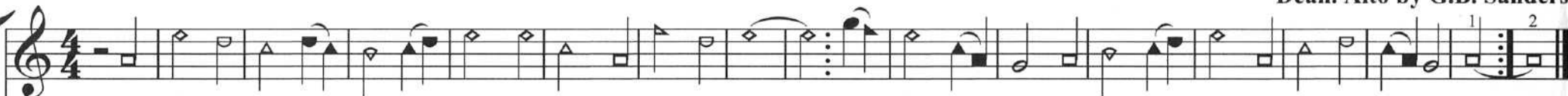
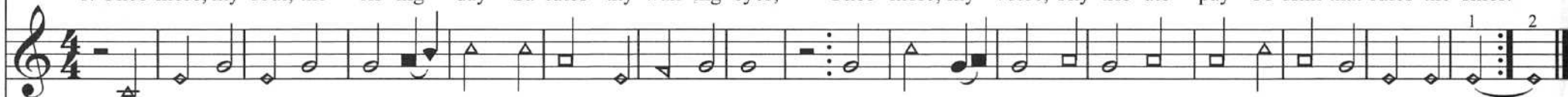


## CONSOLATION. C.M.

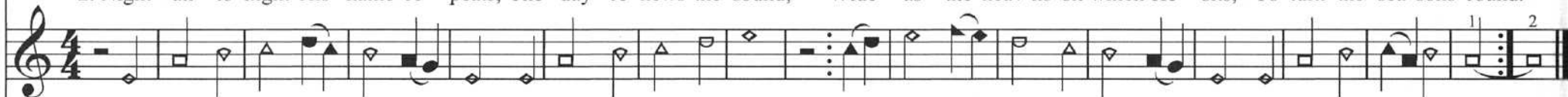
Dean. Alto by G.B. Sanders



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 that rules the skies.



2. Night un - to night His name re - peats, The day re-news the sound, — Wide as the heav'ns on which He sits, To turn the sea-sons round.



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

