

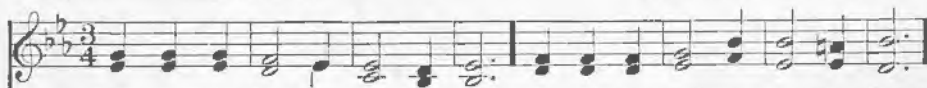
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How Sweet the Light

Saxby. L.M.

JAMES EDMESTON (1791-1867)

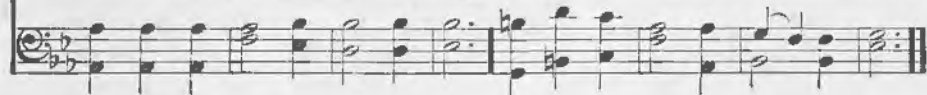
T. RICHARD MATTHEWS, 1883



1. How sweet the light of Sab-bath eve! How soft the sun-beams lingering there!
2. Sea-son of rest! the tran-quil soul Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
3. Nor will our days of toil be long; Our pil-grim-age will soon be trod;



For these blest hours the world I leave, Waft-ed on wings of faith and prayer.
 And while these sa-cred mo-ments roll, Faith sees a smil-ing heaven a-bove.
 And we shall join the cease-less song, The end-less Sab-bath of our God.



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This Is the Day of Rest

Schumann. S.M.

J. ELLERTON, 1867

From CANTICA LAUDIS, 1850



1. This is the day of rest; Our fail-ing strength re-new;
2. This is the day of peace; Thy peace our spir-its fill;
3. This is the day of prayer; Let earth to heaven draw near;
4. This is the best of days; Send forth Thy quick-en-ing breath,



On wea-ry brain and trou-bled breast Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
 Bid Thou the blasts of dis-cord cease, The waves of strife be still.
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there; Come down to meet us here.
 And wake dead souls to love and praise, O Van-quish-er of death!

