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WELCOME, WELCOME

(Pleyel. 7s.)

Anon.

Ignace Pleyel

1. Wel - come, wel - come, day of rest, To the world in kind - ness giv'n;
 2. Day of calm and sweet re - pose, To Gen - tly now thy mo - ments run;
 3. Ho - ly day that most we prize, Day of sol - emn praise and pray'r,

Wel - come to this hum - ble breast, As the beam - ing light from heav'n.
 Balm to soothe our cares and woes, Till our la - bor here is done.
 Day to make the sim - ple wise, O, how great thy bless - ings are!

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HOW SWEET!

(Elizabethtown. C. M.)

Mrs. Follen

Kingsley

1. How sweet up - on this sa - cred day, The best of all the sev'n,
 2. How sweet the words of peace to hear From Him to whom 'tis giv'n,
 3. And if to make our sins de - part, In vain the will has striv'n,

To cast our earth - ly thoughts a - way, And think of God and heav'n!
 To wake the pen - i - ten - tial tear, And lead the way to heav'n!
 He who re - gards the in - most heart Will send His grace from heav'n.