

ANOTHER Sabbath ended,
Its peaceful hours all flown,
We come to close its worship,
O Lord, before Thy throne;
We bless Thee for this earnest
Of better rest above,
This token of Thy kindness,
This pledge of boundless love.

- 2 O Jesus, our dear Saviour,
To Thee our songs we raise;
Our hearts, by care untroubled,
Uplift themselves in praise:
For to God's truce with labour
More glory Thou hast given,
And Sabbaths now are sweeter
Since Christ the Lord has risen.
- 3 O Lord, again we bless Thee
For such a day as this,
So rich in ancient glories,
So bright with hopes of bliss:
O, may we reach Thy perfect,
Thine endless, day of rest:
Then lay our earth-worn spirits
Upon our Father's breast.

Thomas Vincent Tymms, 1842-1921