

Lord of the Sabbath and Its Light

Anonymous.

Frederick Venua, ca. 1810.

Lord of the Sabbath and its light,  
I hail Thy hallowed day of rest;  
It is my weary soul's delight,  
The solace of my careworn breast,  
The solace of my careworn breast.

O sacred day of peace and joy,  
Thy hours are ever dear to me;  
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy  
The holy calm I find in thee,  
The holy calm I find in thee.

How sweetly now they glide along!  
How hallowed is the calm they yield!  
Transporting is their rapturous song,  
And heav'nly visions seem revealed,  
And heav'nly visions seem revealed.

O Jesus, let me ever hail  
Thy presence with the day of rest;  
Then will Thy servant never fail,  
To deem Thy Sabbath doubly blest,  
To deem Thy Sabbath doubly blest.