


# Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Words: Thomas Ken, 1637-1711

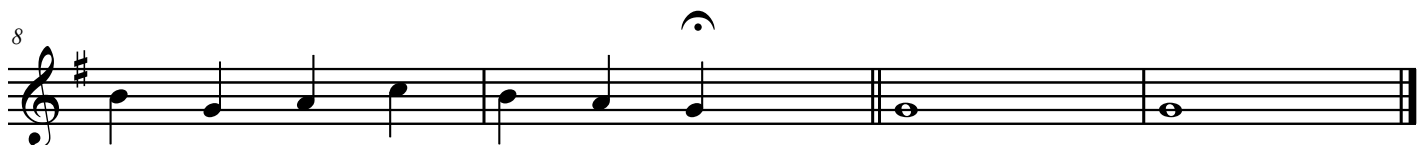
Music: attr. Louis Bourgeois, 1510-1561



Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all crea - tures



here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise



Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

Other verses from "Morning Hymn" by Thomas Ken:

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.

Thy precious Time misspent, redeem,  
Each present Day thy last esteem,  
Improve thy Talent with due care,  
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

'Wake, and lift up thyself, my Heart,  
And with the Angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing,  
High Praise to the Eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye Heavenly Choir,  
May your devotion me inspire,  
That I like you my Age may spend,  
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,  
Have all day long my God in sight,  
Perform like you my Maker's Will,  
O may I never more do ill.

Had I your Wings, to Heaven I'd fly,  
But God shall that defect supply,  
And my soul wing'd with warm desire,  
Shall all day long to Heav'n aspire.

I would not wake, nor rise again,  
Ev'n Heaven itself I would disdain,  
Wert not Thou there to be enjoy'd,  
And I in Hymns to be employ'd.

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.

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.

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.