Sweet Is The Work, My God, My King

MORNING HYMN L. M.

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.
   My cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David’s harp of solemn sound.
   My works, and bless His word; His works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep His counsels, how divine!
   My heart refined my heart, And fresh supplies of ev’ry pow’r find joy are shed, Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
   I then shall share a glorious part, When grace hath sired or wished below; And ev’ry pow’r find joy.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal life.
   My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless His Name, give thanks, and sing; To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
   My works, and bless His word; His works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep His counsels, how divine!
   My heart refined my heart, And fresh supplies of ev’ry pow’r find joy are shed, Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
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Words: Isaac Watts, 1719
Music: F. H. Barthelemon

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