

## Once More, My Soul, the Rising Day

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes;  
 2. Night un - to night His name re - peats; The day re - news the sound,  
 3. 'Tis He sup - ports my mor - tal frame, My tongue shall speak His praise;  
 4. On a poor worm Thy pow'r might tread, And I could ne'er with - stand;  
 5. A thou - sand wretch - ed souls are fled Since the last set - ting sun,  
 6. Dear God, let all my hours be Thine, Whilst I en - joy the light.

Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To Him that rules the skies.  
 Wide as the heav'n on which He sits To turn the sea - sons round.  
 My sins would rouse His wrath to flame, And yet His wrath de - lays.  
 Thy jus - tice might have crushed me dead, But mer - cy held Thy hand.  
 And yet Thou length - nest out my thread, And yet my mo - ments run.  
 Then shall my sun in smiles de - cline, And bring a pleas - ant night.