

SABBATH EVE

(Malvern. L. M.)

J. Edmeston

L. Mason

1. How sweet the light of Sab - bath eve! How soft the sun - beam
 2. Sea - son of rest! of the tran - quil soul Feels the sweet calm, and
 3. Nor will our days of toil be long; Our pil - grim - age will

ling - 'ring there! For those blest hours the world I leave, Waft -
 melts in love; And while these sa - cred mo - ments roll, Faith -
 soon be trod; and we shall join the cease - less song, The

ed on wings of faith and pray'r.
 sees a smil - ing heav'n a - bove.
 end - less Sab - bath of our God.