O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

Words by Christopher Wordsworth
Music by Christopher Miner

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1. O day of rest and gladness, Thou art a port protected From day light of first joy and its light birth; On thee, the balm of care and our sal va tion, Most Christ With

2. On thee, at the cre a tion, The From storms of that joy and round us rise; On thee, for our sal va tion, Most Christ With

3. Thou art a port protected From day light of first joy and its light birth; On thee, the balm of care and our sal va tion, Most Christ 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.