

The Lord's Day - Tag des Herrn (John Newton)

4. März 2024

Kategorie: Poesie

How welcome to the saints, when pressed
With six days noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile!

Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a different air;
Composed and softened by the day,
All things another aspect wear.

How happy if their lot is cast
Where stately the gospel sounds!
The word is honey to their taste,
Renews their strength, and heals their wounds!

Though pinched with poverty at home,
With sharp afflictions daily fed,
It makes amends, if they can come
To God's own house for heavenly bread!

With joy they hasten to the place
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

This favoured lot, my friends, is ours,
May we the privilege improve,
And find these consecrated hours
Sweet earnest of the joys above!

We thank thee for thy day, O Lord:
Here we thy promised presence seek;
Open thine hand, with blessings stored,
And give us manna for the week.

- John Newton (1725-1807)

zit. nach: *Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the use of Christians* (1803), S. 84f.

