

Lord Of The Sabbath, Hear Our Vows
by Charles Wesley

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house:
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.