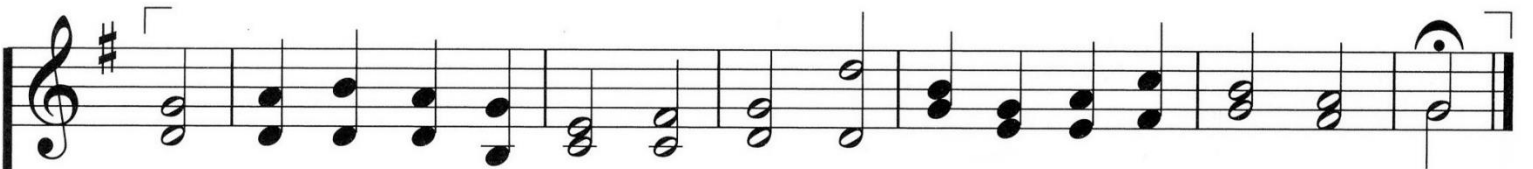
Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

THOMAS KEN, 1637-1711
G - 4 - DO

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, c. 1510 - c. 1561



1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Thy pre - cious time mis - spent, re - deem, Each pres - ent day thy last es - teem;
3. In con - ver - sa - tion be sin - cere, Keep con - science, as the noon - tide clear;
4. By in - flu'nce of the Light di - vine, Let thy own light to oth - ers shine;
5. 'Wake, and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part,
6. A - wake, a - wake, ye heav'n - ly choir, May your de - vo - tion me in - spire,
7. May I, like you, in God de - light, Have all day long my God in sight;
8. Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;



- (1.) Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise, To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
- (2.) Im - prove thy tal - ent with due care, For the great day thy - self pre - pare.
- (3.) Think how all - see - ing God thy ways, And all thy se - cret thoughts sur - veys.
- (4.) Re - flect all heav'n's pro - pi - tious rays, In ar - dent love, and cheer - ful praise.
- (5.) Who all night long un - wea - ried sing, High praise to the e - ter - nal King.
- (6.) That I, like you, my age may spend, Like you may on my God at - tend.
- (7.) Per - form, like you, my Ma - ker's will, O may I nev - er more do ill!
- (8.) Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

