

O Day Of Rest And Gladness

Words by Christopher Wordsworth

Music by Christopher Miner

Arranged by Joel Littlepage

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The
3. Thou art a port pro - tect - ed From

day of joy and light O balm of care and sad - ness, Most
light first that had Its birth; On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ
storms that round us rise; A gar - den in - ter - sect - ed With

beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee the high and low - ly, Through
rose from depths of earth; earth; On thee our Lord, vic - tor - ious The
streams of Par - a - dise; Thou art a cool - ing foun - tain In

a - ges joined in tune, Sing And Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, most
Spir - it sent from heav'n sand; From thee, on thee, - ly, most
life's dry, drear - y sand; From thee, on thee, - ly, most
like Pis - gah's

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A B A B E

Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une
 glor - i - ous, A We the tri - ple our light was
 moun - tain, We view our prom - ised
 land.

4. Today on weary nations,
 The heav'nly manna falls:
 To holy convocations,
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams
 And living water flowing,
 With soul refreshing streams.

5. New graces ever gaining,
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining,
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The church her voice upraises,
 To thee, blest Three in One.