The Dawn Of God's Dear Sabbath

ST. GEORGE'S BOLTON

1. The dawn of God's dear Sabbath Breaks o'er the earth again,
   As some sweet summer morning After a night of pain;
   It comes as cooling showers To some exhausted land,
   As shade of clustered palm-trees 'Mid weary wastes of sand.

2. Lord, we would bring for offering, Tho' marred with earthly soil,
   A week of earnest labor, Of steady faithful toil;
   Fair fruits of self-denial, Of strong, deep love to Thee,
   Fostered by Thine own Spirit, In our humility.

3. And we would bring our burden Of sinful thought and deed,
   In Thy pure presence kneeling, From bondage to be freed;
   Our heart's most bitter sorrow For all Thy work undone,
   So many talents wasted! So few bright laurels won!

4. And with that sorrow mingling, A steadfast faith, and sure,
   And love so deep and fervent, That tries to make it pure;
   In His dear presence finding The pardon that we need,
   And then the peace so lasting—Celestial peace indeed.

Words: Ada C. Cross
Music: J. Walch

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