

A Morning Song

(Once More, My Soul, the Rising Day)

Issac Watts

As found in Isaac Watts'
Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Book 2:

Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

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.

'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.

[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.

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

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.

As found in the 1835 Kirtland Hymnal:

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes my waking eyes;
And let my heart its tribute pay,
To him that rules the skies.

2. Night unto night his name repeats,
And day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame:
My tongue shall sing his praise;
And I will glory in his name
While he extends my days.

4. And when my mortal course is done,
And I must yield my breath;
O may my soul, bright as the sun,
Shine o'er the night of death.