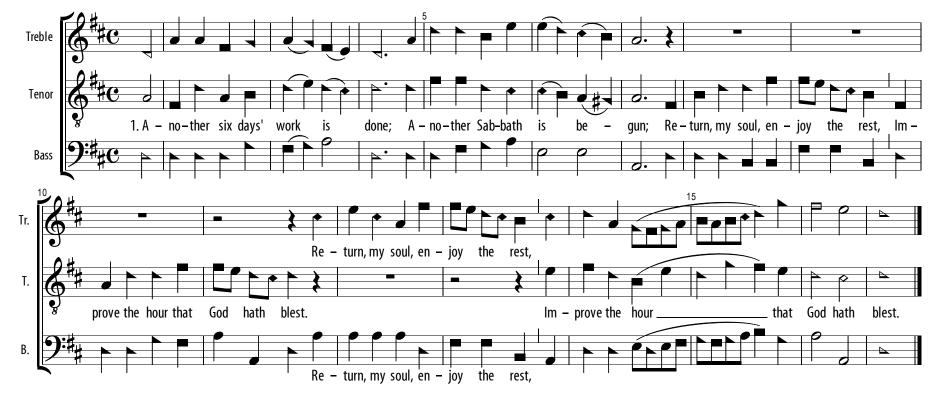
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- 2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns So sweet a rest to wearied minds; Provides an antepast of heaven, And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3. 0 that our thoughts and thanks may rise As grateful incense to the skies; And draw from heaven that sweet repose, Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4. This heavenly calm within the breast Is the dear pledge of glorious rest, Which for the church of God remains The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5. With joy great God, thy works we view, In various scenes both old and new; With praise we think on mercies past With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6. In holy duties let the day In holy pleasures pass away; How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end!