

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Day of all days to us the best,
Whose pleasure never dies.

2 Sweet is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing;
To praise Thy name, and hear Thy Word,
And grateful offerings bring.

3 The King Himself comes near,
And feeds His saints today;
With joyful hearts we see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

4 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of vanity and sin.

5 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.

6 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Glory and sing unto the Day
Of everlasting bliss.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748,
Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847†*