

Morning

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To
2. Night unto night His name repeats, The day renews the sound, Wide as the heav'n on which He sits, To

3. 'Tis He supports my mortal frame, My tongue shall speak His praise; My sins would rouse His wrath to flame, And
4; On a poor worm Thy power might tread, And I could ne'er withstand; Thy justice might have crushed me dead, But

5. A thousand wretched souls are fled Since the last setting sun, And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread, And
6. Dear God, let all my hours be Thine, While I enjoy the light, Then shall my sun in smiles decline, And

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Tr. Him that rules the skies. Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him that rules the skies. Once Him that rules the skies.
turn the seasons round. Wide as the heav'n on which He sits, To turn the seasons round. Wide turn the seasons round.

C. yet His wrath delays. My sins would rouse His wrath to flame, And yet His wrath delays. My yet His wrath delays.
mercy held Thine hand. Thy justice might have crushed me dead, But mercy held Thine hand. Thy mercy held Thine hand.

T. yet my moments run. And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread, And yet my moments run. And yet my moments run.
bring a pleasing night. Then shall my sun in smiles decline, And bring a pleasing night. Then bring a pleasing night.

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