O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

Words by Christopher Wordsworth
Music by Christopher Miner

1. O day of rest and gladness,
   From this our day of rest,
   Today on weary nations,
   From this our day of rest,
   The heav'nly manna falls:

2. On thee, at the creation,
   We reach the rest remaining,
   The silver trumpet calls,
   To spirits of the blest,
   To holy convocations,

3. Thou art a port protected
   To Holy Ghost be praises,
   Where gospel light is glowing
   To Father, and to Son;
   With pure and radiant beams

4. Most Christ with
   And living water flowing,
   With soul refreshing streams.
   The church her voice upraises,
   To thee, blest Three in One.

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beautiful, most
rose from depths of
ing the high and
our Lord, vic - tor - ious
streams of Par - a
dight; On thee the low - ly, Through
dearth; Thou art a cool - ing foun - tain In

taxed, joined in
tune, Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly,
life's dry, dreary sand; And thus on thee, most

Holy, To the great God Tri - une

moun - tain, We view our prom - ised land.