Sweet Is the Work

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths at night.
   2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest. No mortal care shall seize my breast. Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like David’s harp of solemn sound!
   3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord And bless his name through endless days, When in the realms of bright they shine! How deep thy counsels, how divine!
   4. But, oh what triumph shall I raise To thy dear work, day tri work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths at night.

5. Sin, my worst enemy before, Shall vex my eyes and ears no more. My inward foes shall all be slain, Nor Satan break my peace again. And every pow’r find sweet employ In that eternal world of joy.

6. Then shall I see and hear and know All I desired and wished below, My inward foes shall all be slain, Nor Satan break my peace again. And every pow’r find sweet employ In that eternal world of joy.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748
Music: John J. McClellan, 1874–1925
Psalm 92:1–5
Enos 1:27