

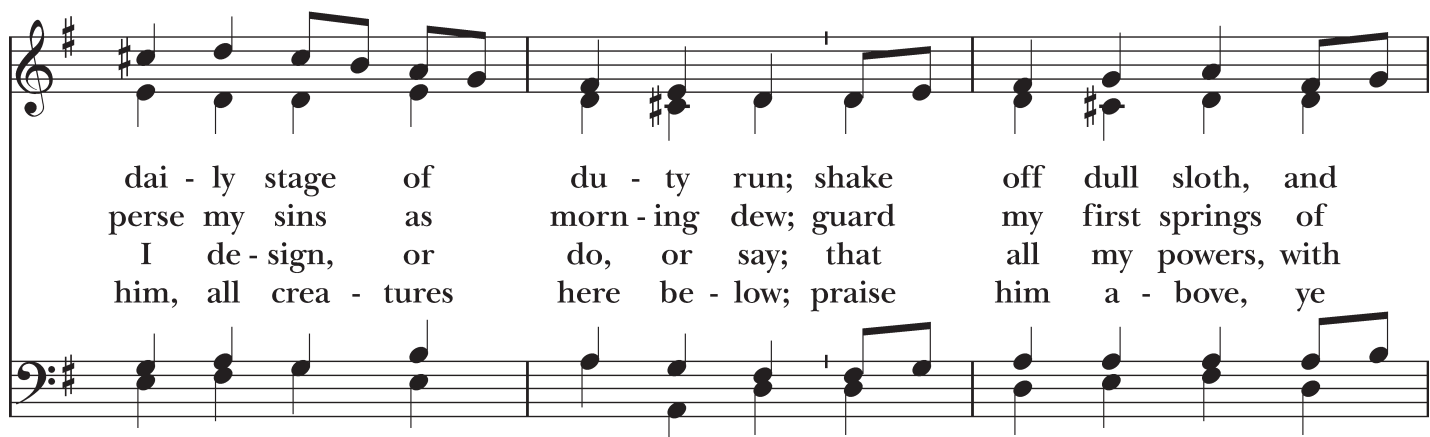
PROCESSIONAL HYMN 11

Awake, my soul. and with the sun

MORNING HYMN



1 A - wake, my soul, and with the sun thy
 2 Lord, I my vows to thee re - new; dis -
 3 Di - rect, con - trol, sug - gest, this day, all
 *4 Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; praise

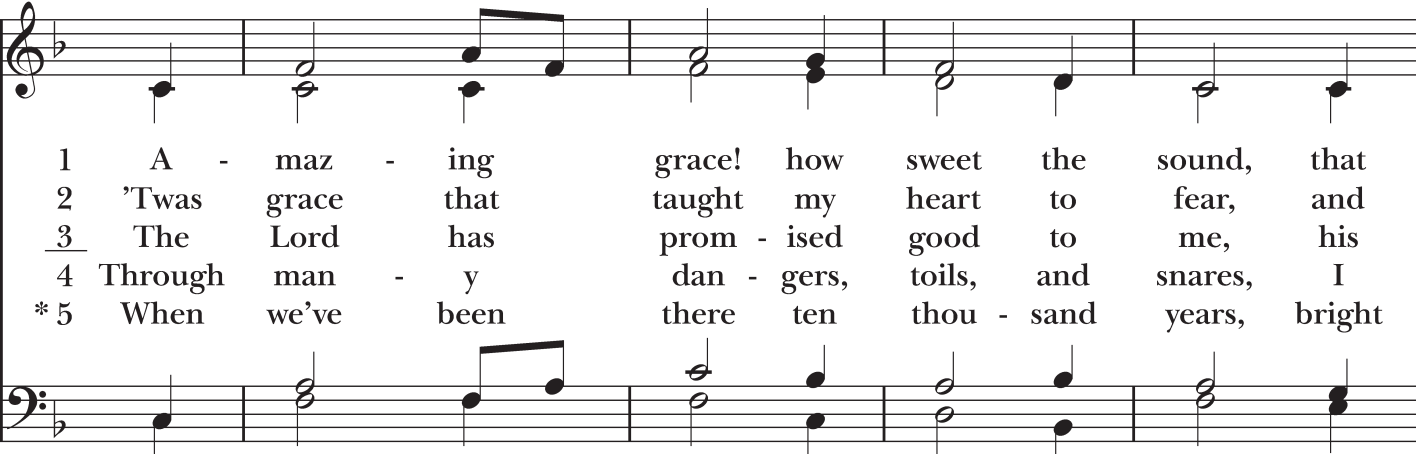


dai - ly stage of du - ty run; shake off dull sloth, and
 perse my sins as morn - ing dew; guard my first springs of
 I de - sign, or do, or say; that all my powers, with
 him, all crea - tures here be - low; praise him a - bove, ye

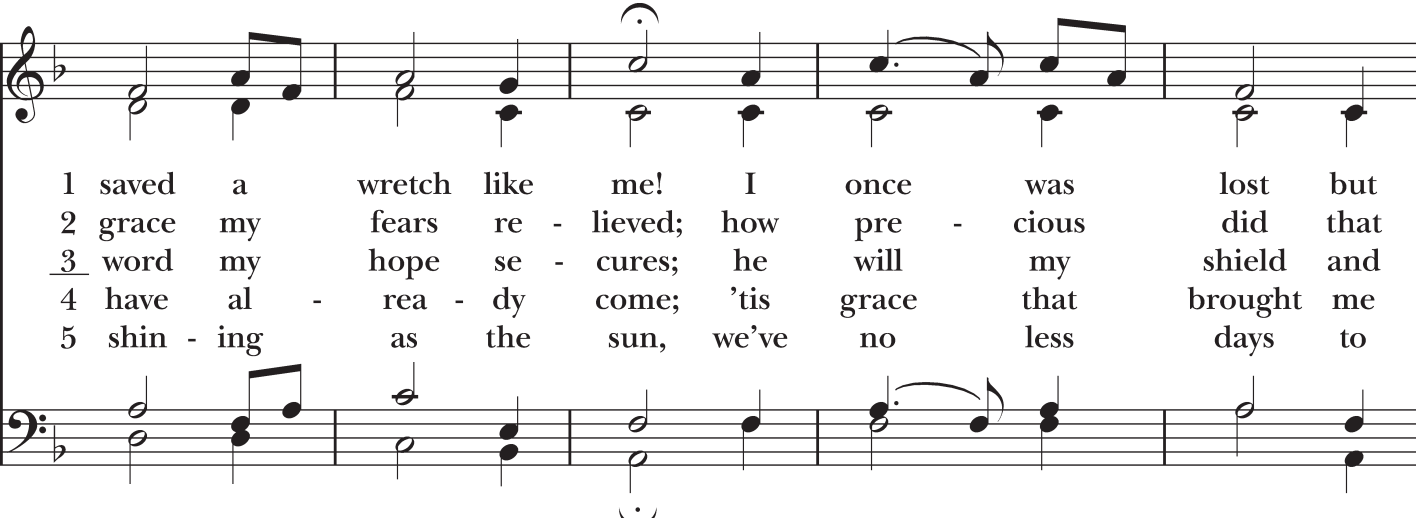


joy - ful rise to pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice:
 thought and will, and with thy - self my spi - rit fill.
 all their might, in thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.
 heaven - ly host: praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

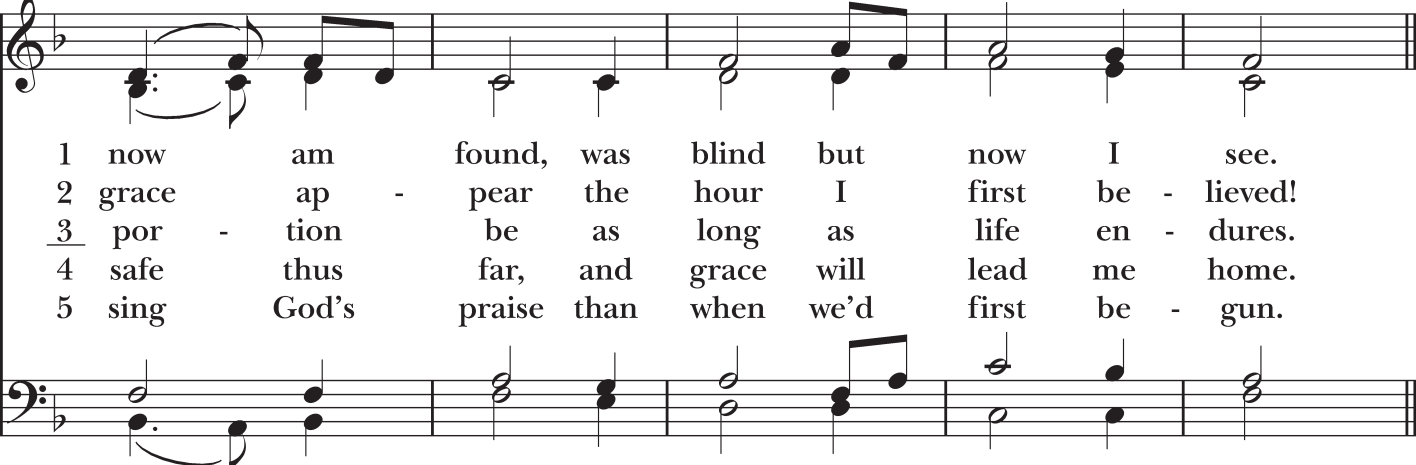
Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711), alt. Music: *Morning Hymn*, melody François Hippolyte Barthélémon (1741-1808); harm. *The Church Hymnal for the Church Year*, 1917.



1 A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, that
 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and
 3 The Lord has prom - ised good to me, his
 4 Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I
 * 5 When we've been there ten thou - sand years, bright



1 saved a wretch like me! I once was lost but
 2 grace my fears re - lieved; how pre - cious did that
 3 word my hope se - cures; he will my shield and
 4 have al - rea - dy come; 'tis grace that brought me
 5 shin - ing as the sun, we've no less days to



1 now am found, was blind but now I see.
 2 grace ap - pear the hour I first be - lieved!
 3 por - tion be as long as life en - dures.
 4 safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.
 5 sing God's praise than when we'd first be - gun.

The melody may be sung in canon at distances of either two or three beats.

Words: John Newton (1725-1807), alt.; st. 5, from *A Collection of Sacred Ballads*, 1790; compiled by Richard Broaddus and Andrew Broaddus. Music: *New Britain*, from *Virginia Harmony* 1831; adapt. att. Edwin Othello Excell (1851-1921); harm. Austin Cole Lovelace (b. 1919). Harmonization Copyright © 1974 by Abingdon Press.



1 O Mas - ter, let me walk with thee in low - ly
 2 (Help me the slow of heart to) move by some clear,
 3 (Teach me thy pa - tience; still with) thee in clos - er,
 4 (in hope that sends a shin - ing) ray far down the



paths of ser - vice free; tell me thy sec - ret; help me
 win - ning word of love; teach me the way - ward feet to
 dear - er com - pa - ny, in work that keeps faith sweet and
 fu - ture's broad - ening way, in peace that on - ly thou canst



bear the strain of toil, the fret of
 stay, and guide them in the home - ward
 strong, in trust that tri - umphs o - ver
 give, with thee, O Mas - ter, let me




care. 2 Help me the slow of heart to
 way. 3 Teach me thy pa - tience; still with
 wrong, 4 in hope that sends a shin - ing
 live.

Words: Washington Gladden (1836-1918). Music: *de Tar*, Calvin Hampton (1938-1984). Copyright © 1973 Concordia Publishing House. Used with permission.



1 Lord, whose love through hum - ble ser - vice bore the weight of hu - man
2 Still your chil - dren wan - der home - less; still the hun - gry cry for
3 As we wor - ship, grant us vi - sion, till your love's re - veal - ing
4 Called by wor - ship to your ser - vice, forth in your dear name we



need, who up - on the cross, for - sak - en, of - fered mer - cy's
bread; still the cap - tives long for free - dom; still in grief we
light, in its height and depth and great - ness, dawns up - on our
go, to the child, the youth, the a - ged love in liv - ing



per - fect deed, we, your ser - vants, bring the wor - ship
mourn our dead. As, O Lord, your deep com - pas - sion
quick - ened sight, mak - ing known the needs and bur - dens
deeds to show; hope and health, good will and com - fort,



not of voice a - lone, but heart, con - se - crat - ing
 healed the sick and freed the soul, use the love your
 your com - pas - sion bids us bear, stir - ring us to
 coun - sel, aid, and peace we give, that your ser - vants,

to your pur - pose ev - ery gift that you im - part.
 Spi - rit kin - dles still to save and make us whole.
 tire - less striv - ing, your a - bun - dant life to share.
 Lord, in free - dom may your mer - cy know and live.

Words: Albert F. Bayly (1901-1984), alt. Copyright © 1961, Albert Bayly. Used by permission of Oxford University Press.
 Music: *Blaenhafren*, Welsh melody.