

**BOOK OF HYMNS,  
ARRANGED  
FOR SUNDAYS  
AND HOLYDAYS**

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Book of Hymns, Arranged for Sundays and Holydays by Henry John Pye

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**HENRY JOHN PYE**

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BAXTER, PRINTER, OXFORD.

## HYMNS.

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### AT MORNING PRAYER.

#### I. (L. M.)

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

All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,  
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept ;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death awake,  
I may of endless joys partake.

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.

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.

## II.

FROM PSALM III. N. V. (C. M.)

Thou art, O Lord, my sure defence,  
 On Thee my hopes rely;  
 Thou art my glory, and shalt yet  
 Lift up my head on high.

Guarded by Thee, I laid me down,  
 My sweet repose to take,  
 For I through Thee securely sleep,  
 Through Thee in safety wake.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,  
 He only can defend;  
 His blessings He extends to all  
 Who on His power depend.

## III.

FROM THE *Venite Exultemus*. (7s.)

Come, exulting in the Lord,  
 In salvation's God rejoice;  
 Thanks before His face afford,  
 And in Psalms lift up your voice.

*Chorus.* Come ye, and adore the Lord,  
 Unto Him all thanks be paid;  
 Unto Him, Who spake the word,  
 And the world and all was made.

For He is a mighty God,  
And a King o'er all who reigns ;  
In His strength the hills have stood,  
And His hand the world sustains.

*Chorus.* Come ye, and adore, &c.

He the ocean made alone,  
He the land's foundations laid ;  
Come ye, worship, and fall down  
To the Lord, Who us hath made.

*Chorus.* Come ye, and adore, &c.

He is Lord, our God, whose care  
Doth supply our every need ;  
We His people's pasture share,  
We the sheep His hand doth feed.

*Chorus.* Come ye, and adore, &c.

Harden not your hearts again,  
As your fathers did of old,  
When they prov'd Me in the plain,  
And My wonders did behold.

*Chorus.* Come ye, and adore, &c.

Forty years their sins I bare,  
By their erring hearts distress'd,  
Till at length in wrath I swear,  
They shall enter not my rest.

*Chorus.* Come ye, and adore, &c.



*When the above is used at an early Service, this Chorus may  
be used.*

Let it not be vain to rise  
In the morning ere the day,  
For the Lord above the skies  
Crowneth those who watch and pray.

IV. (P. M.)

Glory to Thee, Whose power and might  
Hath kept us safely through the night,  
And turn'd our darkness into light :

Bless'd be Thy Name, O Lord.

Glory! Whose Majesty on high  
Hath lit again the darkened sky,  
Grant us this day from sin to fly,  
Thy heavenly grace afford.

Glory to God, for our creation ;  
Glory to God, Who brought salvation ;  
Glory to God, Who every nation

Brightens with Gospel rays ;

Glory to God, in Heaven His throne ;

Glory, for He is God alone,

In Persons Three, in Godhead One ;

Thanks, adoration, praise.

## AT EVENING PRAYER.

## I. (L. M.)

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light :  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at that awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose ;  
O may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
Sleep, that shall me more vig'rous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.

## II.

## FROM PSALM IV. N. V. (C. M.)

O Lord, that art my righteous Judge,  
To my complaint give ear ;  
Thou still redeem'st me from distress ;  
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.

So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,  
More lasting and more true  
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine  
From day to day renew.

Then down in peace I'll lay my head,  
And take my needful rest;  
No other guard, O Lord, I seek,  
Of Thy defence possess'd.

III. (P. M.)

O God, by whose kind Providence  
Thy servants did this day commence,  
Be Thou our refuge and defence,  
Now that the day is done.  
Glory to Thee, Thy mighty power  
Hath been our strength in danger's hour,  
Else had we perished as the flower  
Fades in the noon-tide sun.

Therefore, O God, before Thy throne  
We come, our many sins to own,  
And praise Thy name for mercy shewn  
Throughout the day gone by.  
To Thee, O God, whose constant care  
Hath kept our souls from Satan's snare,  
We offer up our evening prayer;  
Glory to God on high.