

O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

Words by Christopher Wordsworth
 Music by Christopher Miner

E E E B E

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O
 2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion The
 3. Thou art a port pro - tect - ed From

5 A B E E B E

day of joy and light O balm of care and sad-ness, Most
 light first had Its birth; On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ
 storms that round us rise; A gar - den in - ter - sect - ed With

4. Today on weary nations,
 The heav'nly manna falls:
 To holy convocations,
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams
 And living water flowing,
 With soul refreshing streams.

5. New graces ever gaining,
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining,
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The church her voice upraises,
 To thee, blest Three in One.

9 A B E B E

beau - ti - ful, most bright; earth; On thee the high and low - ly, Through
 rose from depths of earth; On thee our Lord, vic - tor - ious The
 streams of Par - a - dise; Thou art a cool - ing foun - tain In

13 C#m A B

a - ges joined in tune, Sing And Ho - ly, Ho - ly,
 Spir - it sent from heav'n sand; From thus, on thee, most
 life's dry, drear - y Pis - gah's

16 A B A B E

Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une
 glor - i - ous, A We view our prom - ised land.
 moun - tain, We view our prom - ised land.