

Isaac Watts, 1709
(Hymn 6, Book 2)

86. 86. (C. M.)

Morning Hymn

Transcribed from *The Evangelical Harmony*, 1800.

E Major

Samuel Babcock, 1800

Tr. 1. Once more, my soul, the ri - sing day Sa - lutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him that rules the

T. 2. 'Tis he supports my mor - tal frame, My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de-

B. 3. A thousand wretched souls are fled Since the last setting sun, And yet thou length'nest out my thread, And yet my mo-ments

Tr. 15 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.

T. -lays. On a poor worm thy power might tread, And I could ne'er withstand; Thy justice might have crushed me dead, But mer - cy held thine hand.

B. run. Dear God, let all my hours be thine, While I enjoy the light, Then shall my sun in smiles decline, And bring a pleasing night.