

Another Six Days' Work Is Done

Joseph Stennett, 1732.

Thomas Hastings, 1842.

Another six days' work is done  
Another Sabbath is begun;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day that God hath blest.

Come, praise the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to weary minds;  
Provides an antepast of Heaven  
And gives this day the food of seven.

O that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
As grateful incense to the skies!  
And draw from Heaven that sweet repose  
Which none but he who feels it knows.

A heavenly calm pervades the breast  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the Church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.

With joy, great God, Thy works we view,  
In various scenes, both old and new;  
With praise we think on mercies past,  
With hope we future pleasure taste.

In holy duties let the day,  
In holy comforts pass away;  
The Sabbath thus we love to spend,  
In hope of one which ne'er shall end.