

Sweet Is the Work

147

Fervently ♩ = 84-96

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy
 2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest. No mor - tal
 3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord And bless his
 4. But, oh what tri - umph shall I raise To thy dear

name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by
 care shall seize my breast. Oh, may my heart in
 works and bless his word. Thy works of grace, how
 name through end - less days, When in the realms of

morn - ing light, And talk of all thy truths at night.
 tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound!
 bright they shine! How deep thy coun - sels, how di - vine!
 joy I see Thy face in full fe - lic - i - ty!

5. 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.

6. Then shall I see and hear and know
 All I desired and wished below,
 And every pow'r find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.