

MY SABBATH SONG

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder

Wm. B. Bradbury

1. Strains of mus - ic oft en greet me, As I
 2. 'Tis a song of love and mer - cy, Speak - ing
 3. While I live, O, may I ev - er Love the

join the bus - y throng, But there's no - thing half so
 peace to all man - kind, Tell - ing sin - ners poor and
 ho - ly Sab - bath song, And in yon - der home e -

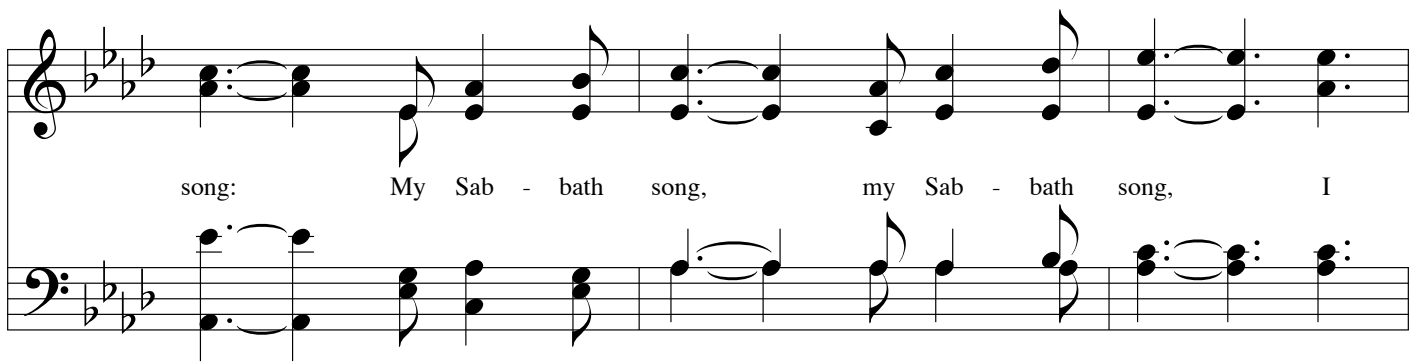
pleas - ant, As the ho - ly Sab - bath song.
 need - y, Where the the Sav - iour they may find.
 ter - nal, Sing it with the blood - bought throng.

MY SABBATH SONG (2)

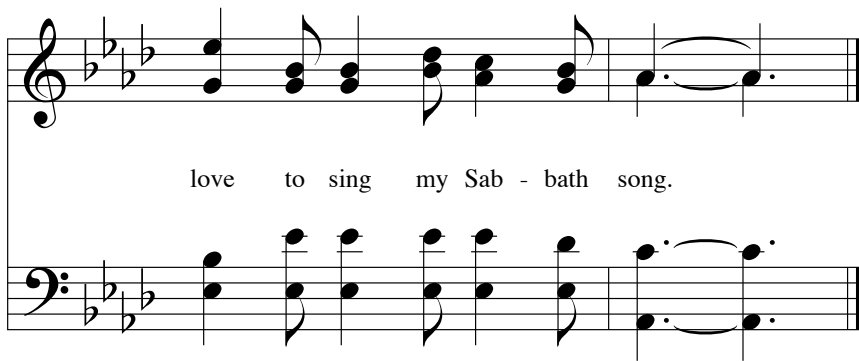
Chorus



No fear of ill, no fear of wrong, While I can sing my Sab - bath



song: My Sab - bath song, my Sab - bath song, I



love to sing my Sab - bath song.

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“Christ has warned us against the pride of life,
but not against its grace and natural beauty.
He pointed to the flowers of the field,
to the lily unfolding in its purity, and said,
‘Even Solomon in all his glory
was not arrayed like one of these’ (Matthew 6:29).
Thus by the things of nature Christ illustrates the beauty
that Heaven values,
the modest grace, the simplicity, the purity,
the appropriateness,
that would make our attire pleasing to Him.”

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“Jesus points the highest minds, as well as the lowest,
to the lily, in the freshness of the dew of the morning, and bids us,
‘Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;
they toil not, neither do they spin:
and yet I say unto you,
That even Solomon in all his glory
was not arrayed like one of these.’ ”

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