

1 Go, la - bour on! spend and be spent! Thy joy to

do the Fa - ther's will; It is the way the Mas - ter

went; Should not the ser - vant tread it still? A - men.

- 2 Go, labour on! 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?
- 3 Go, labour on! enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.
- 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 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!
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

HORATIUS BONAR, 1843.