

SABBATH DAWN

(St. George's, Bolton. 7s. 6s. D.)

A. Cross

J. Walch

1. The dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain,
 2. Lord, we would bring for of - f'ring, Tho' marr'd with earth - ly soil,
 3. And we would bring our bur - den Of sin - ful tho't and deed,
 4. And with that sor - row ming - ling, A stead - fast faith, and sure,

As some sweet sum - mer morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain;
 A week of ear - nest la - bor, Of stead - y, faith - ful toil,—
 In Thy pure pres - ence kneel - ing, From bon - dage to be freed,
 And love so deep and fer - vent, For Thee to make it pure,

It comes as cool - ing sho - wers To some ex - haus - ted land, As
 Fair fruits of self - de - ni - al, Of strong, deep love to Thee, Fos -
 Our heart's most bit - ter sor - row For all Thy work un - done— So
 In Thy dear pre - sence find - ing The par - don that we need, And

shade of clus - ter'd palm - trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand.
 ter'd by Thine own Spi - rit, In true hu - mil - i - ty.
 ma - ny tal - ents wast - ed! So few bright lau - rels won!
 then the peace so last - ing— Ce - les - tial peace in - deed. A - men.