

PETERBORO. C.M.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To Him who rules the skies.

2. 'Tis He sup - ports my mor - tal frame, My tongue shall speak His praise; My sins would rouse His wrath to flame, And yet His wrath de - lays.

3. How man - y wretch - ed souls are fled Since the last set - ting sun! And yet Thou length - 'nest out my thread, And yet my mo - ments run.