

METRE 3 Isaac Watts

LISBON S.M.

Daniel Read

1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel-come to this re - vi - ving breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

2. The King him - self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day; Here may we sit and see Him here, And love and praise and pray.

3. One day a - mid the place Where my dear God hath been, Is sweet - er than ten thous-and days Of pleas - ur - a - ble sin.

4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And sit and sing her - self a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss.