

# Portland

Transcribed from Swan's *New England Harmony*, 1801.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morning light, And  
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like  
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How  
4. Fools never raise their thoughts so high; Like brutes they live, like brutes they die; Like grass they flourish, till thy breath blast  
5. But I shall share a glorious part When grace hath well refined my heart; And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like  
6. Sin (my worst enemy before) Shall vex my eyes and ears no more; My inward foes shall all be slain, Nor  
7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I desired or wished below; And every power find sweet employ In

15  
1. talk of all thy truth at night.  
2. David's harp of solemn sound!  
3. deep thy counsels! how divine!  
4. them in everlasting death.  
5. holy oil, to cheer my head.  
6. Satan break my peace again.  
2. that eternal world of joy.