

D. A. R. AUFRANC

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1. Far from all care we hail the Sab - bath morn - ing;
 2. Though man a - lone, Lord, of Thy great cre - a - tion
 3. Lord of the Sab - bath, Sav - iour and Cre - a - tor,
 4. Strong in Thy might and qui - et in Thy meek - ness,

O'er wav - ing fields and from the dis - tant sea
 Fails now to laud Thee for Thy love and power,
 Calm now the throb - bings of each trou - bled breast.
 May we Thine im - age bear from day to day.

Swell notes of praise in har - mo - ny re - sound - ing
 Yet still a rem - nant love Thee and re - mem - ber
 Speak to our hearts the peace of Thy com - mand - ments,
 Then may we en - ter pearl - y gates e - ter - nal

As all cre - a - tion turns her heart to Thee.
 Thy ho - ly law and each sweet Sab - bath hour.
 Breathe on each soul fair E - den's hal - lowed rest.
 And sing re - demp - tion's song each Sab - bath day.