

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 92) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Devotion

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C Major
Daniel Read, 1786
(Revised 1804)

Tr. C. T. B.

1. Sweet is the day of sac - red rest, No mor - tal care shall sieze my breast;

5

O may my heart in

Tr. C. T. B.

10 O may my heart in tune be found, like Da - vid's harp, O may my heart in tune be found, like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound.

15 1. 2.

may my heart in tune be found, like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound, O

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4. Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5. But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6. Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.