

DELIGHTFUL MORN

(Lischer. H. M.)

Hayward

F. Schneider

1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest; I
 2. Now may the King des - cend, And fill His throne of grace; Thy
 3. Des - cend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning pow'rs; Dis -

hail thy kind re - turns; Lord make these mo - ments blest. From
 scep - ter, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face; Let
 close a Sav - iour's love, And bless these sac - red hours: Then

the low train of mor - tal toys I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys,
 sin - ners feel Thy quick - 'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
 shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sab - bath - days be passed in vain.

I soar learn to reach im - mor fear - tal joys.
 And learn Sab - bath - know days and be passed the in Lord.
 Nor Sab - bath - days