

## 040 - The Dawn of God's Dear Sabbath

1

The dawn of God's dear Sabbath  
Breaks o'er the earth again,  
As some sweet summer morning  
After a night of pain;  
It comes as cooling showers  
To some exhausted land,  
As shade of clustered palm trees  
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

2

Lord, we would bring for offering,  
Though marred with earthly soil,  
A week of earnest labor,  
Of steady, faithful toil,  
Fair fruits of self denial,  
Of strong, deep love to Thee,  
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,  
In true humility.

3

And we would bring our burden  
Of sinful thought and deed,  
In Thy pure presence kneeling,  
From bondage to be freed,  
Our heart's most bitter sorrow  
For all Thy work undone-  
So many talents wasted!  
So few bright laurels won!

4

And with that sorrow mingling,  
A steadfast faith, and sure,  
And love so deep and fervent,  
For Thee to make it pure,  
In Thy dear presence finding  
The pardon that we need,  
And then the peace so lasting-  
Celestial peace indeed.