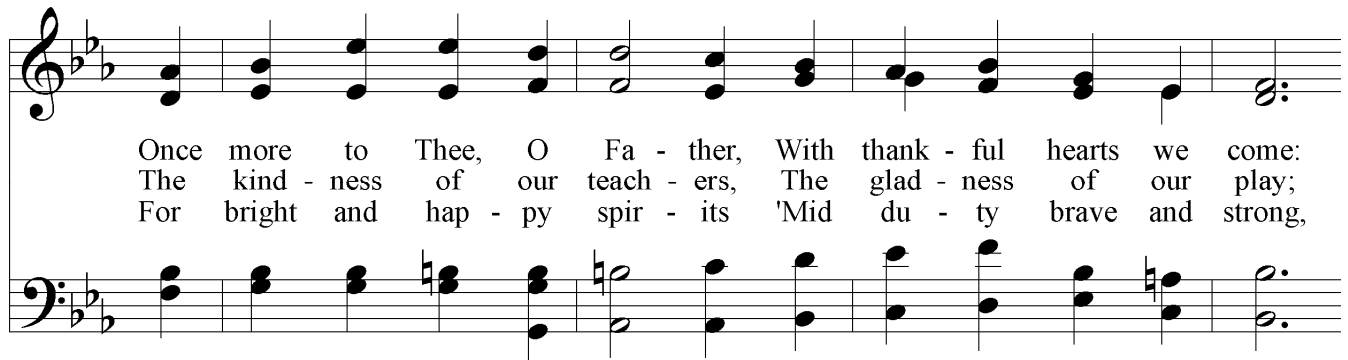


The Sunday Bells Are Calling



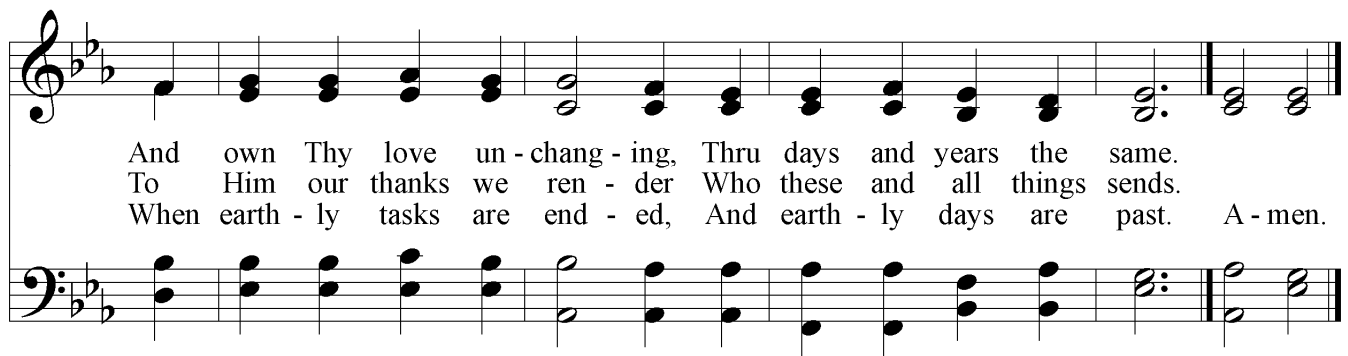
1. The Sun - day bells are call - ing A - way from street and home,
2. For life, and health, and shel - ter, Thou send'st us night and day,
3. Thanks, too, for shame and sor - row When - e'er we choose the wrong,



Once more to Thee, O Fa - ther, With thank - ful hearts we come:
The kind - ness of our teach - ers, The glad - ness of our play;
For bright and hap - py spir - its 'Mid du - ty brave and strong,



For all Thy count - less bless - ings We praise Thy ho - ly name,
For all the dear af - fec - tion Of par - ents, broth - ers, friends,
For the sweet hope of heav - en That meets us at the last,



And own Thy love un - chang - ing, Thru days and years the same.
To Him our thanks we ren - der Who these and all things sends.
When earth - ly tasks are end - ed, And earth - ly days are past. A - men.