

THE SABBATH DAY

Alexander N. Johnson

How sweet! How sweet! How sweet! This is God's own day of rest, Day we love the most, the best,
 How sweet! How sweet! How sweet! Brighter skies have never been, Nor a Sabbath more se-re-ne,
 Hear the chiming of the bells! How sweet! How sweet! Hear the chiming of the bells! How sweet! God has made this Sabbath fair! Heav'nly music fills the air;
 How sweet! How sweet! How sweet! To God's tem-ple we re-pair, To the place of praise and prayer,

Oh, what glad-ness fills the breast, As the bells chime on! Sweet chimes! Chim-ing of the bells! Chime on! Chime on! Chime on! Chime on!
 Let us praise the great un - seen While the bells chime on! Sweet chimes! Chim-ing of the bells! Chime on! Chime on! Chime on! Chime on!
 hearts are hap - py eve - ry - where As the bells chime on! Sweet chimes! Chim-ing of the bells! Chime on! Chime on! Chime on! Chime on!
 And we'll hum-bly wor-ship there, As the bells chime on! Sweet chimes! Chim-ing of the bells! Chime on! Chime on! Chime on! Chime on!