

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,  
To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy Truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest:  
No earthly cares shall here molest;  
O, may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of festive sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless His works, and bless His Word;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

*The eternal 'Sabbath':*

- 4 Soon shall I share a glorious part  
When grace has well refined my heart,  
And new supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Sin, my worst enemy before,  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.