

23 O sanctified Sunday

Poet unknown

Henry R Bishop (1786-1855)

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. O sanc - ti - fied Sun - day, the day of my
2. Too nar - row my dwell - ing, it urg - es me
3. An en - voy the Sov - 'reign of Peace has sent
4. O Sun - day, a glo - ri - ous taste of that

Lord, what joy does thy com - ing my spir - it af -
rouse, with sons of the High - est to en - ter His
forth, to sin - ners makes known that re - demp - tion is
rest we wait for in E - den, the home of the

ford! The more when my eye then the dawn of day
house. Like heav - en - ly mu - sic there bursts forth His
brought. The Spir - it wind rush - eth; from death now a -
blest. At last, when by grace all my yearn - ing is

sees, I find my - self bliss - ful, re - vived and at ease.
laud from man - y hearts' al - tars as one in ac - cord.
wake! And of that peace Je - sus has brought, now par - take!
stilled, I'll sing with a heav - en - ly hap - pi - ness filled:

1-3. Give thanks, sing praise, hon - our be paid to
4. Give thanks, sing praise, hon - our ac - cord to

God who the Sun - day for man - kind hath made.
Je - sus, the Sav - iour of sin - ners, our Lord!