

Sweet is the Work, My God, My King

Isaac Watts (from Psalm 92)

C G Am G Am G Dm

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy Name, give thanks and
My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His
But I shall share a glo - rious part When grace hath well re - refined my

C E D# dim C#m B E D# dim

sing, Word; heart, To show Thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all Thy
Thy works of grace how bright they shine! How deep Thy coun - sels!
And fresh sup - plies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil, to

F#m E E A B E B

truth at night Sweet is the day of sa cred rest, No mor - tal
how di - vine! Fools nev - er raise their thoughts so high; Like brutes they
cheer my head. Sin (my worst en - e - my be - fore) Shall vex my

G#m G#m F#m C G F

cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be
 live, like brutes they die; Like grass they flourish, till Thy
 eyes and ears no more; My in-ward foes shall all be

G C F G G7 C

found Like Da-vid's harp of sol - emn sound!
 breath Blast them in ev - er - last - ing death.
 slain, Nor Sa - tan break my peace a - gain.