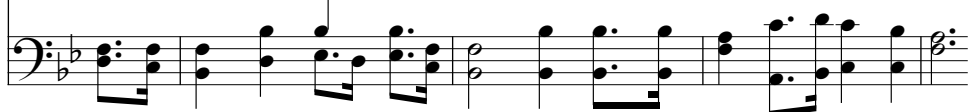


Brightly ♩ = 96-108

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.



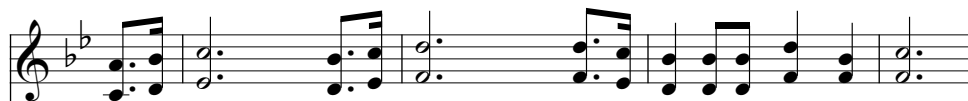
And the birds, sweet heav'n-ly song-sters, Ev - 'ry dell with mu-sic fill,
 Each one striv - ing for sal - va - tion Thru the Lord's ap-point-ed way.
 He will lead us; he will guide us. Come, there's work for all to do,



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!

