Sweet Is The Work

Words by Isaac Watts
Music by Hubert P. Main

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
   To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
   To show Thy love by morning light,
   And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
   No mortal cares shall fill my breast;
   O, may my heart be tuned to find sweet
   Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
   And bless His works, and bless His word;
   His works of grace, how bright they shine!
   How deep His counsels, how divine!

4. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
   All I desired or wished be low,
   And every power find sweet employment
   In that eternal world of joy.