Come Away to the Sunday School

1. When the rosy light of morn-ing Soft-ly beams a-bove the hill,
2. For a good and glorious 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.
Earn-est 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!

Text and music: Robert B. Baird, 1855–1916
Doctrine and Covenants 59:9–11, 23
Isaiah 58:13–14