

On this day, the first of seven.

1. On this day, the first of seven,
Sinners we, through grace forgiven,
Come before the God of heaven:
Saviour, let us hear Thy voice.

2. From our hearts remove all sadness;
Fill us, Lord, with holy gladness:
All the worldling's mirth is madness;
But Thy people should rejoice.

3. Of Thy love for ever tasting,
Theirs are pleasures everlasting;
Theirs a treasure never wasting,
Which nor moth nor rust destroys.

4. Trusting to Thy faithful promise,
Joy and gladness well become us:
Who shall wrest the blessing from us,
Who that force or guile employs ?