

Lord of the Sabbath, Hear Us Pray
Philip Doddridge, 1737.
William Gardiner, 1815.

Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this Your house, on this Your day;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from Your temple rise.

Now met to pray and bless Your name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same;
Whose kind compassions never cease,
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

Your earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

In Your blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

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

O long expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Break, morn of God, upon our eyes;
And let the world's true Sun arise!