1. Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes;
2. Night unto night His name repeats, The day renews the sound,
3. 'Tis He supports my mortal frame, My tongue shall speak His praise;
4. On a poor worm Thy pow'r might tread, And I could ne'er withstand:
5. A thousand wretched souls are fled Since the last setting sun,
6. Dear God, let all my hours be Thine, Whilst I enjoy the light,

Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him that rules the skies, skies.
Wide as the heav'n on which He sits, To turn the seasons round, round.
My sins would rouse His wrath to flame, And yet His wrath delays, delays.
Thy justice might have crushed me dead, But mercy held Thine hand, hand.
And yet Thou length'n'est out my thread, And yet my moments run, run.
Then shall my sun in smiles decline, And bring a pleasant night, night.