

Ps. 119: 145-149; 2 Pet. 1:15-21; Ex. 33: 12-17; Lev. 19: 18;
Matt. 27: 62-66; Col. 3: 1-4; Rev. 1:10

The Dawn of God's Dear Sabbath

Verse 1

The dawn of God's dear Sabbath; Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning; After a night of pain;
It comes as cooling showers; To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm trees; 'Mid weary wastes of sand.

Verse 2

Lord, we would bring for offering, Though marred with earthly soil,
Our week of earnest labor, Of steady, faithful toil,
Fair fruits of self denial, Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit; In true humility.

Verse 3

And, we would bring our burden; Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling, From bondage to be freed,
Our heart's most bitter sorrow; For all Thy work undone
So many talents wasted! So few bright laurels won!

Verse 4

And with that sorrow mingling, A steadfast faith, and sure,
And love so deep and fervent, For thee to make it pure;
In Thy dear presence finding; The pardon that we need;
And then the peace so lasting; Celestial peace indeed.

-end-

Ada Cambridge

