

374 Go, Labour On ; Spend, And Be Spent

(WHITBURN. L.M.)

1. Go, la-bour on : spend, and be spent,
2. Go, la-bour on ! 'tis not for naught
3. Go, la-bour on ! Your hands are weak,

Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will ;
Thine earth - ly loss is heaven - ly gain ;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;

It is the way the Mas - ter went ;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
Yet fal - ter not ; the prize you seek

Should not the ser - vant tread it still ?
The Mas - ter prais-es : what are men ?
Is near — a king-dom and a crown.

4. Go, labour on while it is day :
The world's dark night is hastening on ;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;
It is not thus that souls are won.

5. Men die in darkness at thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

6. Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

7. Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice !
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
At daybreak cry : « Arise and Come ! »