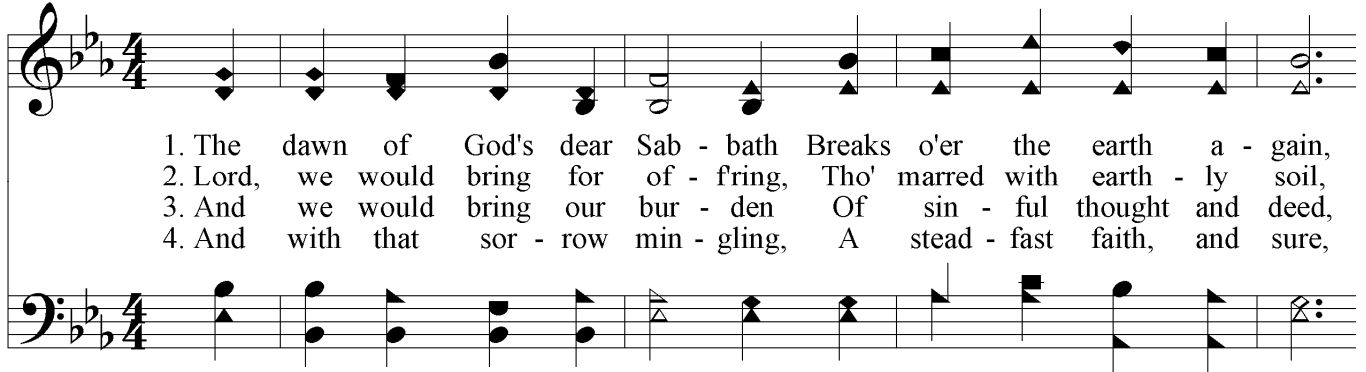
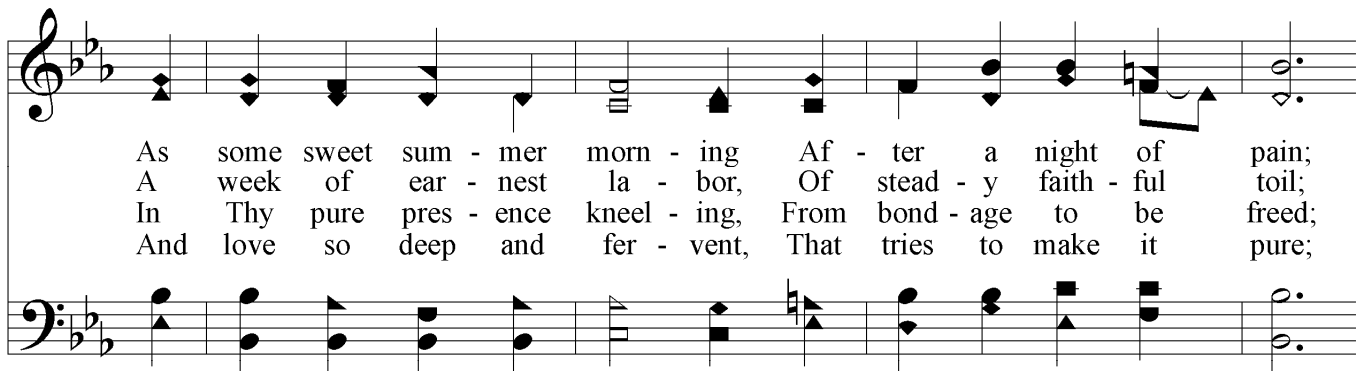


# The Dawn Of God's Dear Sabbath

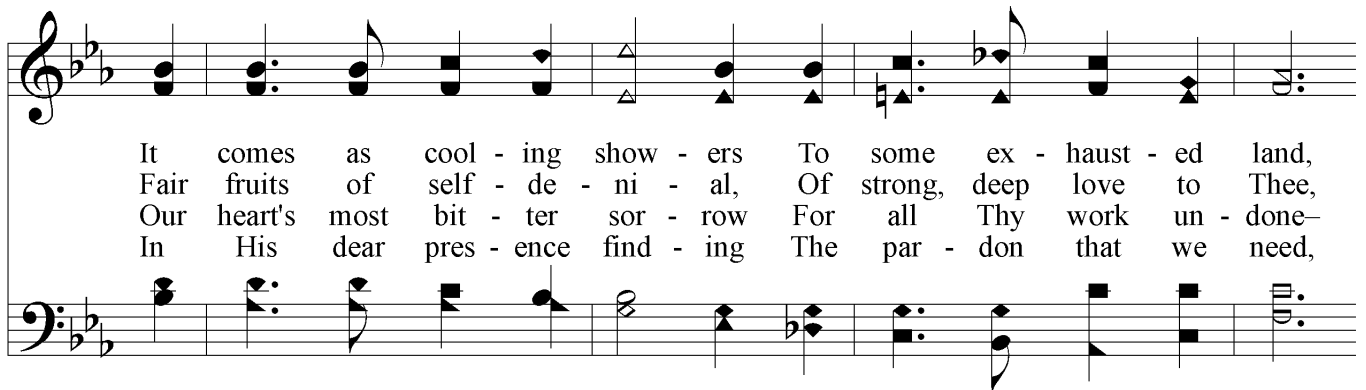
ST. GEORGE'S BOLTON



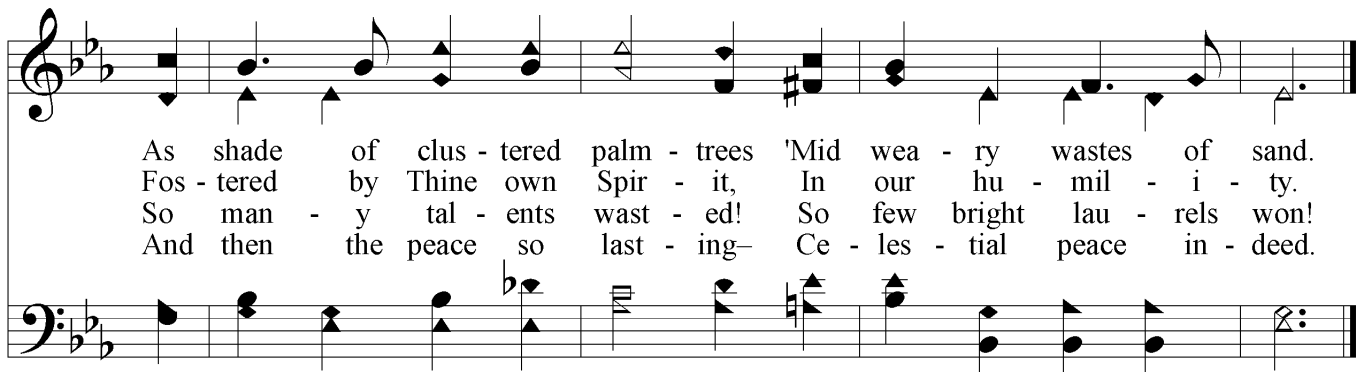
1. The dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain,  
2. Lord, we would bring for of - fring, Tho' marred with earth - ly soil,  
3. And we would bring our bur - den Of sin - ful thought and deed,  
4. And with that sor - row min - gling, A stead - fast faith, and sure,



As some sweet sum - mer morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain;  
A week of ear - nest la - bor, Of stead - y faith - ful toil;  
In Thy pure pres - ence kneel - ing, From bond - age to be freed;  
And love so deep and fer - vent, That tries to make it pure;



It comes as cool - ing show - ers To some ex - haust - ed land,  
Fair fruits of self - de - ni - al, Of strong, deep love to Thee,  
Our heart's most bit - ter sor - row For all Thy work un - done—  
In His dear pres - ence find - ing The par - don that we need,



As shade of clus - tered palm - trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand.  
Fos - tered by Thine own Spir - it, In our hu - mil - i - ty.  
So man - y tal - ents wast - ed! So few bright lau - rels won!  
And then the peace so last - ing— Ce - les - tial peace in - deed.