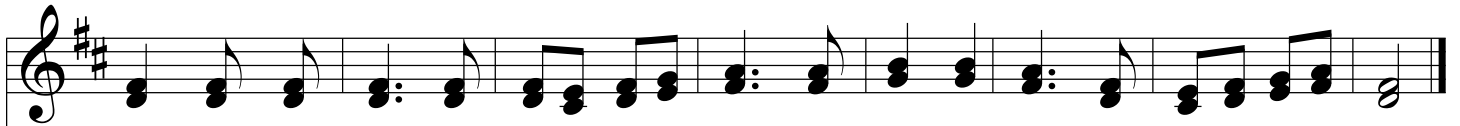
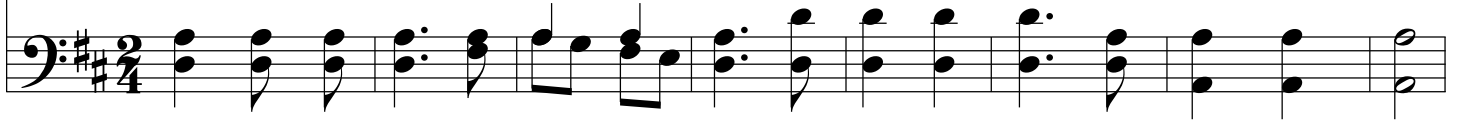


Sabbath Eve

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1. How sweet the light of Sab - bath eve! How soft the sun - beams ling - 'ring there,
2. Sea - son of rest! the tran - quil soul Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
3. Nor will our days of toil be long; Our pil - grim - age will soon be trod;



For these blest hours the world I leave, Waft - ed on wings of faith and pray'r.
And while these sa - cred mo - ments roll, Faith sees a smil - ing heav'n a - bove.
And we shall join the cease - less song, The end - less Sab - bath of our God.

