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The Dawn of God's Dear Sabbath

St. George's, Bolton, 7.6.7.6.D.

A. CROSS

J. WALCH (1837-1901)

1. The dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain,
 2. Lord, we would bring for of - fering, Though marred with earth - ly soil,
 3. And we would bring our bur - den Of sin - ful thought and deed,
 4. And with that sor - row min - gling, A stead - fast faith, and sure,

As some sweet sum - mer morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain;
 A week of ear - nest la - bor, Of stead - y, faith - ful toil,
 In Thy pure pres - ence kneel - ing, From bond - age to be freed,
 And love so deep and fer - vent, For Thee to make it pure,

It comes as cool - ing show - ers To some ex - haust - ed land,
 Fair fruits of self - de - ni - al, Of strong, deep love to Thee,
 Our heart's most bit - ter sor - row For all Thy work un - done—
 In Thy dear pres - ence find - ing The par - don that we need,

As shade of clus - tered palm trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand.
 Fos - tered by Thine own Spir - it, In true hu - mil - i - ty.
 So ma - ny tal - ents wast - ed! So few bright lau - rels won!
 And then the peace so last - ing—Ce - les - tial peace in - deed.