

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 My heart shall triumph in the Lord, And bless His works and bless His word: Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels, how divine!
- 3 And I shall share a glorious part,
 When Thy pure word has cleansed my heart [whangace has well]
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

14. Sweet is the day of sacred rest Let mortal care forsakemy breast Omay my heart in tune be fand Like David's harp of solemn sand.