

FOR SUNDAY.

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**T**HIS is that day of sacred rest,  
For holy meditation chose ;  
Then soar my thoughts among the blest,  
And let my mortal cares repose.

The joys above are painted here,  
By figures which the sense receives ;  
But how their glories shall appear,  
We know no human heart conceives.

The sacred leisure of this day,  
Let me improve for God and heaven ;  
To bliss that I secure my way,  
To me on earth were Sabbaths given.

Now be my virtues all renew'd  
And heavenly consolation speak ;  
Holy resolves be well pursued,  
And guard the duties of the week.