We Bless Thee for This Sacred Day

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
We bless Thee for this sacred

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
day, Thou who hast every

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
blessing given, Which sends the

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
dreams of earth a- way, And

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

The other verses

2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,
We would improve the calm repose;
And, in God's service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

3 Lord! may Thy truth, upon the heart,
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Caroline Gilman (1794–1888). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.