

# Opening Hymn

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1881

Tullius Clinton O'Kane

$\text{♩} = 110$

1. A - no - ther Sab - bath day has come, A - no - ther week is o'er; And  
2. Our Sun-day school, our Sun-day school; No place on earth so dear! How  
3. Oh, may the seed thus ear - ly sown Spring up on good-ly ground, And

we, a grate - ful, hap - py throng, Are ga - thered here once more: We  
ma - ny pre - cious souls have found The way to glo - ry here; And  
in our hearts, our souls and lives May fruit of grace a - bound— Im-

meet to sing of Je - sus' love, And bow to Him in prayer, We  
now a - round the shin - ing throne They wait for us to come And  
- mor - tal fruit, that yet shall bloom In par - a - dise a - bove, Where

meet to read His ho - ly Word, And learn our du - ty there.  
share with them the fade-less love Of their e - ter - nal home.  
we, with those now gone be - fore, Shall sing re - deem-ing love.