

Laurels, Fresh Laurels

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1867. Music: William Bradbury.

Laurels, fresh laurels, for the Sunday School we bring;
They will bloom in fadeless verdure
Through a calm eternal spring;
Then gladly hail with a pure delight,
Oh, hail our beautiful wreath so bright;
Laurels, "Fresh Laurels," for the Sunday School, for the Sunday School,
Laurels, "Fresh Laurels," for the Sunday School we bring.

Laurels, "Fresh Laurels," for the Sunday School to wear;
All may win the precious garland,
All the flaming crown may wear;
The smile of hope and the dew of prayer,
Has made this beautiful wreath so fair.
Laurels, "Fresh Laurels," for the Sunday School, for the Sunday School,
Laurels, "Fresh Laurels," for the Sunday School to wear.

Laurels, "Fresh Laurels," then awake the song anew.
They will make you good and gentle,
You will love and praise them, too;
Oh, meet in heaven the heart so true,
That twined the beautiful wreath for you.
Laurels, "Fresh Laurels," then awake the song, then awake the song.
Laurels, "Fresh Laurels," then awake the song so new.