

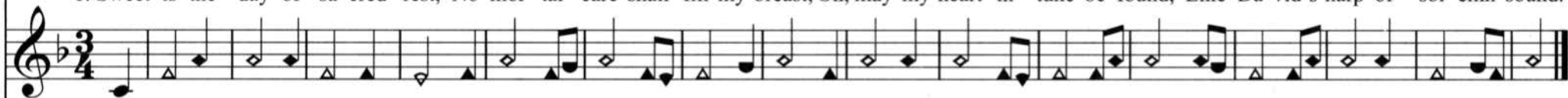
## SACRED REST. L.M.

Issac Watts

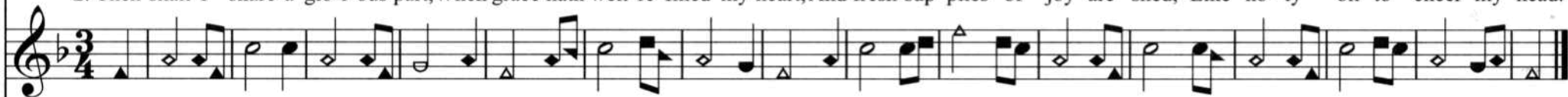
W.D. Jones. Alto by O.A. Parris



1. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mor-tal care shall fill my breast; Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of sol-ern sound.



2. Then shall I share a glo-r'ous part, When grace hath well re-fined my heart, And fresh sup-plies of joy are shed, Like ho-ly oil to cheer my head.



3. Then shall I see, and hear and know All I de-sired and wished be-low; And ev-'ry pow'r find sweet em-ploy, In that e-ter-nal world of joy.

