





Again returns the day of holy rest Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blessed; When, like His own, He bade our labors cease, And all be piety, and all be peace.

Let us devote this consecrated day To learn His will, and all we learn obey; So shall He hear, when fervently we raise Our supplications and our songs of praise.

Lord of all worlds, incline Thy gracious ear; Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear; Bear Thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind, And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.

Father in Heaven, in whom our hopes confide, Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide, In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend, Glory supreme be Thine till time shall end.

William Mason