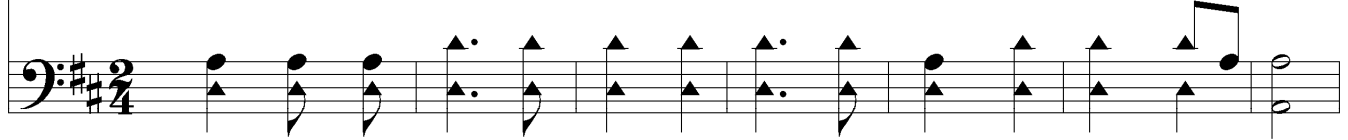


# Vaughan C. M.



1. When the worn spir - it wants re - pose, And sighs her God to seek,  
2. How sweet to hail the ear - ly dawn That o - pens on the sight,  
3. Sweet day! thy hours too soon will cease, Yet while they gen - tly roll,  
4. When will my pil - grim - age be done, The world's long week be o'er,



How sweet to hail the eve - ning's close That ends the wea - ry week!  
When first the soul re - viv - ing morn Beams its new rays of light!  
Breathe, Ho - ly Spir - it, Source of peace, A Sab - bath o'er my soul.  
That Sab - bath dawn which needs no sun, That day which fades no more!

