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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.