

# Sweet is the Day

Sweet is the day of sacred rest; no mortal cares shall seize my breast,  
Oh may my heart in tune be found, like David's harp of solemn sound.  
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Sweet is the day of sacred rest, no mortal cares shall seize my breast.

Then shall I see and hear and know all I desired and wished below,  
And every pow'r find sweet employ, in that eternal world of joy.  
And every pow'r find sweet employ, in that eternal world of joy.  
Then shall I see and hear and know all I desired and wished below,

Then shall I share a glorious part, when grace hath well refined my heart.  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed, like holy oil to cheer my head.  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed, like holy oil to cheer my head.  
Then shall I share a glorious part, when grace hath well refined my heart.