

Sabbath School Hymn

Ira Hill, 1872.

P. W. Hill.

With joy we hail the hallowed hour,
That calls to school our youthful band;
O may its moralizing power
Be seen and felt in every land;
'Tis here we learn to love the Lord;
Lord help us every sin to spurn,
And as we hear Thy holy Word,
To daily practice what we learn.

As years roll on and cares increase,
May holy zeal our hearts inspire:
Our feet pursue the paths of peace,
And conquest crown each good desire.
Should we by sorrow be oppressed,
Through deep and sore temptation driven;
May we remember there is rest,
Peaceful, eternal rest in Heaven.