

# Morning

1. Once more, my soul, the ri-sing day Sa-lutes thy wa-king eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tri-bute pay To Him that rules the skies. Once more, my voice, thy tri-bute pay To Him that rules the skies. Once Him that rules the skies.

2. Night unto night His name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heav'n on which He sits,  
To turn the seasons round.

5. A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun,  
And yet Thou length'nest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.

3. 'Tis He supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak His praise;  
My sins would rouse His wrath to flame,  
And yet His wrath delays.

Dear God, let all my hours be Thine,  
Whilst I enjoy the light,  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasing night.

4. On a poor worm Thy power might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand;  
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,  
But mercy held Thine hand.