Sweet Is the Work

Sweetly ♩ = 50-70

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

thanks and sing. To show thy love by morn - ing light,
seize my breast. Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
bless his word. Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
end - less days, When in the realms of bright joy I see

And talk of all thy truths at night.
Like Da - vid's harp- of sol - emn sound!
How deep thy coun - sels, how di - vine!
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: Peter C. Lutkin, 1905

BELLEVILLE
L.M.