

Sabbath Morn

Treble
Tenor
Bass

1. A - no-ther six days' work is done; A - no-ther Sab-bath is be - gun; Re-

Tr.
T.
B.

turn, my soul, en - joy the rest, Im - prove the hour that God hath blest. Re -

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2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

4. This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains
The end of cares, the end of pains.

6. In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

3. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

5. With joy great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past
With hope, we future pleasures taste.