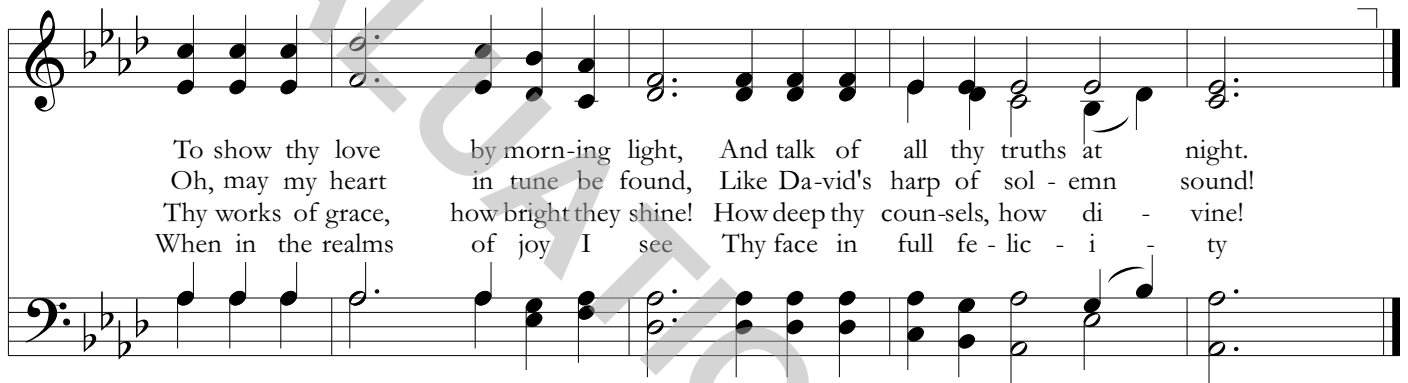


Sweet is the Work

Devoutly ♩ = 72-86



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing.
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest. No mor - tal care shall seize my breast.
3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord And bless his works and bless his word.
4. But, oh, what tri - umph shall I raise To thy dear name through end - less days,



To show thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all thy truths at night.
Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound!
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy coun - sels, how di - vine!
When in the realms of joy I see Thy face in full fe - lic - i - ty

5. 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.

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

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Music: Isaac B. Woodbury, 1850

SELENA
L.M.