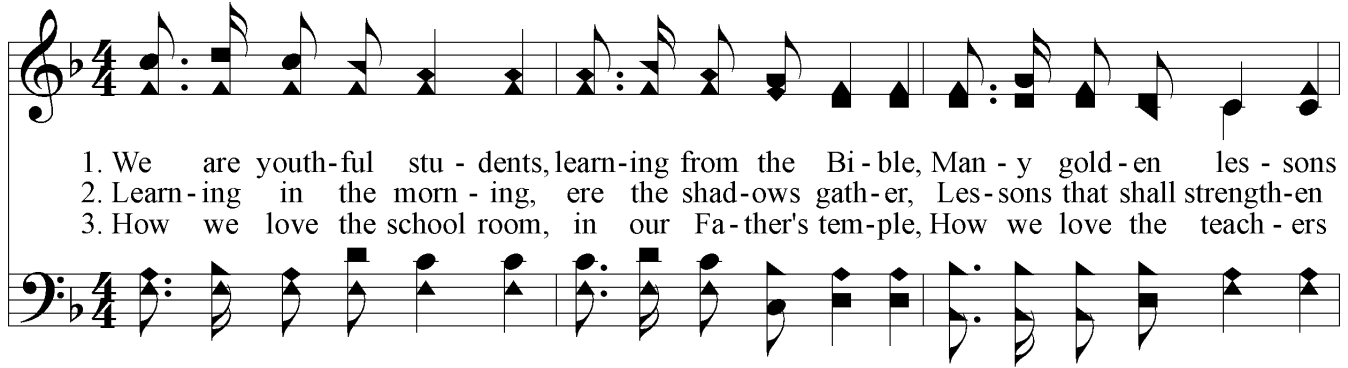
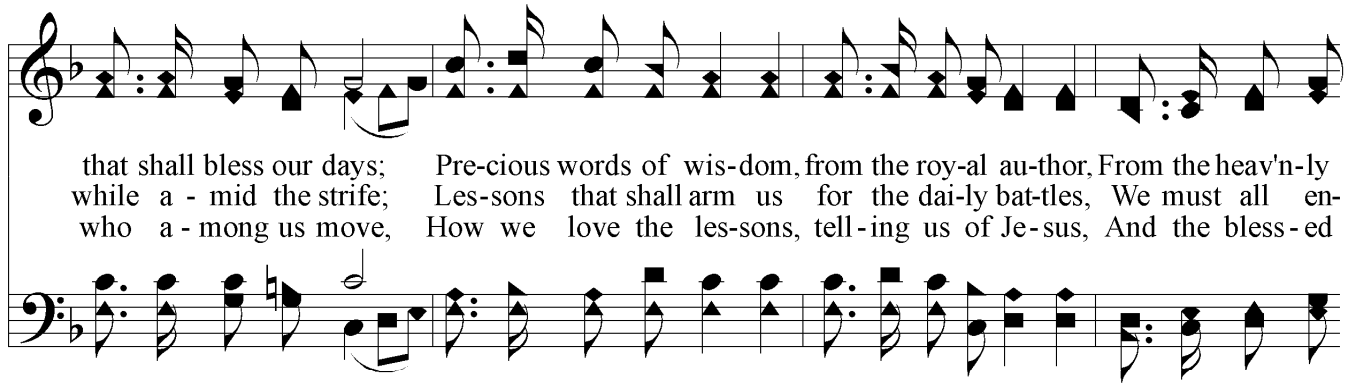


Our Sunday-School

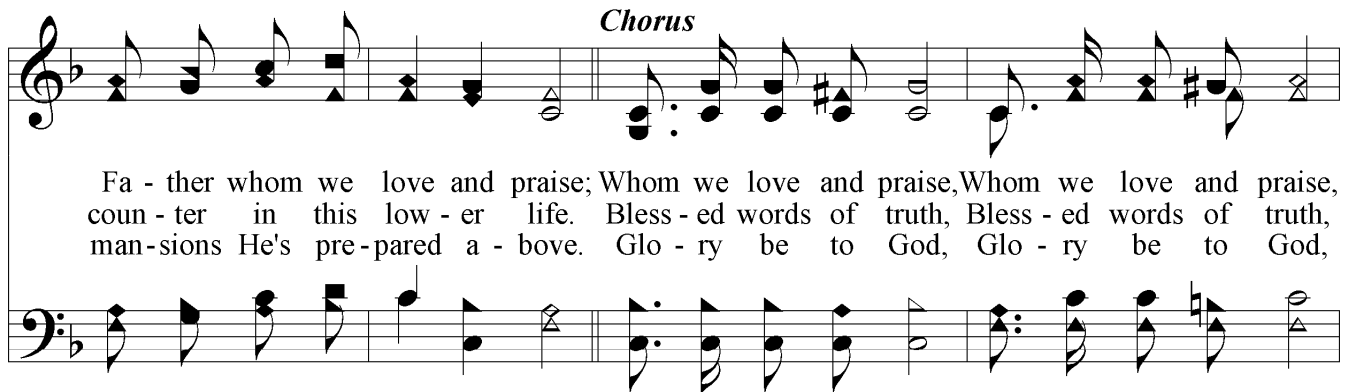
To my son Austin T. Lincoln, and his Sunday School class.



1. We are youth-ful stu - dents, learn-ing from the Bi - ble, Man - y gold - en les - sons
2. Learn - ing in the morn - ing, ere the shad - ows gath - er, Les - sons that shall strength - en
3. How we love the school room, in our Fa - ther's tem - ple, How we love the teach - ers

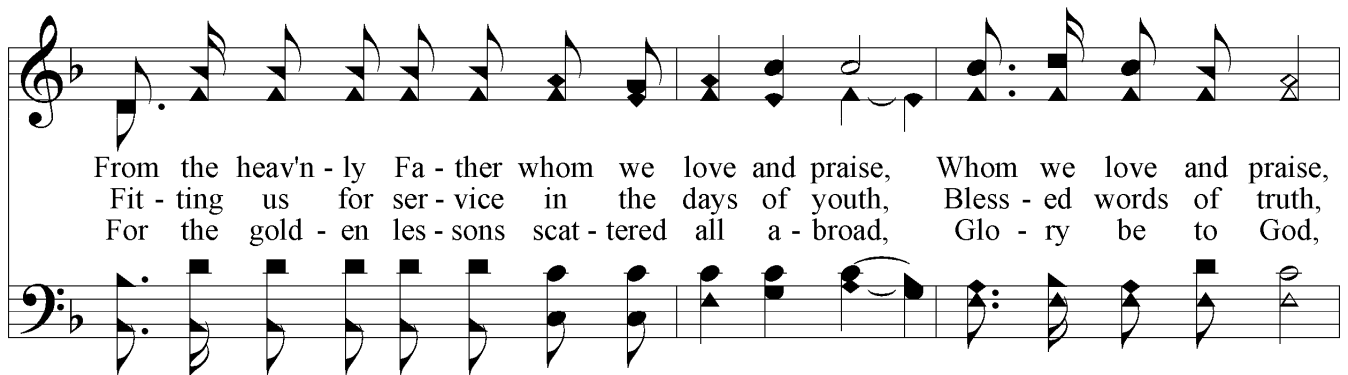


that shall bless our days; Pre - cious words of wis - dom, from the roy - al au - thor, From the heav'n - ly
while a - mid the strife; Les - sons that shall arm us for the dai - ly bat - tles, We must all en -
who a - mong us move, How we love the les - sons, tell - ing us of Je - sus, And the bless - ed



Chorus

Fa - ther whom we love and praise; Whom we love and praise, Whom we love and praise,
coun - ter in this low - er life. Bless - ed words of truth, Bless - ed words of truth,
man - sions He's pre - pared a - bove. Glo - ry be to God, Glo - ry be to God,



From the heav'n - ly Fa - ther whom we love and praise, Whom we love and praise,
Fit - ting us for ser - vice in the days of youth, Bless - ed words of truth,
For the gold - en les - sons scat - tered all a - broad, Glo - ry be to God,

Our Sunday-School



Whom we love and praise, From the heav'n - ly Fa - ther whom we love and praise.
Bless - ed words of truth, Fit - ting us for ser - vice in the days of youth.
Glo - ry be to God, For the gold - en les - sons scat - tered all a - broad.