

Opening Hymn
Fanny Crosby, 1881.
Tullius O'Kane.

Another Sabbath day has come,
Another week is o'er;
And we, a grateful, happy throng,
Are gathered here once more:
We meet to sing of Jesus' love,
And bow to Him in prayer,
We meet to read His holy Word,
And learn our duty there.

Our Sunday school, our Sunday school;
No place on earth so dear!
How many precious souls have found
The way to glory here;
And now around the shining throne
They wait for us to come
And share with them the fadeless love
Of their eternal home.

Oh, may the seed thus early sown
Spring up on goodly ground,
And in our hearts, our souls and lives
May fruit of grace abound
Immortal fruit, that yet shall bloom
In paradise above,
Where we, with those now gone before,
Shall sing redeeming love.