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 morn- ing Af- ter a night of pain;
   It comes as cool- ing show- ers To some ex- hausted land.
   As shade of clustered palm- trees ’Mid wea- ry wastes of sand.

2. Lord, we would bring for of- fring, Tho’ marred with earth- ly soil;
   A week of ear- nest la- bor, Of stead- y faith- ful toil;
   Fair fruits of self- de- ni- al, Of strong, deep love to Thee,
   Fostered by Thine own Spir- it, In our hu- mil- i- ty.

3. And we would bring our bur- den Of sin- ful thought and deed,
   In Thy pure pres- ence kneel- ing, From bond- age to be freed;
   Our heart’s most bit- ter sor- row For all Thy work un- done-
   So many tal- ents wast- ed! So few bright lau- rels won!

4. And with that sor- row min- gling, A stead- fast faith, and sure,
   And love so deep and fer- vent, That tries to make it pure;
   In His dear pres- ence find- ing The par- don that we need,
   And then the peace so last- ing- Ce- les- tial peace in- deed.