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## How Sweet the Light

Saxby. L.M.

JAMES EDMESTON (1791-1867)

T. RICHARD MATTHEWS, 1883



1. How sweet the light of Sab-bath eve! How soft the sun-beams lingering there!
2. Sea - son of rest! the tran-quil soul Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
3. Nor will our days of toil be long; Our pil-grim-age will soon be trod;



For these blest hours the world I leave, Waft-ed on wings of faith and prayer.  
 And while these sa - cred mo-ments roll, Faith sees a smil - ing heaven a - bove.  
 And we shall join the cease-less song, The end-less Sab-bath of our God.



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## This Is the Day of Rest

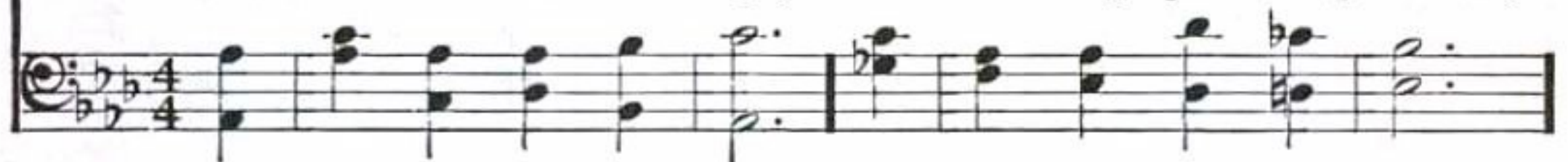
Schumann. S.M.

J. ELLERTON, 1867

From CANTICA LAUDIS, 1850



1. This is the day of rest; Our fail - ing strength re - new;
2. This is the day of peace; Thy peace our spir - its fill;
3. This is the day of prayer; Let earth to heaven draw near;
4. This is the best of days; Send forth Thy quick-ening breath,



On wea - ry brain and trou-bled breast Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.  
 Bid Thou the blasts of dis - cord cease, The waves of strife be still.  
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there; Come down to meet us here.  
 And wake dead souls to love and praise, O Van-quist-er of death!

