The Sunday Bells Are Calling

1. The Sunday bells are calling Away from street and home,
   Once more to Thee, O Father, With thankful hearts we come:
   For all Thy countless blessings We praise Thy holy name,
   And own Thy love unchanging. Thru days and years the same.

2. For life, and health, and shelter, Thou send'st us night and day,
   The kindness of our teachers, The gladness of our play;
   For all the dear affection Of parents, brothers, friends,
   To Him our thanks we render Who these and all things sends.

3. Thanks, too, for shame and sorrow When'er we choose the wrong,
   For bright and happy spirits 'Mid duty brave and strong,
   For the sweet hope of heaven That meets us at the last,
   When earthly tasks are ended, And earthly days are past. Amen.

Words: Unknown
Music: Samuel Sebastian Wesley

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