

O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

Words by Christopher Wordsworth
Music by Christopher Miner

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

5
 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

9
 beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee the high and low - ly, Through
 rose from depths of - earth; Thou thee our Lord, vic - tor - ious The
 streams of Par - a - dise; On thee art a cool - ing foun - tain In

13
 a - ges joined in tune, Sing And Ho - ly, Ho - ly, most
 Spir - it dry, sent from heav'n sand; From thus, on thee, most
 life's dry, drear - y sand; From thus, on like Pis - gah's

16
 Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une
 glor - i - ous, A We the tri - ple our light was giv'n.
 moun - tain, We view our prom - ised land.

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.