

Brightly ♩ = 96-108

1. When the ros - y light of morn - ing Soft - ly beams a - bove the hill,
2. For a good and glo - rious pur - pose Thus we meet each Sab - bath day,
3. Let us then press bold - ly on - ward, Prove our - selves as sol - diers true.



And the birds, sweet heav'n - ly song - sters, Ev - 'ry dell with mu - sic fill,
 Each one striv - ing for sal - va - tion Thru the Lord's ap - point - ed way.
 He will lead us; he will guide us. Come, there's work for all to do,

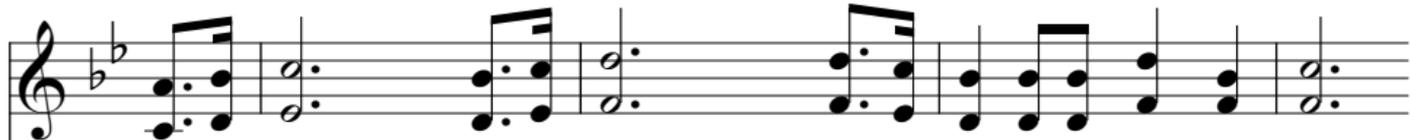


Fresh from slum - ber we a - wak - en; Sun - shine chas - es clouds a - way.
 Ear - nest toil will be re - ward - ed; Zeal - ous hearts need not re - pine.
 Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er doubt - ing, Bold - ly strug - gling to the end.



Na - ture breathes her sweet - est fra - grance On the ho - ly Sab - bath day.
 God will not with - hold his bless - ings From the ea - ger, seek - ing mind.
 In the world, tho foes as - sail us, God will sure - ly be our friend.





Then a - way, haste a - way! Come a - way to the Sun-day School!
Then a-way, haste a-way!



Then a - way, do not de - lay! Come a - way to the Sun-day School!

