

Go Labour On; Spend, And Be Spent
by Charles Wesley

1 GO labour on; spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go labour on; 'tis not for nought,
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises; what are men?

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

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

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!