

Sweet is the work, my God

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Isaac Watts

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
 2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest,
 3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord
 4. But I shall share a glo - ri - ous part,
 5. Sin (my worst en - e - my be - fore)

To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing,
 No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast.
 And bless His works and bless His Word.
 When grace has well re - fined my heart;
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;

To show Thy love by morn - ing light
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
 And fresh sup - plies of joy are shed,
 My in - ward foes shall all be slain,

And talk of all Thy truth at night.
 Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound!
 How deep Thy coun - sels, how di - vine!
 Like ho - ly oil, to cheer my head.
 Nor Sa - tan break my peace a - gain.

6. Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I desired and wished below;
 And every power find sweet employ In that eternal world of joy.