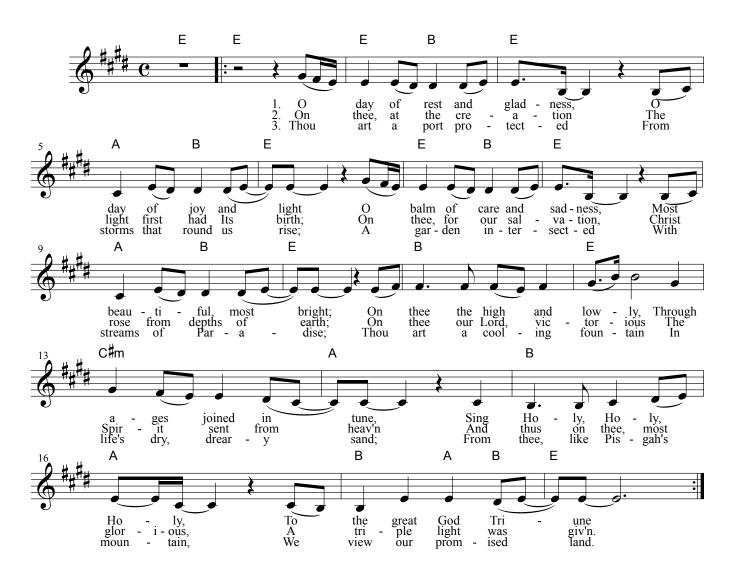
O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

Words by Christopher Wordsworth Music by Christopher Miner



4. Today on weary nations, The heav'nly manna falls: To holy convocations, The silver trumpet calls, Where gospel light is glowing With pure and radiant beams And living water flowing, With soul refreshing streams. 5. New graces ever gaining, From this our day of rest, We reach the rest remaining, To spirits of the blest. To Holy Ghost be praises, To Father, and to Son; The church her voice upraises, To thee, blest Three in One.