

Lisbon

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1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes, And

viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes. Wel -

2. The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints today;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.