The Dawn Of God's Dear Sabbath

ST. GEORGE'S BOLTON

1. The dawn of God's dear Sabbath
   Breaks o'er the earth again,

2. Lord, we would bring for offering,
   Tho' marred with earthy soil,

3. And we would bring our burden
   Of sinful thought and deed,

4. And with that sorrow mingling,
   A steadfast faith, and sure,

As some sweet summer morning
   After a night of pain;

A week of earnest labor,
   Of steady faithful toil;

In Thy pure presence kneeling,
   From bondage to be freed;

And love so deep and fervent,
   That tries to make it pure;

It comes as cooling showers
   To some exhausted land,

Fair fruits of self-denial,
   Of strong, deep love to Thee,

Our heart's most bitter sorrow
   For all Thy work undone-

In His dear presence finding
   The pardon that we need,

As shade of clustered palm trees
   'Mid weary wastes of sand.

Fostered by Thine own Spirit, In our humility.

So many talents wasted! So few bright laurels won!

And then the peace so lasting-
   Celestial peace indeed.

Words: Ada C. Cross
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