

A Minor. Isaac Watts, 1709.

*Wyeth's Repository, Part 2nd, 1813 (arr. Dean, 1816).*

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes;      Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him that rules the skies.      skies.

2. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame, My tongue shall speak his praise;      My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de - lays.      -lays

3. A thousand wretched souls are fled Since the last set - ting sun,      And yet thou length'nest out my thread, And yet my moments run.      run.