

Awake, My Soul, And With The Sun
by Charles Wesley

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words and ways.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself; my heart,
And with the angels take thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

5 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake!

6 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.

7 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.

8 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.