

METRE 2 Isaac Watts

# CONSOLATION C.M.

Lucius Chapin

1. Once more, my soul, the ri - sing day Sa - lutes thy wa-king 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'n, 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 would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de - lays.

4. On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread, And I could ne'er withstand; Thy jus - tice might have crush'd me dead, But mer - cy held thine hand.

5. A thou-sand wretched souls are fled Since the last set-ting sun; And yet thou length'nest out my thread, And yet my mo - ments run.

6. Dear God, let all my hours be thine, Whilst I en - joy the light; Then shall my sun in smiles de - cline, And bring a plea - sant night.