Sweet Is The Work, My God, My King

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719
Music: F. H. Barthelemon

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing; To show Thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mor-tal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in bright they shine! How deep His coun-sels, how di vine! joy are shed, Like ho-ly oil, to cheer my head.
3. My heart shall tri-umph in my Lord, And bless His well re-fined my heart, And fresh sup-plies of sweet em-ploy In that e-ter nal world of joy.
4. I then shall share a glo-rious part, When grace hath sired or wished be-low; And ev 'ry pow'r find tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of sol emn sound.
5. Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I de- morn - ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.