

How Sweet the Morning of Sabbath

Lyrics by Frederick Gardner (1831-1903)

Music by Andrew Moore

Joyfully ♩ = 104

1. How _____ sweet _____ the morn - ing of Sab - bath doth
2. Now _____ taught from the scrip - tures of wis - dom and
3. When the gos - pel is heard with its life - giv - ing

come, With _____ joy _____ a - rise and de - part from my home,
truth, I _____ cry un - to God, be the guide of my youth;
sound, In the sol - emn as - sem - bly O let me be found;

And haste to the school where in - struc - tions are giv'n,
En - cour - aged to seek Him, as - sured I shall find,
For Je - sus is there on the throne of His grace,

To teach me the way to the King - dom of Heav'n.
For such is the prom - ise so gra - cious and kind.
And bright - er than gold are the smiles of His face.

Lyrics by Frederick Gardner, aged 16 - a Teacher in the Sunday School of the Saints at Chalford Hill, Gloucestershire
(from the *Millennial Star*, Vol.11, no.21 (1849), 336.)

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