Sweet Is the Work, My God My King

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Sweet is the work, my God my King, To

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
praise thy Name, give thanks and sing, To

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
shew thy love by morning light, And

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
talk of all thy truth at night.

The other verses

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin, (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.